Collier's

JANUARY 17, 1942 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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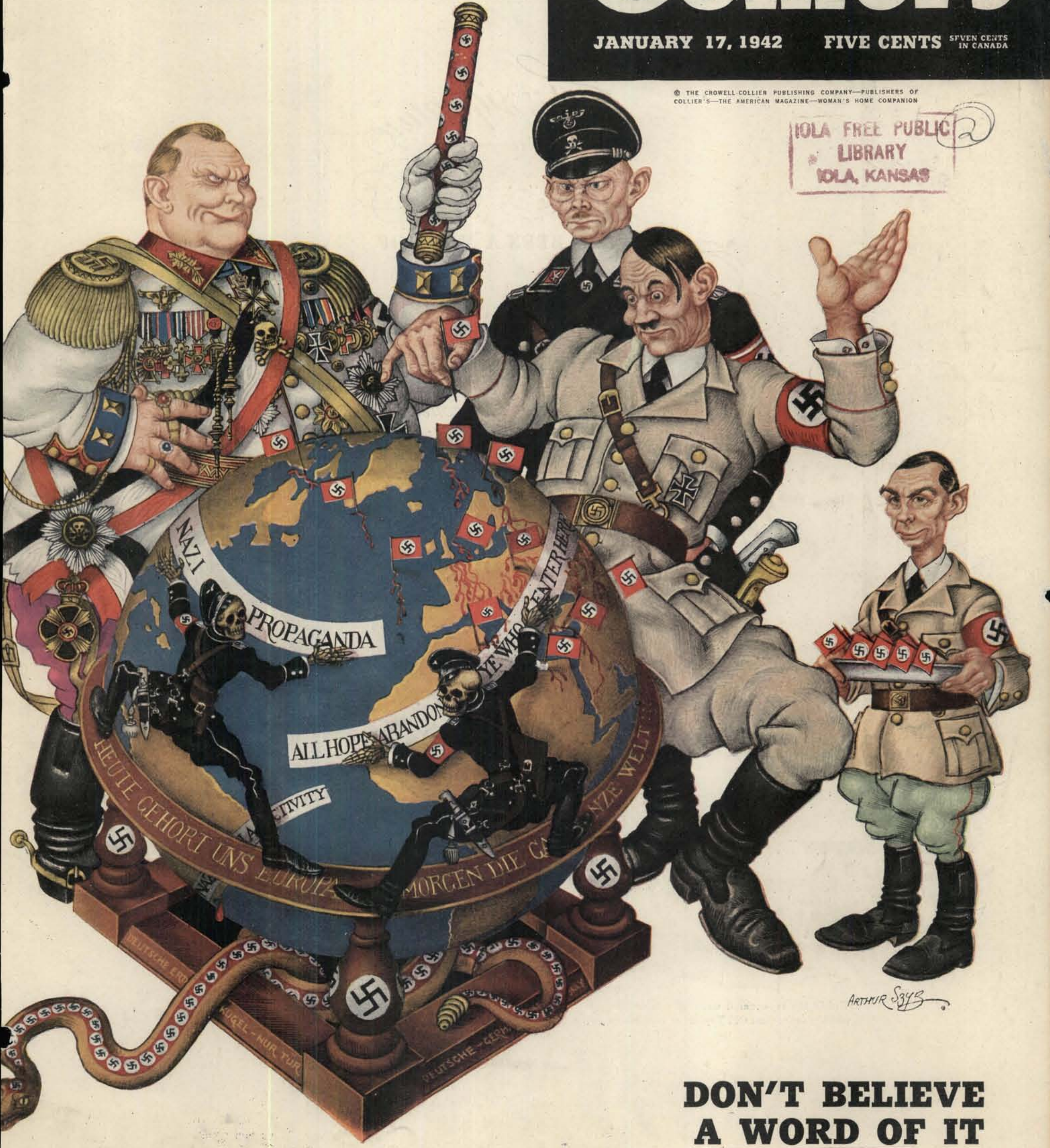
NAZI PROPAGANDA
ALL HOPE ABANDON YE WHO ENTER HERE
ACTIVITY
HEUTE GEHORT UNS EUROPA MORGEN DIE GANZE WELT
DEUTSCHE ERD
KUGEL-NUR TUR
DEUTSCHE GERM
ARTHUR SZYK

DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT

BY H [illegible] GLE

22AU42
IOLA KANS
417 E MADISON

17/42

This signature

E.H. Taylor Jr & Sons
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

HAS BEEN A MARK OF Bourbon Excellence FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS

You're in for a matchless treat when you ask for Old Taylor. For Old Taylor is rare and distinctive in flavor—an aristocrat among the fine bourbons of Kentucky. And today, as for more than a half-century, Old Taylor testifies to the genius of a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor Jr., who proudly endorsed this, his prize whiskey, with his signature and name.

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National Distillers Products
Corporation, New York

Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.

OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
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A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
THIS YELLOW LABEL IS IN EXCLUSIVE AND CONCLUSIVE USE
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THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.) F 1912

How you can catch cold—and what to do about it

DUCK THAT KISS if the one you are kissing has a cold. Kissing is one of the surest ways of exposing yourself... Bacteria may travel by direct contact.

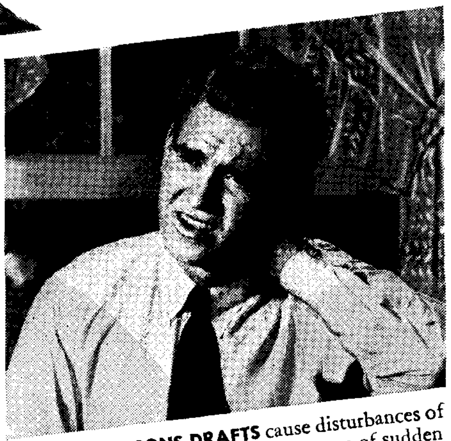
LOOK OUT FOR SNEEZERS AND COUGHERS! Bacteria are shot into the air by coughs and sneezes and may enter your nose or mouth.

SUDDEN CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE make certain types of people more susceptible to colds. In some cases they weaken resistance so that bacteria, already present, may get the upper hand.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

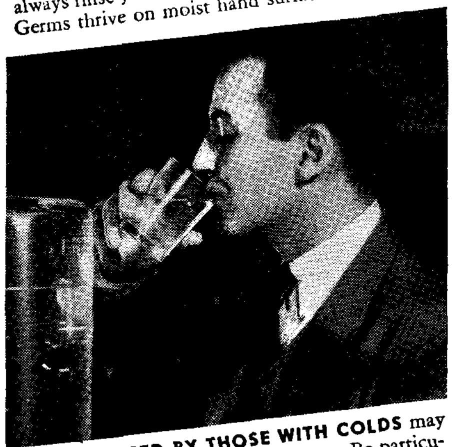
The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

BEFORE
AFTER



IN SOME PERSONS DRAFTS cause disturbances of the circulatory system and, as in the case of sudden temperature changes, may lower body resistance.

BEFORE HANDLING BABY! If you have a cold yourself or have shaken hands with someone who has, always rinse your hands with full strength Listerine. Germs thrive on moist hand surfaces.



UTENSILS USED BY THOSE WITH COLDS may communicate the infection to others. Be particularly careful about children.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD or SORE THROAT Gargle LISTERINE—QUICK!

This prompt and easy precaution, frequently repeated, may head off the trouble entirely or lessen the severity of the infection if it does develop. Carefully conducted clinical tests during the past 10 years showed these amazing results:

That regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration, than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds in many cases.

You naturally want to know why this is so.

We believe that it is because Listerine reaches way back on the throat to kill literally millions of the threatening bacteria known to doctors as the "secondary invaders" which may set up infection when body resistance is lowered for any reason (see panel above). In the opinion of many leading medical men these "secondary invaders" are the ones that so often complicate a cold... make it troublesome... result in the distressing symptoms you know all too well.

Actual tests showed bacterial reductions on the mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle... up to 80% an hour after.

In view of this impressive evidence isn't it wise to keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office... to pack it when you travel... to gargle with it often and thoroughly at the first hint of trouble?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

WATCH YOUR THROAT
where illness often starts
LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
ONLY 75¢ Batteries Included

GENUINE DU PONT "LUCITE" ILLUMINATOR

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THIS WEEK

JANUARY 17, 1942

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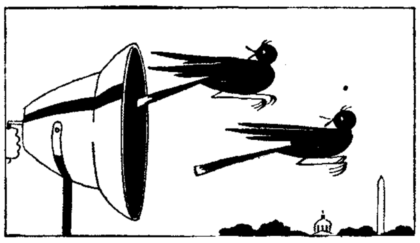
COVER ARTHUR SZYK

ANY WEEK

IN KEEPING with the popular trend, this department herewith sets down a policy. We are not quite sure what this means and concede that we're very likely to slip up now and then, having forgotten what our policy is and remaining alertly reactive to the latest events. However, we shall not be solemn. Nor shall we go expert on you. Moreover, we shall either disregard rumors or run them down, exposing them for what they are. For example, we had a nice sane talk with Mr. Horace A. Crampe of Washington, D.C., about air-raid alarms. We had been told that Washington's first warning siren was an elderly fire wahoo which, when touched off for the first time after the Japs double-crossed us, refused to wail louder than an asthmatic whisper and, in addition, that two very angry swallows flew out of it, making much more noise than the siren. This is not true. The elderly fire alarm backfired, blowing a fuse and caused a near-by horse to run away, bowling over a woman who fortunately was not seriously damaged. But there were no swallows. They were hardy English sparrows. And they were not frightened nor even seriously perturbed—being English.



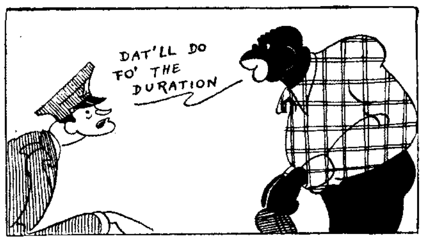
BY THIS time New York City will have done something loud about air-raid sirens. We are advised however by Mr. Frank L. O'Crown of Brooklyn that the expense of sirens would be wholly unnecessary and unwarranted extravagance were it not that Mayor La Guardia's job as boss of Civilian Defense for the whole country makes it necessary for him to be absent from the city occasionally. Mr. La Guardia, thinks Mr. O'Crown, can outshout a complete symphony orchestra of sirens and outroar a fleet of sixteen-inch guns. "In fact," adds he, "whole states take to the dugouts and go into a complete blackout as he wooshes hither and yon. What I mean is that Fiorello is a human air raid and if you don't believe it ask Tammany Hall."

ADMITTEDLY we're a bit belated with this item but it's mildly cheerful and therefore in order. There's a town in West Virginia named Crichton. It gets its name from the family of another of our associates, Kyle Crichton. It's a coal town and the Crichton's are coal operators there. So you get the idea. Our point however is that Crichton High School played a completely unvictorious football schedule last fall, losing every game by a substantial margin of forty points or so. For some weeks this had us worried but we've just received the Crichton High School's publication, The Inquirer. Therein we read: "An unusual thing about the local football season was that eight of the first eleven on the first team had never even seen a football game of any kind until this year. This was a considerable handicap."

AND reverting to that O'Crown-La Guardia item for a moment we hear from Mrs. H. H. Ripplye of (it looks like Powdernose) Montana, that one of her neighbors, awakened from her afternoon nap by a group of shouting children, drove them away shouting: "Shut up, you brats. Do you want to bring down those Jap bombers on us?" You've probably heard a lot of such yarns. We shall add no more to them. We don't think they're funny too.

FOR the professional moralists, the days to come are going to be disturbing. We're advised by Mr. William G. Clugston of Topeka, Kansas, that the town of Parsons, the home of the Honorable Clyde M. Reed, has already broken out with "a palatial gambling hell and speak-easy." We learn from other correspondents that drinking, gaming and associated wild life are flourishing with more than customary vigor in our dry states and hitherto sinless communities. We can't go into the rather dreadful situation in detail but give you, as an example of what's going on, a line or two from Mr. Joseph C. Roherer of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Mr. Roherer's business took him into a small town which, to his amazement, had abandoned its erstwhile dull rectitude and was flourishing with a variety of fleshpots and wide-open sinks of iniquity. Mr. Roherer spoke to a clergyman, a friend. "These things always come with war," said the good man tolerantly. "War and sin walk hand in hand. But this is a holy war and who am I to condemn what it brings." Mr. Roherer gave him quite an argument—for argument's sake only. Finally the clergyman admitted: "No, I would not say that the sin that walks hand in hand with a holy war is a holy sin. I'm just trying to be tolerant."

WE HAVE a note from one of our associates on the staff of this magazine, Mr. F. A. Jacobson. We don't think that Adolf Hitler will see it, and that's too bad. We think that he should—and so should his poor bootblack Mussolini and his hop-head stooges, the Jap generals. It will give them the hint they so badly need because Mr. Jacobson's recollection of his mother, Kate Everett Poor Jacobson, is a story that they don't know. Maybe they wouldn't understand it either. About forty years ago Mr. Jacobson's mother made an American flag, six by nine, and gave it to him saying: "Keep it flying." Later, as they reached the ages of twenty-one, she presented similar flags, made by her own hands, to Mr. Jacobson's two brothers, saying simply, "Keep them flying." And Mr. Jacobson reports that they're still flying. It's comforting but not at all remarkable that they always will be. We're absolutely sure of only a few things; and that's one of them. When we think of hands like Hitler's, like Mussolini's, like Hirohito's hauling down those flags we find ourself foolishly smiling. They'll be flying long after those three criminals will have faded into mobster history along with Baby Face Nelson, John Dillinger and Legs Diamond.


DAT'LL DO FO' THE DURATION

AND from West Palm Beach we receive an addition to the list of somewhat unusual names which we published in this department some time back. Mr. Albert C. Fordham assures us that he has helped induct into the United States Army a large solemn colored boy (weight two hundred and two) named Precious Pickens. And from Fort Worth, Texas, we're notified by Mr. Binyon Dimmer that a brawny black boy gave the recruiting sergeant the name of Sergeant York the Second. "What's your real name?" demanded the sergeant. "Dat'll do fo' de duration," was the reply.

WE CAME upon this ad in the Birmingham (Michigan) Eccentric: "Twenty-five dollars, a good dinner and no prosecution for the thief that stole the dinner bell from our store in daylight. Because this thief has more courage than our present politicians, this offer is made.—Fenton Mathews, Woodward Avenue."

AFTER a notably unsuccessful lunch near Spokane, Washington, a gentleman arose, paid his check and said to the proprietor: "If the Japs ever capture this town, I hope they stop in your place for something to eat. It will serve the —— right. Good day, sir." We heard of that from Mr. Will Corkenshall who, incidentally, employs a Chinese houseboy. Recently the houseboy, named, oddly enough, Sing, was very downcast. Mr. Corkenshall sought to cheer him up, assuring him that the Japanese would be dealt with in a very permanent manner. "That is what I fear," said Sing. "Too bad that China should have to share the glory."

DOES seem a shame. . . . W. D.

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>>> WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE <<<

In how many of these 11 Important Ways

CAN THIS MAN HELP YOU?

Is your life insurance program up to date? Is it doing all the many things it can and should do for you? Are you taking full advantage of both the knowledge and experience of your life insurance agent? There are several useful services he can perform for you—and here are a few of them:

---

1 HOW SHOULD YOU LEAVE your life insurance money to your beneficiary? Most policies of $1,000 or more give you the choice of four different methods. If you discuss them with your agent and decide on the plan best for you, he'll arrange to have it put into your policy.

2 IS YOUR BENEFICIARY provision up to date? Have you unknowingly disinherited possible future children? Should you appoint a new beneficiary or name a "contingent" (secondary) beneficiary? Your agent will gladly make the arrangements.

3 DOES SOCIAL SECURITY affect your life insurance planning? Perhaps you'd like your agent to show you how to estimate the benefits you and your family can expect to receive under the present Social Security Act; how these benefits can be tied in more effectively with your life insurance.

4 HAS A FINANCIAL SETBACK necessitated a change in your life insurance program? Your agent may be able to help you work things out. Possibly a different method of paying premiums, a policy loan, or a change to lower-premium insurance would be the best solution.

3 YRS 6 YRS 9 YRS **5 HAVE YOU A CLEAR PICTURE** what your insurance will provide for your wife, expressed in terms of *monthly income* for various periods?

6 DO YOU KNOW WHAT KIND of policy is best suited to your needs and means? Your agent can explain the many types of life insurance policies available, and help you choose the one best fitted to your particular circumstances.

7 HAVE YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES changed since you took out your last policy or last reviewed your program? A new home, a new child, a new job, or children now earning—any such change will often affect a man's life insurance program—as your agent can tell you.

8 WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS for retirement? Do you know what values your policies will give you at retirement age? Here, too, perhaps your agent can serve.

9 ARE THE LIFE INSURANCE holdings in your family properly distributed among family members? Is a larger proportion on the wage-earner's life desirable?

10 HAVE YOU A "LAPSED" policy that might be put back in force? Your agent can tell you if it *can* be reinstated, and if it's to your advantage to do so.

11 DO YOU HAVE PROPER knowledge of the benefits and provisions in your present policies? Do you know what options you have, and what they mean to you? Have you ever given your life insurance agent a good opportunity to review your policy provisions with you?

If you feel your life insurance agent can be of help to you in any of these 11 ways, why not call him in? He knows the better he serves you, the better you will appreciate your life insurance.

The PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

Tune In! Hear the
PRUDENTIAL FAMILY HOUR
Sunday Afternoon, CBS Network

The world's greatest music—old and new—brought to you in a glorious, all-request radio program starring lovely Gladys Swarthout, Deems Taylor, Ross Graham, and Al Goodman's famous orchestra and chorus.

SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION

Florsheim

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The FLORSHEIM Shoe
1892 1942

In 1892 this business was founded—on a determination to make the finest possible shoes at the lowest possible price. Loyalty to this policy, through good times and bad, has built the largest fine shoe business in the world. *Styles illustrated: left,* THE DEARBORN, $10; *right,* THE COMMANDER, $11.

$10
Most Regular Styles

THE Florsheim SHOE

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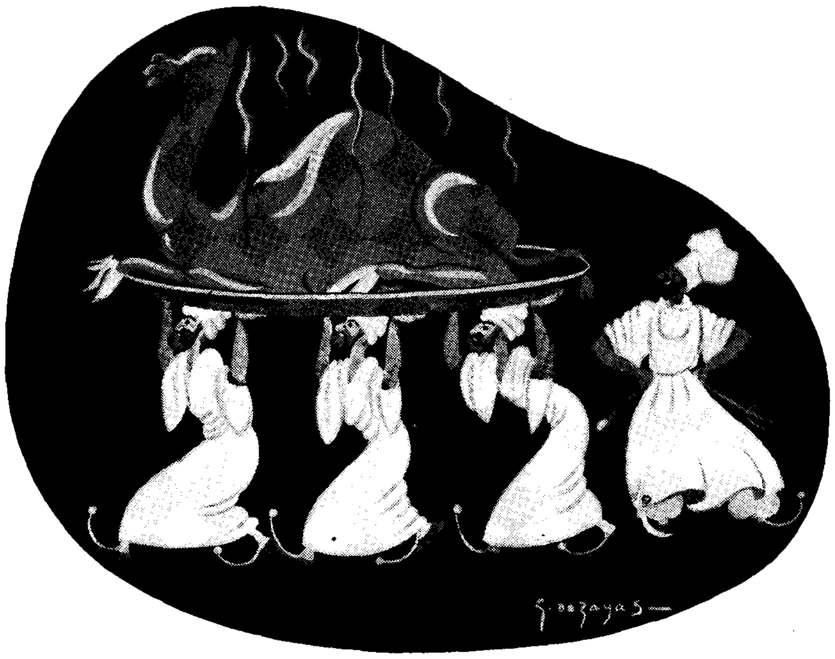


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Ibn Saud, king of Saudi Arabia, sometimes gives a great banquet in his palace in Riyadh, at which a large number of camels are served whole, having been cooked in giant vessels that hold an entire carcass.

On several dark days in New York City last winter, the consumption of electricity reached such an unprecedented peak that the local companies had to call upon stations in Albany, about 150 miles upstate, to help them carry the load.

Among the oddest of photographs are those which show both white and black flashes of lightning, the latter being the result of the "Clayden effect," or the reversal of a photographic image of exceedingly short duration by the action of a subsequent illumination.

During the 1940-1941 season, sixteen leading symphony orchestras in this country presented 1,413 performances of works, this figure including those which were given several times. Of these presentations, only 92, or less than seven per cent, were the compositions of native-born Americans. —*By Ruth Lightner, Mason City, Iowa.*

Various parts of the body live for hours, even days, after death. In fact, cells of certain internal organs have been found to be alive more than two weeks after all the other cells had died.

Persons who stutter, eighty per cent of whom are males, usually have a vocabulary half again as large as those who are free of this nervous affliction, owing to their use of synonyms for words, which, at times, they cannot readily pronounce.

In the United States, private airplane owners, who must be citizens, are required to have their machines inspected by licensed mechanics after every one hundred hours of operation and to keep a logbook containing a complete record of all flights, inspections, repairs and alterations.

Of the 335,000 different species of living plants in the world today, about 150,000, or forty-five per cent, have been discovered and classified in the past thirty years.—*By D. R. Colingsworth, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*

The federal laws that prohibit the photographic reproduction of currency, stamps, bonds and similar government papers go a step further to protect certificates of naturalization. Even the making of a typewritten copy of such a document, whether for a legitimate purpose or for fraud, subjects the offender to a severe penalty.—*By Elsa Knutson, San Diego, California.*

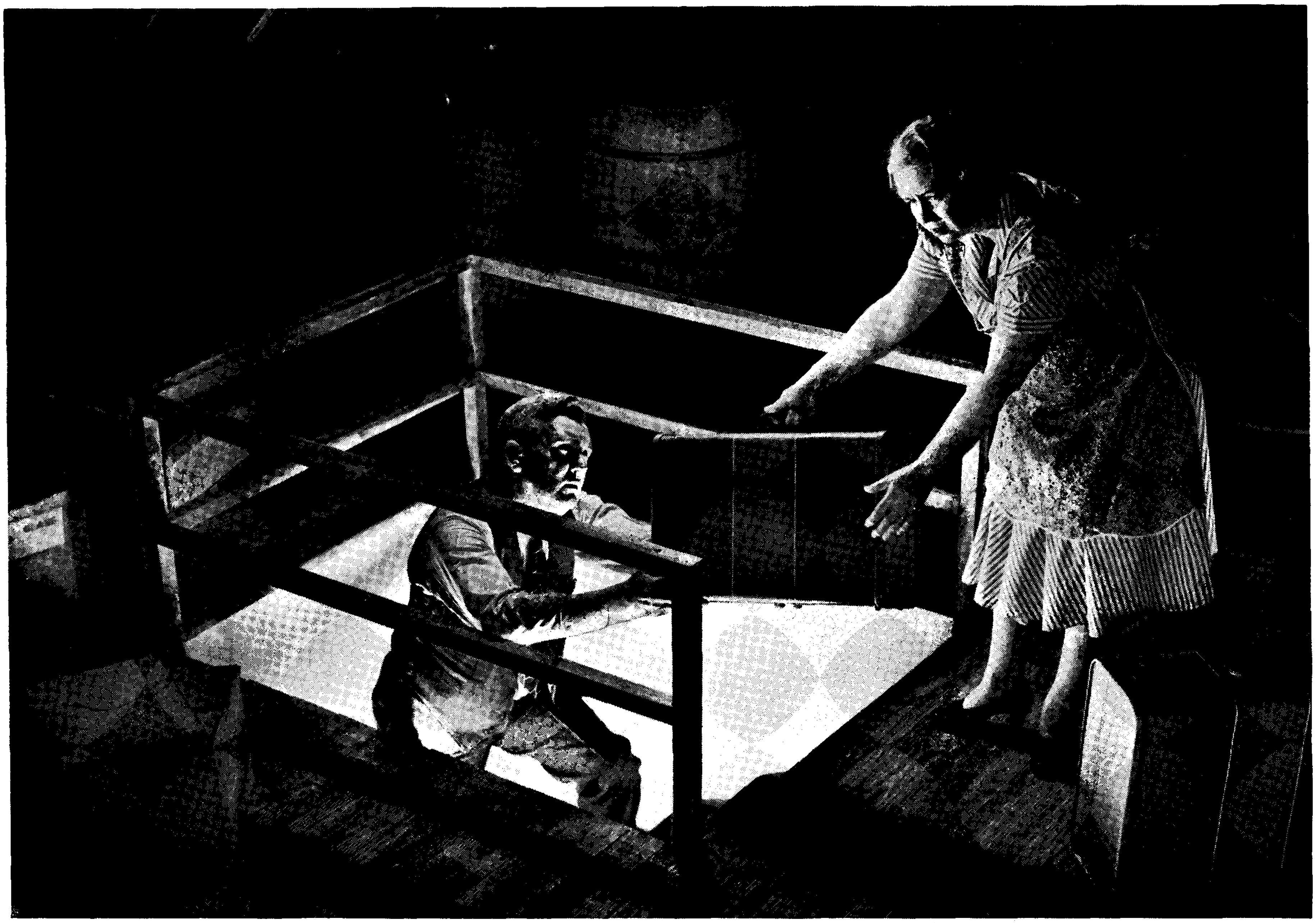
Because its wave length is radically different from that of other kinds of reddish light, a neon sign has a twenty per cent greater visibility during a rainstorm than during clear weather.—*By Allen Fiske, Chicago, Illinois.*

In France, a child born 300 days after the dissolution of a marriage is considered illegitimate, despite the fact that the period of human gestation can last as long as 330 days.

Unlike other ships, a tanker, while loaded with gasoline or light oil, will not sink if it is punctured or springs a leak except when the accident occurs in the engine room or living quarters. As the cargo is carried in numerous large tanks several may be damaged at one time, the result being that the oil leaks down to the level of the sea and lightens the load of the vessel. —*By Lauren McCready, Washington, D.C.*

More babies are born between the hours of nine P. M. and midnight than during any other three-hour period.—*By J. R. Nash, Galveston, Texas.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



"I guess we'll just have to wait another 5 years"

Up into the attic goes the glistening new luggage they had shopped for with such excitement.

Back into the desk go the timetables and travel folders they had been memorizing so long.

They're trying hard to be brave about this sudden change in plans. The four glorious weeks vacation they'd been pinching for so happily must be postponed—probably for five more years. It takes a long time to save the money that an auto accident can wipe out in a few seconds.

If only they had been protected with automobile insurance, they'd be packing now instead of masking disappointment behind dry, trembling lips. Insurance would have paid the accident bills. Their little savings account wouldn't have been taken away.

It's too late now to dream about what might have been. But it's not too late for *you* to act to make such a happening impossible.

A Surprisingly Low-Cost Way to Protect Against Tragedy

explained by G. J. Mecherle
Founder and Chairman of the Board

"Automobile insurance should not be expensive. It should be so reasonable in cost that *every family* can benefit from its protection.

"We founded State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company with this thought in mind. And because we started with a sound plan which effected many operating economies, we have been able to offer car drivers broader protection and better service . . . and at the same time save our policyholders more than $50,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance during the last 20 years.

"State Farm Mutual has become the largest automobile casualty company in the world. More than a million drivers have insured their cars the State Farm Mutual way.

"A typical economy which State Farm Mutual pioneered renews the policy from year to year. So long as the risk remains the same, we do not issue a new policy. You pay the acquisition cost of your policy *once in a lifetime* instead of once a year.

"We do business today in 40 states through 7,000 licensed representatives. One of these men will be glad to explain the details of our friendly, economical service.

"Whether your car is now insured in another company, or whether you carry no auto insurance, you should get the facts about State Farm's *More Protection for Your Money Plan*. Just mail the coupon."

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INSURANCE COMPANIES
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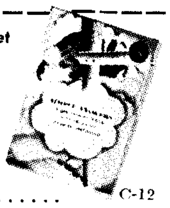
MODERN COLLISION INSURANCE PLAN. **State Farm Mutual's 80% Collision Plan is the most popular plan in America. Full details in new booklet. Mail coupon. Booklet also covers State Farm's Emergency Road Service Plan, Medical Payment Plan, Free Travel Service, and making a 3-Way Saving in Car Financing.**

FREE to Drivers—New Informative Booklet



Mr. G. E. Mecherle
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

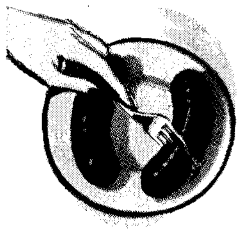
Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

Name C-12

Address . . . .

City . . . . *State* . . . .

Fine beef and pork



*...skin so tender it cuts with a fork**

THEY'RE

Swift's Premium

Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts, boiled onions, buttered green beans, lemon gelatine mold with shredded cabbage.

Have you tried the new larger "DINNER" *size?*

Made of fine meats ... cuts of beef and pork so juicy and tender, you'd relish them *in any form.* Carefully blended, deftly seasoned, these better-flavored meats give Premium Frankfurts a quality that is extra delicious ... fit for a king!

**Skin "tendered" in pineapple juice* All the savory, flavorful meat juices are retained, yet the skins are so delicately tender, they cut at the touch of your fork! An exclusive Swift process (patent pending) that leaves no trace of the pineapple flavor.

Smoked over fragrant hardwood fires until each Premium Frankfurt is filled with spicy, appetizing aroma; rich, juicy, "done to a turn." Simmer 5 to 8 minutes.

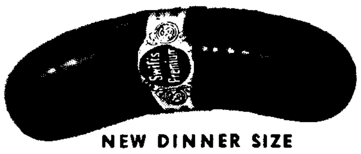
"Grand for Sunday night supper!" *says* MRS. PAUL WHITEMAN

• A celebrated hostess, Mrs. Whiteman likes to have congenial friends in for Sunday night suppers. One of her favorite menus calls for Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts.

IN 2 SIZES — *Swift's Premium label on every 4th link*

Swift's Premium

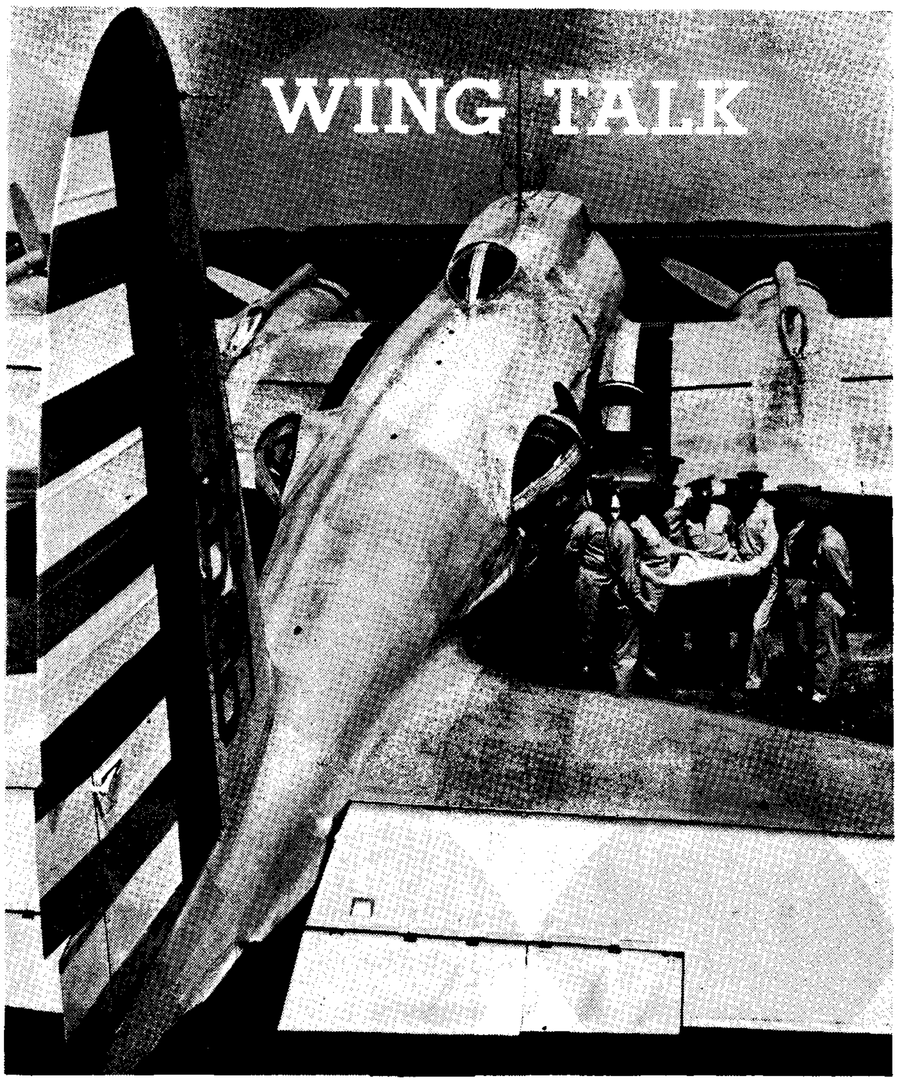
STANDARD SIZE



NEW DINNER SIZE

Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" Table-Ready meats ... Meat Loaf ... Braunschweiger ... Lunch Meat ... Lunar Loaf ... Bologna ... Leona ... Liver Cheese ... Pot Roast of Beef ... Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of quality!

WING TALK



HANS GROENHOFF

Early Flying Fortress crews—this is one—learned all the answers. They're invaluable in training today's youngsters

AWAY back in the days of peace and security, the General Headquarters Air Force was formed at Langley Field, Virginia. Its commanding officer, Major General Frank M. Andrews, was a hard-driving, fast-flying boss (did his own piloting) who had but one mission for his boys: "Fly, Bomb and Shoot." They were relieved of practically every other job that has tied so many flying officers to earth. General Andrews laid particular emphasis on the work to be done by his new Boeing four-engined "Flying Fortresses." He created permanent crews for each; none of this shifting around from day to day. As a result, the pilot in command knew the capabilities of his copilot, navigator, bombardier, radio operator and gunners as a quarterback knows his backfield and line. It was a little group but it was the best in the world.

Bomber command pilots like Bob Olds, Hal George, Caleb Haynes, Vince Melloy, Harold Beaton, Alva Harvey, Eddie McReynolds, Neil Harding, Archie Smith, Cornelius Cousland and many more flew and bombed and shot for years and reached a high state of perfection.

That is why those of us closely familiar with their accomplishments wish they could be assigned to take a formation of Boeing B-17 and Consolidated B-24 four-engined bombers and light out for Japan. We'd gamble our all that they'd wreak more havoc than any of the best Japanese earthquakes. But these officers, having personally worked out the problem, are needed back here to tell the youngsters how it shall be done. There is no substitute for their experience. But with the benefit of their training and leadership, the kids can't miss.

And what about General Andrews? He's just in *entire* command of the Panama and Caribbean defenses. He is a great authority on air power.

WHEN airliners are delayed in starting or en route, the public makes life very unpleasant for pilots, hostesses, operations officers and the men behind the ticket counters. The public's side of the case is that they are in a hurry. The airline's side is safety and on this point there are no gamblers left in the business. Example:

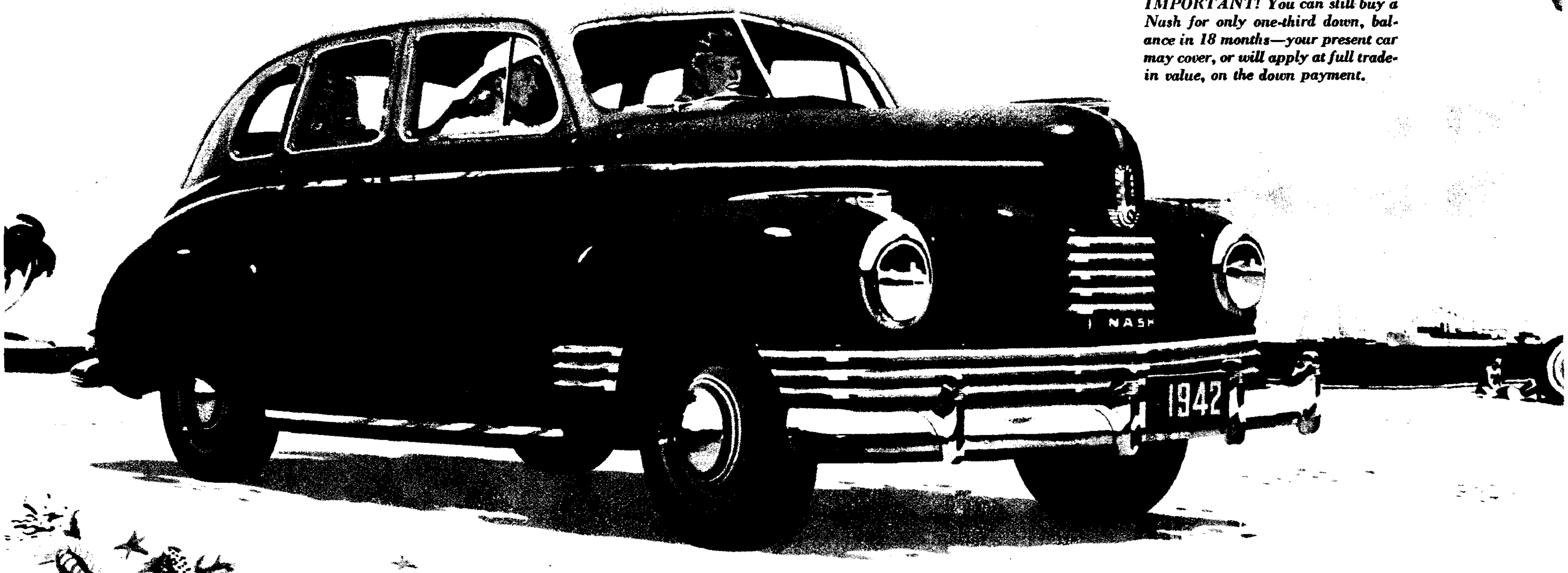
The ship was loaded with 21 passengers, mail and express and was about to depart. The dispatcher came into the ship and asked everyone to leave and take another plane, which had just landed. The mail and baggage were unloaded and transferred to the other ship. When it finally got away it was 30 minutes late. One important passenger, who had but a 15-minute margin to make a connection 250 miles away, missed his connection. He carried his complaint right up to the federal government. The airline's answer was that the ship originally intended for the flight was then two hours over its flight-time limitation on its engines and they had to be given a top overhaul. The public didn't hear about this internal row. Neither did it read in the papers that the airliner crashed with 21 passengers, due to engine trouble. Because it didn't.

THE first few days of the war were harassing ones to the new and rapidly expanding Army Air Forces in the War Department at Washington. Reserve officers were reporting for active duty. Eight to ten persons were crowded into small offices. Orders were issued and then countermanded. Telephones rang continuously and people were running around, yelling. Finally, an Air Force officer, tired of it all, picked up the telephone on its next call and in a loud voice said:

"Division of Hysteria and Confusion. Good afternoon." F. R. N.

This New Kind of Car Goes 25 to 30 Miles on a Gallon!

AT HIGHWAY SPEED!



IMPORTANT! You can still buy a Nash for only one-third down, balance in 18 months—your present car may cover, or will apply at full trade-in value, on the down payment.

CAR ILLUSTRATED IS THE NASH AMBASSADOR "600"—IN THE LOWEST-PRICE FIELD

And you get the best of everything in this big, 1942 Nash that's in the lowest-price field!

HERE'S NEWS to gladden your heart—a way to "save your way" through the new year, and actually enjoy it.

Just take this big, handsome Nash out on the highway, and see how it's done.

Watch it tick off those measured miles—25 to 30 on a gallon of gas . . . at the rate of 500 to 600 miles on a tankful!

Amazing? Yes—but you haven't seen anything yet! This big Nash scampers through traffic like an All-American half-back going into action. Rides the curves like a locomotive. Streaks over winter ruts as serenely as a gull clipping the waves.

While there you sit—your hands barely moving on the wheel—enjoying the fresh May warmth of a Nash Conditioned Air System.

Thrifty! Over 500 Miles on a Tankful

Everything you see and feel tells you it's a *new kind* of car. *New* in its welded unit body-and-frame. *New*, with its Two-way Roller Steering. *New*, with a "Sedan Sleeper" Bed for trips.

Smooth sailing on 4-Wheel Coil Springs!

Here's everything you ever hoped to see in an automobile—in a *low-price* Nash! Built to serve you, and save you money throughout the coming years, as only a Nash can do.

Because of *rising* costs and uncertainty about the future, choosing the *right* new car is mighty important. Make it a good one. Make it a *Nash*, the best investment on the road.

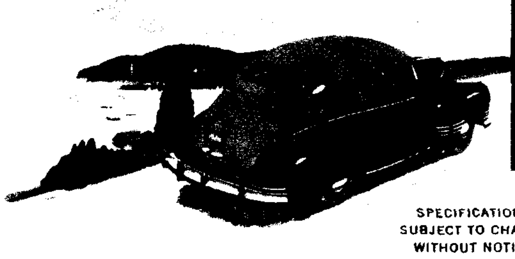
Fast as a polo pony in Pickup, Steering

See your Nash dealer today and go for a "Conditioned Air" ride, in this new kind of car.

---

3 GREAT SERIES—15 BRILLIANT MODELS

In addition to the amazing new Nash "600", the famous Nash Ambassador Sixes and Eights are more brilliant performers than ever. New engine development! Still priced in the low- and medium-price fields!



SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

NASH

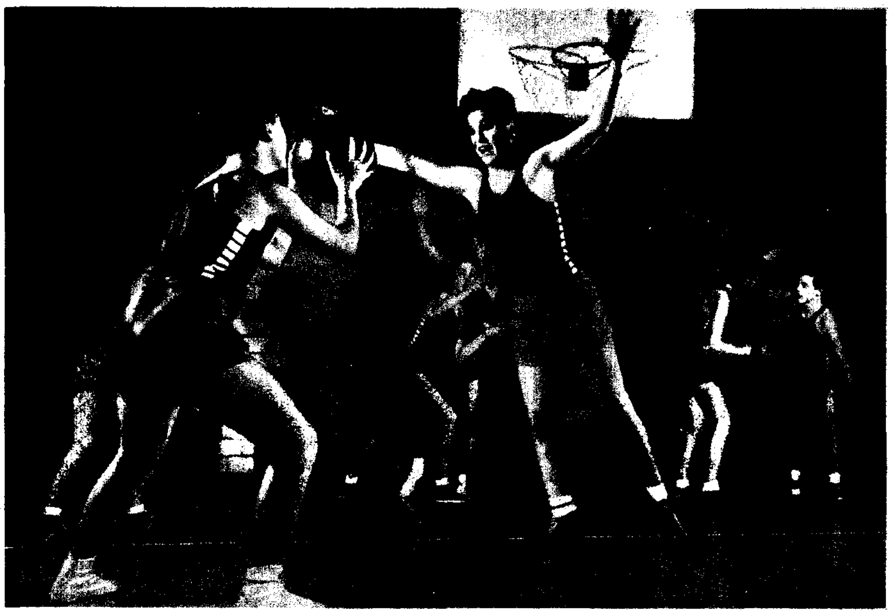
THREE NEW SERIES
OF FINE MOTOR CARS

Sixes and Eights

How old should a youngster be before he gets a Portable?

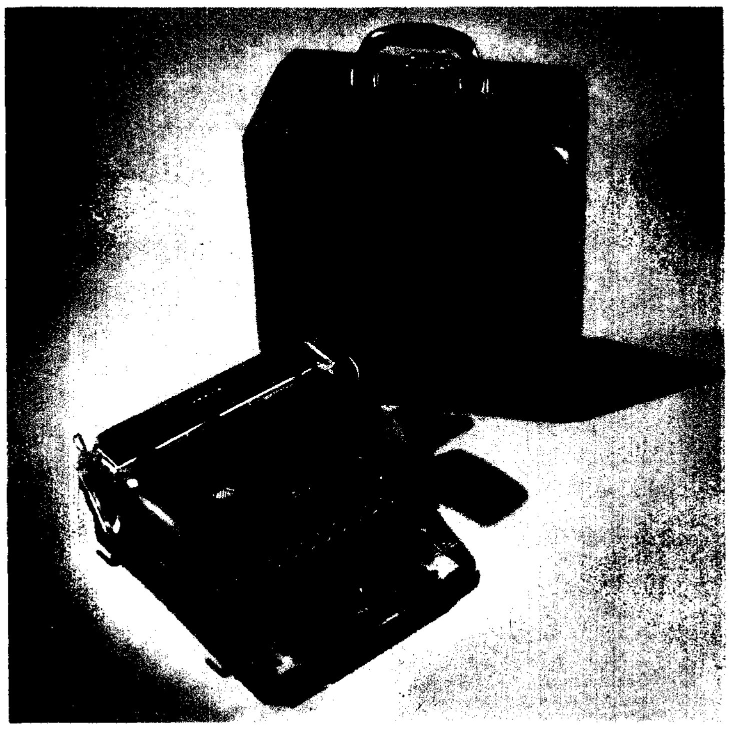
Most modern parents realize that there is no more valuable educational tool than a Portable Typewriter.

But you may wonder just what is the best age for a youngster to get his Portable. You will find the answer below.



1. Should he be a high school freshman? Adolescence is the age when homework becomes drudgery and studies a bore. Whether your boy or girl will take this critical period in stride . . . start driving toward a worthwhile goal—may well hinge on whether he or she has a Portable. The greater speed and ease of typing free a youngster's mind for *thinking* . . . give wings to hidden powers of imagination . . . make homework *fun!* It's only a matter of hours for even a *10-year old* to learn to type, with the ingenious "Self Teacher" included with every *Royal* Portable.

ROYAL QUIET DE LUXE—WITH AIRPLANE LUGGAGE CASE INCLUDED . . . PORTABLE PERFECTION!



2. Should he be ready to start to work? Walter Lowen, noted employment counselor and author, has this to say: "In boom time or depression, the young man or woman who knows how to type is almost *assured* of a toe hold on the ladder to success—of getting the *kind* of job that leads to the top!" In almost every worth-while calling—and in many a colorful, glamorous career profession—a knowledge of typing is *invaluable.* (Better get your boy a Royal—the Portable that most closely resembles a standard office machine—*before* he starts job hunting!)

3. Or should he be a youngster who's nearing forty? There's hardly anything Dad could get that he'd like more than one of these wonderful Royal Portables in its smart, leather-bound, airplane luggage case! It has most of those famous features which have made the full-sized Royal the World's Number 1 Typewriter. Dad will find it immensely helpful in his personal business and on trips. Mother, too, in her club work and correspondence.

Why is this the Portable for all ages? This is a *Royal* Portable. It's the make which is almost a regular office typewriter—in touch, operation, features, performance . . . nearly everything but size! Consider these "big-machine" features:

Greatest typing time-saver in years!

MAGIC* Margin . . . no more fussing with mechanism to change and set the margin. Just flick the handy lever—*click* . . . and it's set! Only Royal has MAGIC Margin!

Segment Shift—Less noise . . . less eyestrain when you shift on a Royal. The carriage doesn't clatter and pop up!

"Big-machine" Keyboard—One reason typing teachers recommend the Royal for home use—it has a keyboard just like that on a standard office machine.

Touch Control*—Simply move this lever to adjust key tension exactly to your touch. This is one reason why Cortez Peters won the World's Typing Championship on a Royal!

No Type-bar Blur! Type bars flash unseen on a Royal. This and the over-all "no glare" finish of the machine mean less eyestrain.

Automobile-type Shock Absorbers—Rubber-cushion feet and jar-proof construction give the Royal Portable the sturdy, "weighty" touch of the full-sized machine.

Handsome Case and "Self Teacher" included with every Royal Portable at no extra cost.

For just about $1 a week, you can *own* a Royal Portable! Your local dealer is authorized to sell you any Royal on an easy-payment plan which includes the small carrying charge.

ROYAL PORTABLE

THE STANDARD TYPEWRITER IN PORTABLE SIZE

*Trademarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 17, 1942

LOS ANGELES TIMES

The West Coast's first blackouts produced a marked increase in the number of traffic accidents. Here, at the right, Los Angeles victims are being treated at a police hospital

THE WEST COAST GOES TO IT

By Jim Marshall

Rumors fly up against the coastal mountains and bounce back with the details changed. Blackouts step up traffic accidents. Jap-American kids stay home from school. Folks can't pay their Jap servants. But the Coast settles down to life in wartime on our Western home front

WHAT bothered the girls was how they'd look on the street, maybe, in the middle of the night. Suppose you went to bed with cold cream plastered on your face—well, heck, you'd scare everybody, all the other bombed-out people. Best way was to go to bed with light make-up. Then you put a warm—but attractive—robe beside the bed, and left your slippers and some wool sox handy and put the lipstick and rouge on the bedside table beside your purse—and there you were, all set.

Then you went to sleep—or didn't. You could figure it either way. The place was going to be bombed and you just had to make the best of it. Or it wasn't, because, if it was, the strange new thing called the Interceptor Command certainly wouldn't be letting all the street lights and signs go blazing away until long after midnight. Those Interceptor Command boys, they knew there were no Jap plane carriers out there in the Pacific, as the rumors had it—so let's go to sleep.

Or *did* the boys know?

This General Carlyle Wash, who was in charge, everybody said he was a good conservative man, who'd been bombed himself in London, and he certainly wouldn't take chances. If General Wash let the lights go on, it must be all right. So let's go to sleep . . . Wow! What was that, huh? Locomotive whistle—two long, a short, a long—okay, just whistling for a crossing—must be all right, they're letting the trains run . . . Omigosh! . . . Oh, just somebody racing a motor . . . Grab for the lipstick and the purse . . . That was . . . that was . . . Oh, thank God, that was a backfiring car. Let's go to sleep!

That's how it was out on the Pacific Coast in the first weeks of the war in the Pacific. Something new had come into the lives of 10,000,000 people from Sitka in Alaska, to San Diego in California, something new and terrible. Ten million folks, amateurs at war, facing fifty or sixty million war-hardened people, led by tough, veteran fighters out there in the blue reaches of the Pacific.

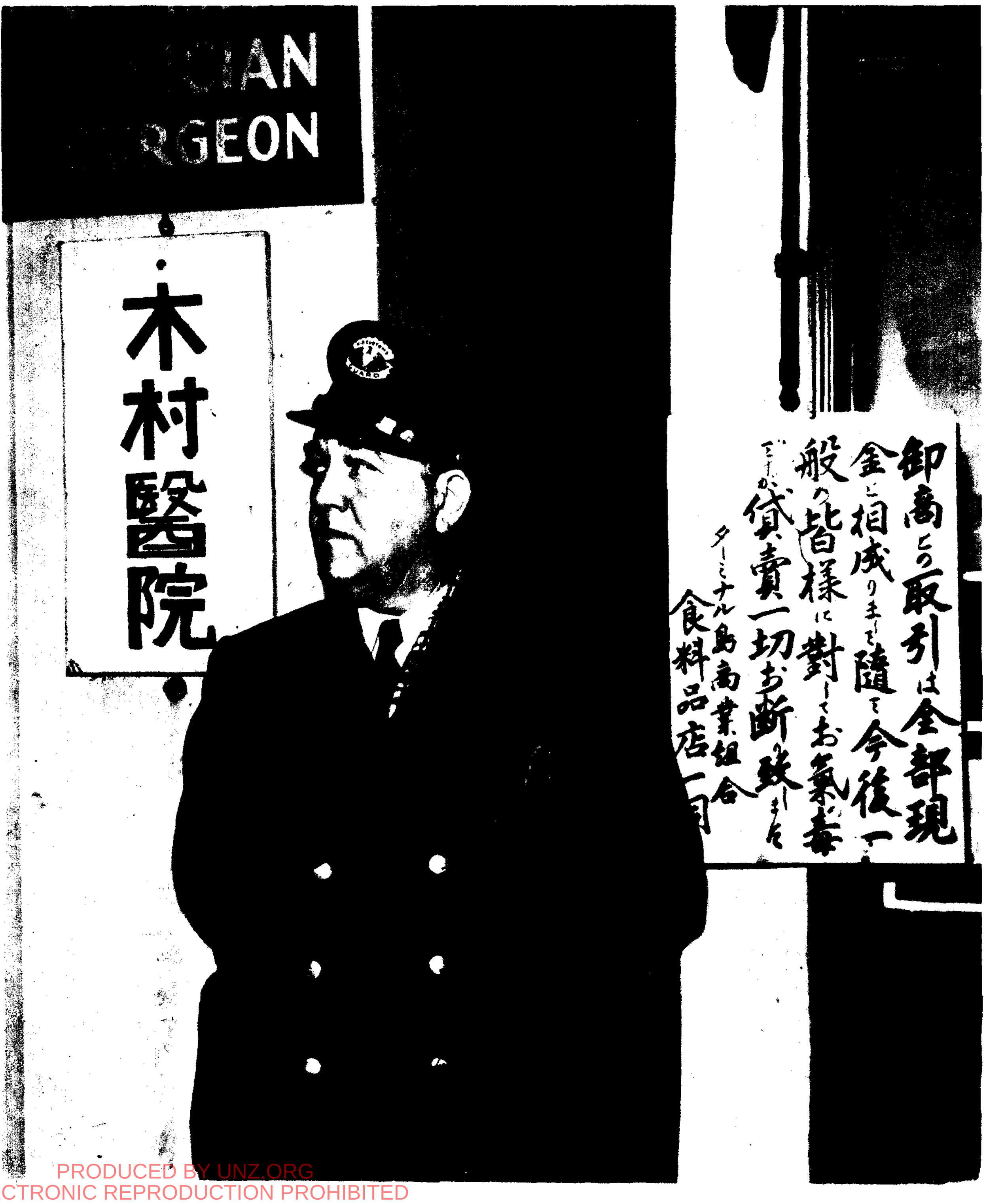
After the first shock, the amateurs spat on their hands and said: "Well, boys and girls, let's get organized." The old community spirit came back. You felt, traveling up and down the Coast, that nothing could lick these amateurs. The pioneers—the Oregon Trailers, the gold rushers, the fur traders—they were all amateurs, too, once, and they licked their problem.

Before Pearl Harbor very few people had much interest in civilian defense work. In San Francisco they asked for 23,000 volunteers—air-raid wardens, nurses, auxiliary firemen and cops—and got 3,000. A few hours after the war started they had more workers than they could handle. It was the same story up and down the Coast. Fiorello La Guardia of New York and Eleanor Roosevelt of practically everywhere flew up and down with shrill exhortations, for everybody not to get excited. Mayors and governors blasted the air with exhortations to *get* excited and do something right away. This left everyone a bit puzzled.

For the first few days there was mild bedlam. The Army issued one set of instructions, sheriffs' offices another, city police forces still others. In California and British Columbia radios jazzed and jived, and jittery announcers spilled torrents of advice and orders. In Washington State the air was mute. Blackout hours were this, that and the other. Vancouver blacked out at dusk. Victoria, the capital of the province, let 'em burn.

Everybody pelted questions at everybody until the phone system was swamped and radio stations and newspapers begged people not to phone—not to (*Continued on page* 51)

KERLEE


…CIAN
…RGEON
木村醫院
卸商との取引は全部現
金と相成りまして隨て今後一
般の皆様に對してお氣の毒
ですが貸賣一切お斷り致します
ターミナル島商業組合
食料品店一同

While residents displayed no bitterness toward Coast Japanese, this U. S. Custom's guard stood watch in the Los Angeles Jap quarter—just in case

STAND BY for TORPEDO!

By Cecil Brown

CBS CORRESPONDENT

The dramatic story of the aerial torpedoing of the Repulse and the Prince of Wales by one who was there. Mr. Brown's story is something more. It proves again that one Billy Mitchell was right when he insisted the airplane would change the character of naval warfare

WE WERE looking for trouble and we were ready for it. "Looking for trouble," was the way Admiral Phillips put it when we sailed out of Singapore on that unforgettable Monday, December 8th, at dusk, for a sweep northward to intercept the convoys reinforcing the Japanese bridgeheads on the north coast of Malaya. We were looking for trouble. We found it.

It's Wednesday now, and my watch says it's 11 A. M. The Repulse and the Prince of Wales are still hunting, but they're also being hunted. Yesterday, at 5:20 P. M., during a one-hour break in the gray, rain-filled clouds, the Jap Nakajima Naka 93 spotted us. The Nakajima Naka 93 is a twin-float reconaissance plane. The plane shadowed us constantly and we expected an attack all last night, convinced it would come, inevitably, at any moment.

I wasn't worried, particularly, for the very good reason that under me there were 32,000 tons of armor-clad ship—H.M.S. Repulse. And around me were 1,260 stanch sailormen. Half a mile ahead H.M.S. Prince of Wales steamed at 26 knots through the South China Sea, 55 miles from the Malay Coast, 150 miles north of Singapore. The beautiful ship moved with what seemed a prideful invulnerability and accentuated our sense of security.

The clouds have gone now, and the sky is a robin's-egg blue and the sun is bright yellow. Our ships move through pea-green water, white where the hulls cleave it. Ahead, the Wales' fifteen-inch guns jut from port and starboard from turrets that bulge like muscles. They seem to quiver, eagerly. A few destroyers flank us. They are pygmy ships and seem ridiculous and impertinent in such powerful company.

The crews, their battle bowlers on, are sitting beside their guns, waiting for attack alarm. Standing on the flag deck, I look down over the decks of the Repulse. The pom-poms, multiple high-altitude ack-acks, are pointed skyward. The guns seem no less eager for combat than the crews themselves.

The flag deck is a good spot from which to watch most phases of any action. Of course it has its disadvantages too. Yesterday one of the deck officers said to me, quietly, "You know, old boy, in every action there are usually casualties on the flag deck." I said, "Thanks."

I wear a white antiflash hood, something like the snow helmets the boys wear skiing. It covers the head over an ordinary steel helmet and comes down over the shoulders. It's to protect against burns from exploding shells or bombs. Jumpers cover my shorts and bush jacket. I've got a camera hanging around my neck. Wonder if I'll get a chance to use it?

At 11 A. M., to the second, the ship's communications system bellows: "Enemy aircraft approaching—Action Stations!" I see them coming, 10,000 feet high, like a lengthened star-sapphire necklace, grayish against the blue sky.

Flame tongues flash from the guns of the Wales up ahead and just as the blasts reach us the guns of the Repulse let go. I've never been so close to so many big guns before. The roar is deafening. The flash of flame from their barrel mouths is blinding.

I'm standing on the flag deck, in the lee of a funnel, eight feet from a battery of pom-poms. I'm getting my tonsils sunburned by gaping openmouthed at the planes overhead, at the bombs coming down, materializing suddenly out of nothingness and streaming toward us like ever-enlarging teardrops. There's a magnetic, hypnotic, limb-freezing fascination in that sight.

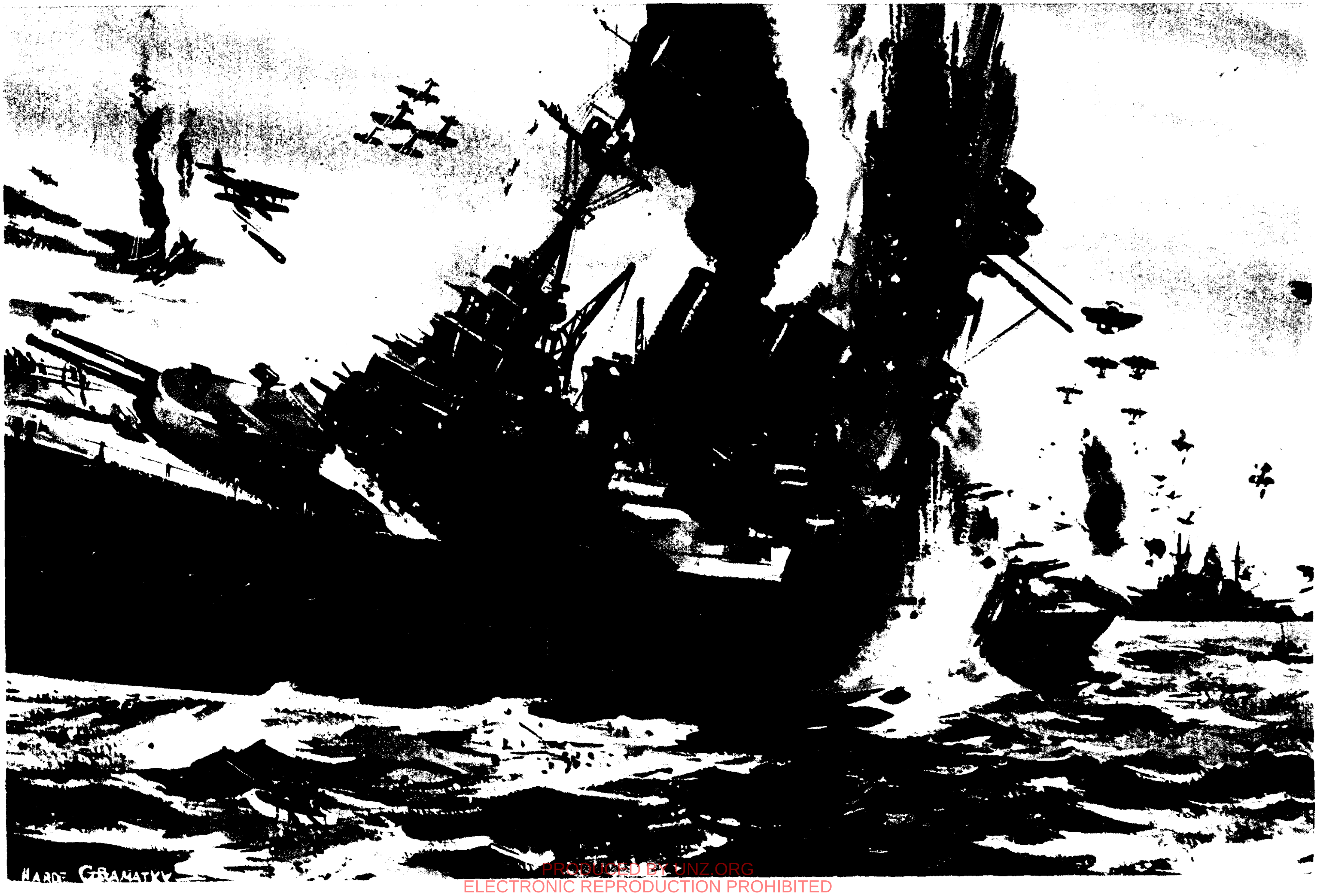
Nine Jap planes are now directly overhead. Their formation is undisturbed. The sky is filled with black puffs and they seem a discordant profanation of that beautiful sky. Suddenly, fifteen feet off the side of the ship, directly opposite where I'm standing, a geyser of water rises and drenches us and simultaneously we feel the crash of a bomb on the catapult deck.

All around us the water rises in white pyramids. I hear the cry, "Fire in marines' mess and hangar!" I run back to see the damage but the bomb penetrated and exploded, and only smoke is coming up. Our aircraft is knocked off its track and a red-bearded New Zealand fleet air-arm pilot is atop the crane attempting to lift the plane to drop it overside, since its gasoline constitutes a menace. As I pass the gun crews they seem extraordinarily calm, replenishing ammunition, laughing. "Let's get them all next time." I hear somebody say, "Bloody good bombing for those blokes." When I return to the flag deck I note a three-inch hole in the funnel from a bomb-splinter eighteen inches above the spot where I'd been standing.

(Continued on page 55)

There's another crash to starboard. The Repulse is listing. Captain Tennant's cool voice is piped over the communications system: "All hands on deck. Abandon ship. God be with you!"

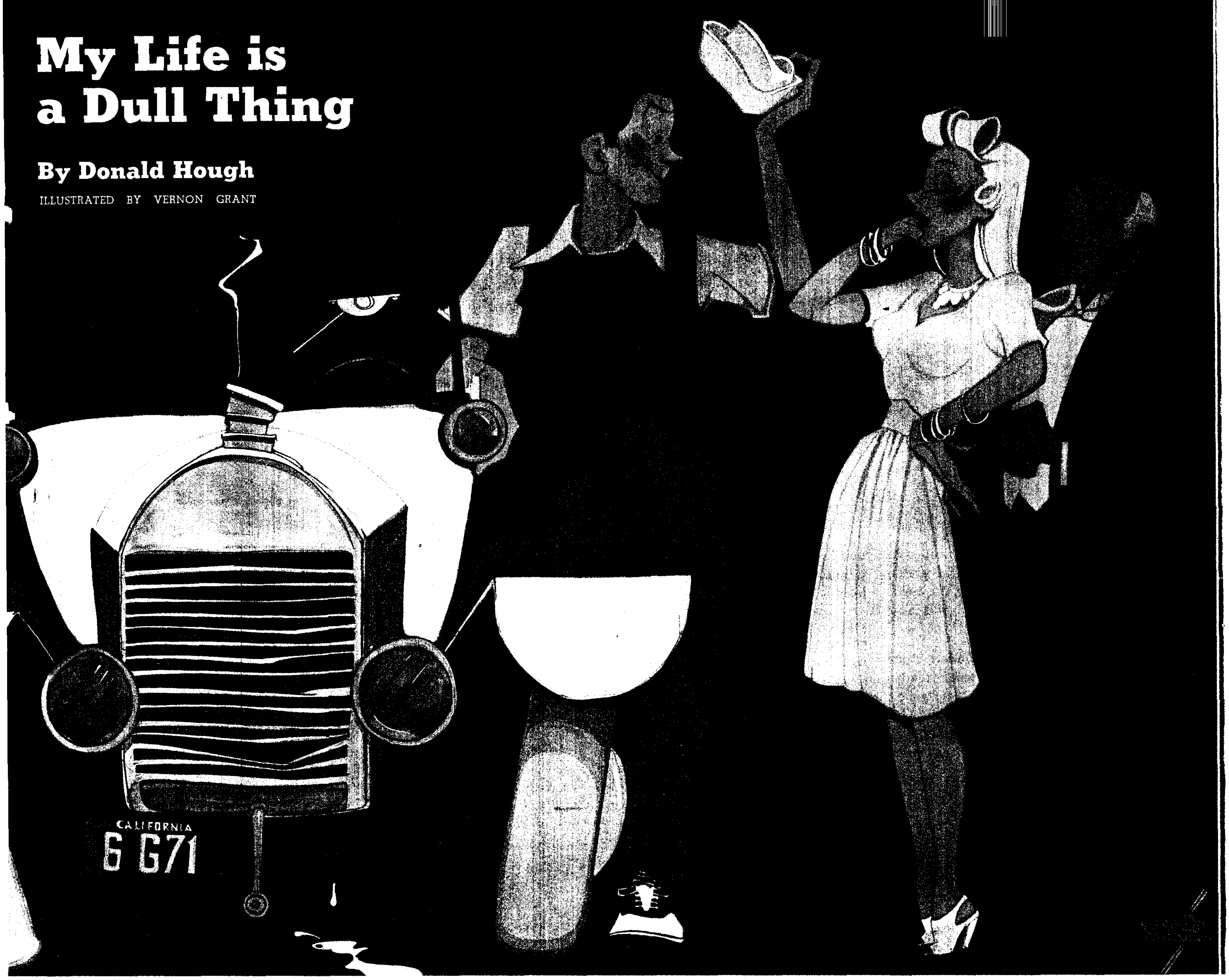
DRAWING BY HARDIE GRAMATKY



My Life is a Dull Thing

By Donald Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON GRANT



"Hello, Larry," she said. She looked at my car. "How do you like her?" I asked. "You mean this is your car?" she said. "This—wreck?"

The most remarkable tale of woe in the annals of the gasoline age. Moral: When you lead with your heart, prepare for disaster

AT SEVENTEEN, with eighteen just around the corner, my life so far has been lived under handicaps not shared by the average man.

I have discussed this with Dad. He thinks I am right. He says it is probably because I am different from all other people on the face of the earth.

The worth-while things that happen to other people do not happen to me. What happens to me is always the worst thing possible under the circumstances. I don't know whether it is because I am different, or my environment, or just accident.

When I bought my car, I thought it would be the beginning of a new era in my existence. I was disappointed. It did a lot to lighten my main burden, monotony and disgust with life, while it lasted, but it did not last. My car, I mean. My car is now in the ocean.

Another thing, I am engaged to marry Geraldine Lott. Yet I do not really love Geraldine, and, in fact, the mention of love leaves me with a tender memory which I will explain later.

The night after I got my new car I took Geraldine out for a ride, to try it out. I stopped in at the filling station where Red Bastion works—he was on night shift—and purchased a gallon of gas and a pint of oil and had Red put some air into my left front tire, which was leaking. Red said the air would not last long. He was right. The tire was flat again by the time I got Geraldine home. I was not engaged to Geraldine at the time. That came later. I had known Geraldine for a great many years, and although she could not be called a No. 1 summer date, with all the people coming down to the beach from Los Angeles, movie stars and all, she was all right to try out the car and the tires.

Geraldine and I finished high school last spring, and I got her graduated practically by main strength. She was uncertain about what was going on, when it came to studies, since she was not suited to the academic life, being too lightheaded and a little too plump, and preferring to sit on the beach and listen to the phonograph. Her nature is inactive.

The next morning I went down to the filling station for another gallon of gasoline and some more air. Red admired my car. I paid sixty-four dollars for it and Red said it was a bargain. He did not hold out much hope for the tire.

"That Geraldine, she's a mighty pretty girl," Red said. Red is new in our town.

"She's all right," I said, "but not exactly a summer date. I'm waiting for Lorraine to come down from Hollywood. Wait till you see Lorraine. I had Lorraine in mind when I bought the car. It's really for her. She's an actress."

"HOW old is she?" Red said.

I said, "Nineteen. She's not acting in many pictures yet. Last summer she stayed with her aunt and uncle at Abalone Bay. The big white house on the point. The Thomases."

"Did you have a date with her last summer?" Red asked me.

"Not quite," I said. "I talked to her a while. At the Junior Club dance."

"I'll bet she's pretty," Red said.

"Beautiful," I said. "Geraldine is nothing, when you see Lorraine. It's serious with me. Maybe with her, too."

"I see," Red said. Then he said, "Larry, there's no use trying to keep that tire full of air. The way it is, I got a car with wheels the same size as yours. A convertible job. I'm having trouble with my right front tire. What we might do, we might make a deal, so on date nights we would be sure of having four good tires. We could switch the wheels around so you could have four good tires on some nights, and I could have four good tires on the other nights. Nothing to worry about."

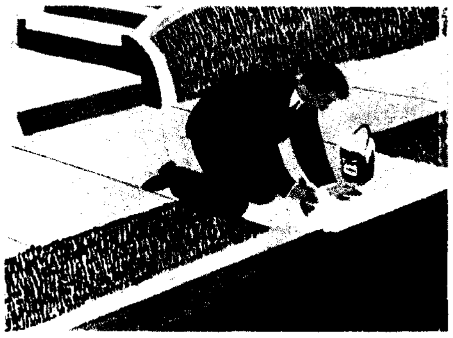
It certainly was a deal. We arranged I would have the wheels on Mondays and Wednesdays, and Red on Tuesdays and Thursdays, as a steady proposition. Then we would have alternate Fridays, and a special deal where if one of us would have a successful Friday date calling for a Saturday follow-up commitment, he would have the wheels for Saturday. But it had to be the same girl. For Sundays we would always toss up, no matter what.

The day we made the deal was Monday, my night, and I had the wheels and drove around for a while thinking I might run into Lorraine, but I could not find her. The next night Red drove over

(Continued on page 24)

WHAT TO DO BEFORE THE BOMBERS COME

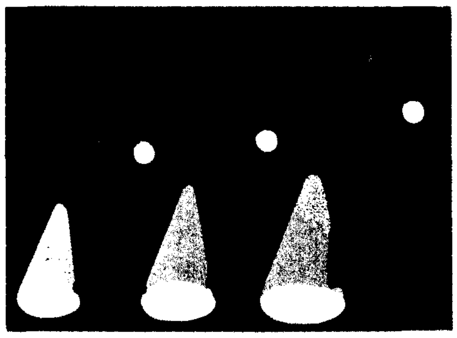
W. B. COURTNEY, a veteran of our Air Service in World War I, has probably been through a greater variety of air raids than any other war correspondent. He first saw modern bombing of civilians by the Italians in Ethiopia. In Spain he saw the burning of Irun and Fuenterrabbia after raids by Franco's bombers. In China, at Canton, Hankow and Changsha he watched clouds of Japanese bombers rain death from the skies—in Canton he witnessed seven raids in one hour; at Hankow he spent a 48-hour period under constant attack; and he was the first expert observer to report to our Air Corps that the Japanese were both good flyers and accurate bombers. In this war, he went through more than thirty raids in Germany—in Berlin, Dusseldorf and Munich. Here he indicates the many little ways, learned only through experience, over and above the official government rules, by which you can increase your coziness, security and convenience in the event that your city becomes the target of an enemy air raid.



Get white paint or whitewash and outline the edges of inside cellar stairs, outside cellar and house steps, the curbing in front of your house, and any projecting edges of walks.

Equip your house with wooden shutters, if you haven't got them already. Close these shutters immediately when the siren blows. Venetian blinds, let down and closed, are additionally useful, especially against small fragments.

Tip with white paint all switches, handles, or other things you have to reach for in the dark.



Have at least two flashlights for each member of the household: including a spare bulb for each, and spare batteries.

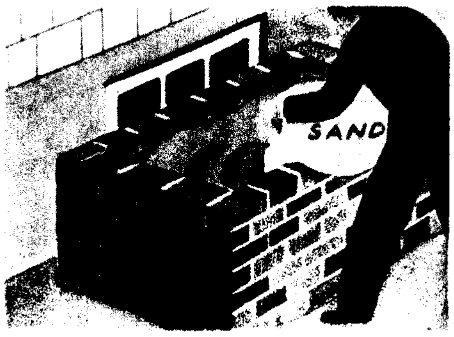
One of the flashlights should be small, pocket size; and always with you.

One of the flashlights should always be on your bedtable. Many accidents in Europe are caused when people trip as they get out of bed to go to windows.

Have a light-blue lens for your outdoor flash: You can "blue" it yourself by smearing glue on the lens and dusting it with ordinary household laundry bluing, or pasting colored tissue on it.

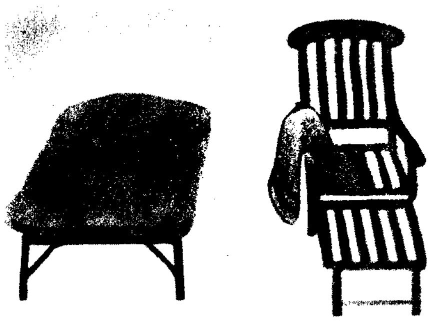
But never use an undimmed flashlight outdoors: it can be seen from the air.

You can make the cellar of your house a quite effective air-raid shelter by building a brick or wood form about one yard thick outside each cellar window, so that it overlaps the sides of the window about two feet, and filling the form with sand.

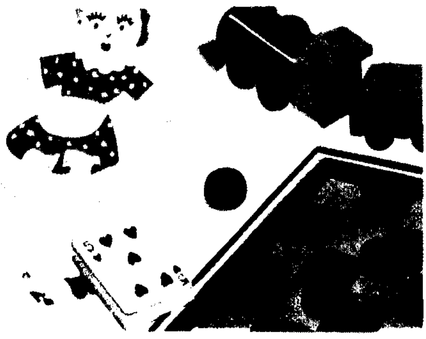


Put extra shoring in the part of the cellar you use for a shelter. 4x4's or heavier. Helps keep the house from toppling down on you.

If a large water or gas main enters your house through the cellar, or if you have a large compressed-air water tank, better stay elsewhere; for a bomb hit in the street outside might either asphyxiate or drown you or blow you up. Many people were thus killed in Berlin.



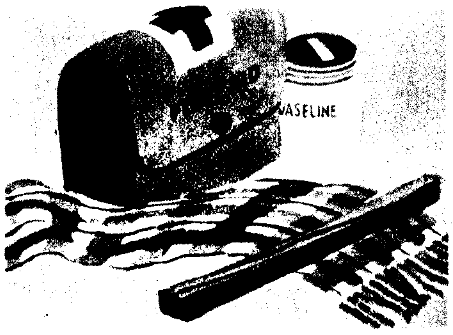
Put cots in your cellar, if you use that for a shelter; or provide yourself with steamer chairs or cots if you go to an apartment cellar. You get awfully tired standing through a raid that lasts several hours. With a cot you can get sleep; and feel better next day for your work – a necessary factor both in morale and in defense production.



Provide some kind of amusement for your children and your adult family members in whatever you use for a shelter: games, cards. In case of sleeplessness, such amusement is good for the nerves.

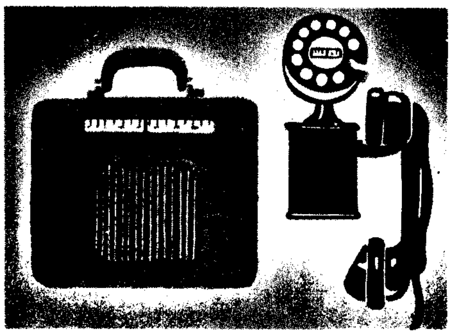
If you have young children, put cotton or other plugs in their ears. European experience shows that noise frightens children most during the raids, not flashes.

Leave house doors open during a raid; concussion might cause them to stick and you couldn't get out fast in case of fire or collapse.



Have a first-aid kit, but not an elaborate one; a stick and a heavy cloth (a muffler will do) for a tourniquet is most important.

Have plenty of vaseline, or other soothing unguents, handy; both upstairs, where you might fight fire, as well as in your shelter.

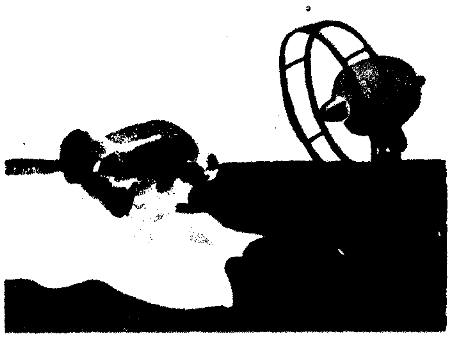


Have at least a small portable radio in your shelter. There may be important official announcements or instructions.

Have a telephone extension to your shelter; and keep there the number of your district's warden, if you have to call for fire or ambulance help.

Bad headaches sometimes result from the confined air of shelters and the racket and nervousness. Keep aspirin in your pocket.

Electric fans will help to keep the air circulating; and in case of gas, help to clear it. Set them on the floor.



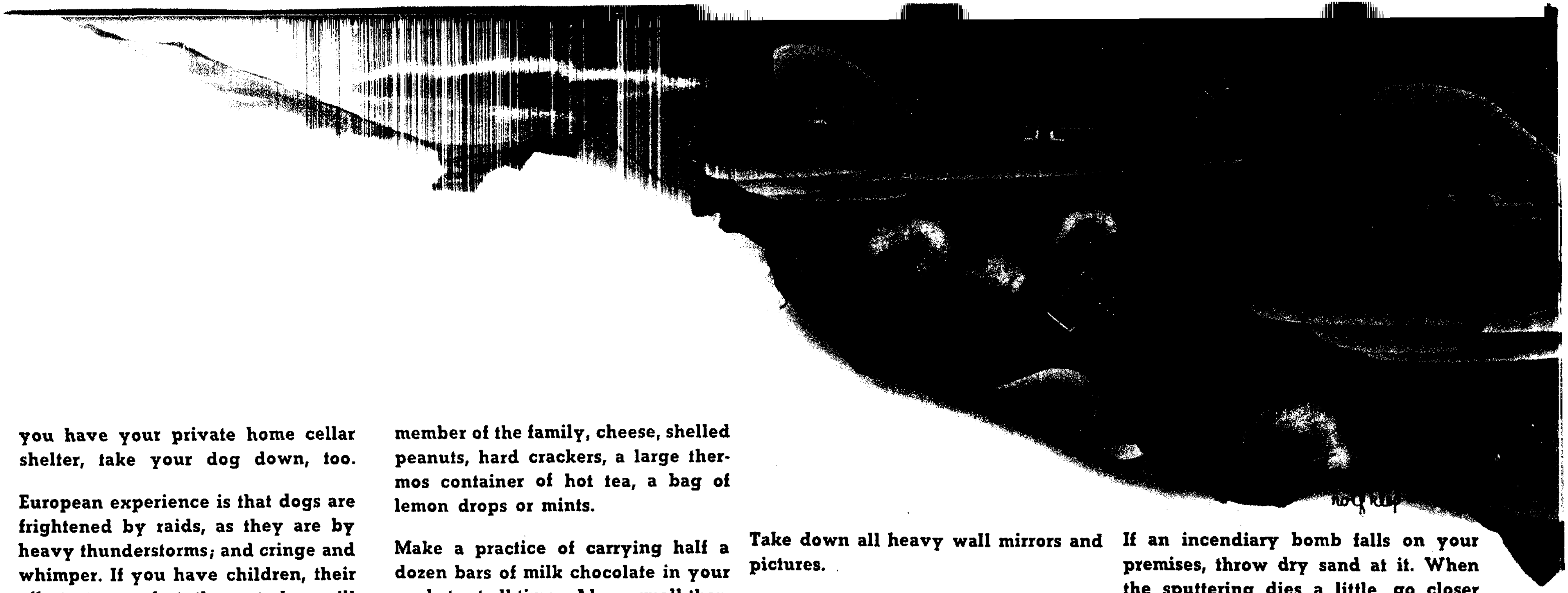
If you have pets:

Birds, especially canaries, may be taken down into the shelter with you.

Your canary is the best warning there is of the onset of a gas attack. If you see him keel over, put on your mask at once, if you have one. If you haven't a mask, soak your handkerchief in the water bucket, cover your nose and mouth with it, lie on your face close to the electric fan and breathe as slowly and shallowly as you can. This will extend your chances of survival by many precious minutes, while the rescue squads work to get to you.

It's all right to keep your dog with you. In a city apartment shelter you might not be permitted to do so, because some people fear dogs, and some dogs have bad manners. But if

DRAWINGS BY
ROLF KLEP



you have your private home cellar shelter, take your dog down, too.

European experience is that dogs are frightened by raids, as they are by heavy thunderstorms; and cringe and whimper. If you have children, their efforts to comfort the pet dog will help keep their minds off the raid.

Leave your cat upstairs. Confine it in a room alone. Cats go nuts during an air-raid.

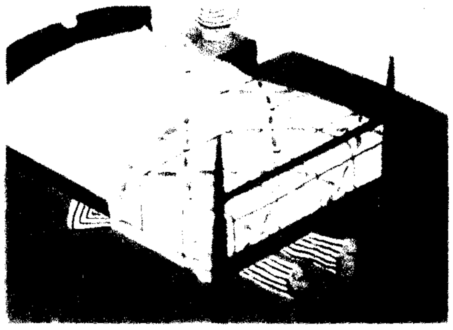
Turn off the pilot light of your gas range and extinguish oil range burners.

If you have a coal or wood range, shut all the drafts, induce it to die out.

Shut off your gas or oil furnace. Cut off the supply of fuel from outdoor tanks or mains; if valve is difficult, arrange with utility company for a handier one. Hang necessary tool at valve.

If there is a near "hit," instantly put out cigarettes and light no more matches.

If you have a coal or wood furnace, shut the draughts; and cut off automatic stoker systems.



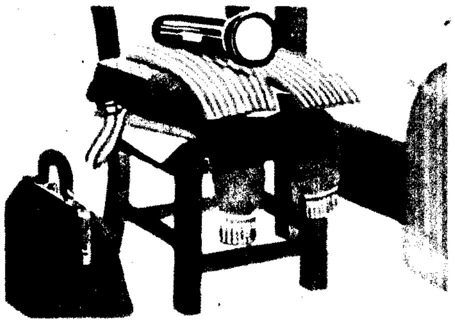
If you have no shelter to go to, lie UNDER your bed. The mattress is grand protection against everything save the heaviest bomb fragments, or incendiaries.

Because there is always danger of building collapse, which might imprison you for some time:

> Keep a little box of nutritious food in your shelter, well covered; at least one can of fruit juice for each member of the family, cheese, shelled peanuts, hard crackers, a large thermos container of hot tea, a bag of lemon drops or mints.

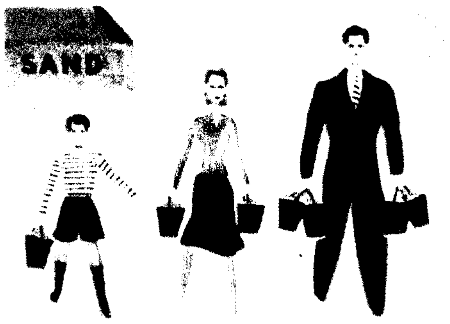
Make a practice of carrying half a dozen bars of milk chocolate in your pockets at all times. Also a small thermos flask of hot tea. This would sustain you for a week.

Also keep chewing gum in your pocket; it allays thirst.



Each night before you retire place a chair or table next to your bed.

On it put flashlight, vaseline, heavy clothing, stacked so you can follow your customary dressing procedure in sequence. Include sweaters, and extras to carry; if you are driven into the streets, you will find not so provident neighbors. Also take a small bag containing: 1. Your insurance papers. 2. Your identification papers, such as Social Security card and automobile licenses. (Amnesia is a common air-raid disease). 3. Your valuables, such as jewelry.

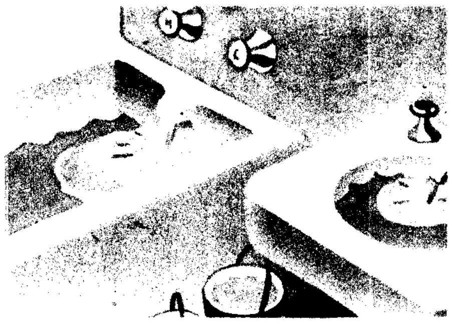


Place sand and water in pails in your hallways, under your stairs, and in your sleeping rooms. Don't use pails too heavy to be handled by the weakest adult member of your family. Europeans prefer to use several light small pails rather than one large pail.

If you have room under your main staircase, or space in a closet, put there a large box of sand with several small shovels.

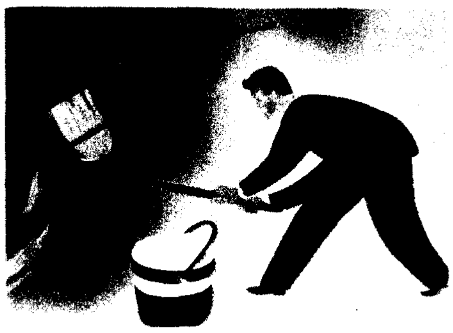
Take down all heavy wall mirrors and pictures.

When the siren blows, immediately fill your bathtubs with water; also your sinks; have a coal scuttle or several small cans where they can be reached quickly for use in bailing.



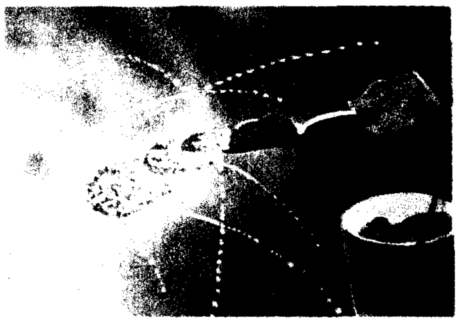
Instead of throwing water, douse brooms in the water and beat the flames. Throwing the water is wasteful. If you live in the suburbs or country, keep a very small cedar or arbovitae tree for this purpose – such as farmers use to beat out grass fires. Or use a soaked burlap bag.

Don't use water on an incendiary bomb. Finely sprayed by experts, water's okay. Splashed or thrown on, it will only spread the flames. The safest practice for ordinary folks is – no water! And don't use a chemical extinguisher. Smart Europeans wear ski goggles, or sun glasses, in fighting incendiaries. Firebombs have a dazzling, eye-ball aching glare, much brighter than ordinary flames. I have known of persons who, excited plus blinded, have fainted and fallen into incendiaries.



Open all windows. This keeps shattering glass from flying. Help prevent shattering by sticking two-inch-wide strips of adhesive tape criss-cross on windows.

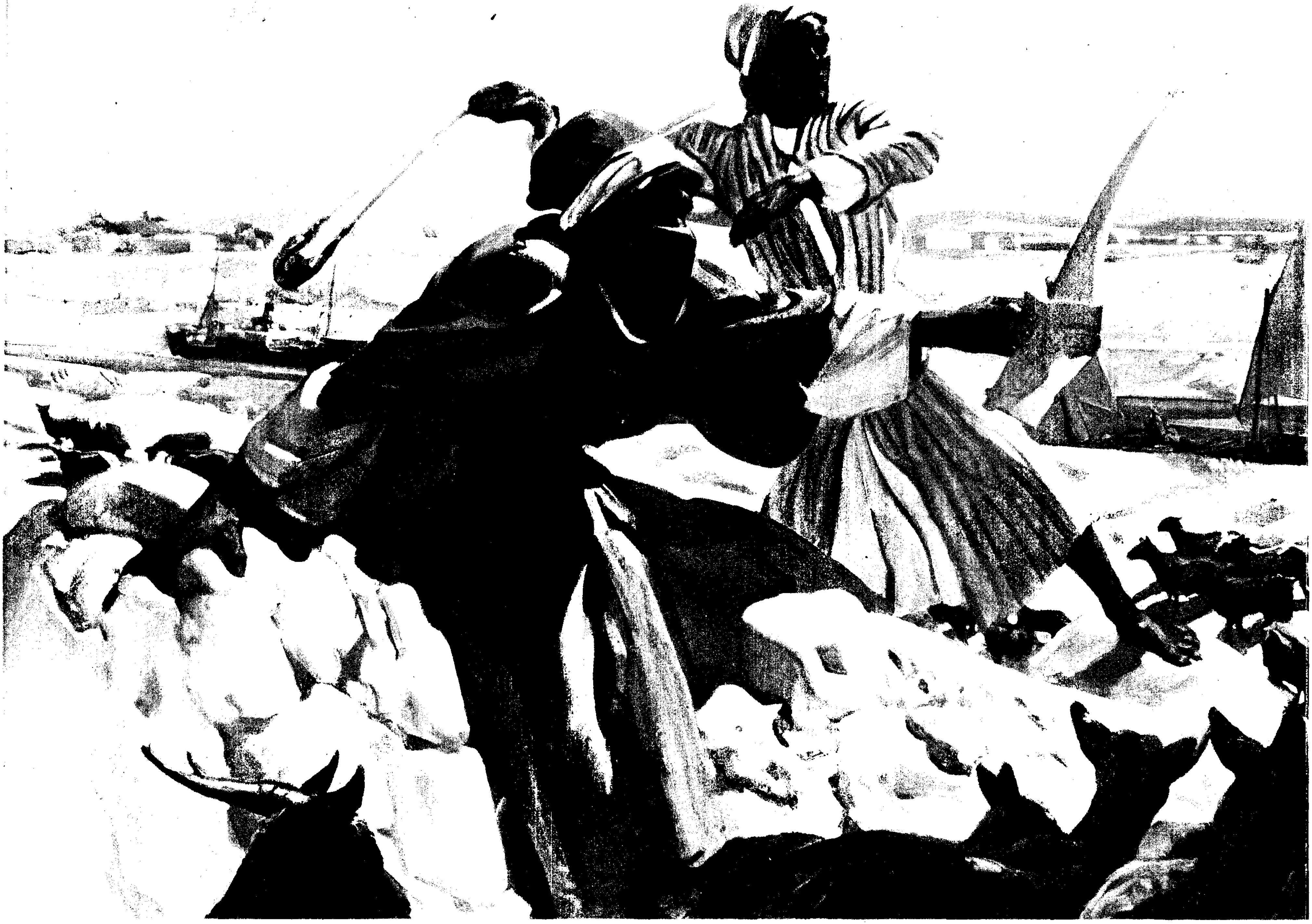
If an incendiary bomb falls on your premises, throw dry sand at it. When the sputtering dies a little, go closer and try to get the sand UNDER the brand fragments. But remember that the slightest touch of an incendiary bomb spark will burn through skin and bone as through butter.



Don't give your home the air of a tomb by putting black paint or paper on the window glass. That dangerously increases chances of household accidents. Europeans find it better to take the trouble every night of hanging up "verdunklen" paper on wood frames, or lightproof drapes or blankets. Blackouts at night are bad enough for morale. So let the fine bright daylight into your home. It's good for spirits, cleanliness, health. And it's a saving in National Defense economy, because you won't have to burn lights all day and thus increase fuel consumption of your power company.

In a department or sporting goods store, buy a cheap pair of the "asbestos" gloves now commonly sold in the United States for outdoor picnic cooking enthusiasts. These are useful in patting out bedding fires, or pulling down flaming curtains and draperies.

Remember that air-raid bombs, and antiaircraft shells, are something like a bolt of lightning; if your number is on one, you can't outrun it.



"I will give you a piaster if you can hit that mark," said the Berber. Dawud, challenged, nearly always won the coin

A Stone in a Sling

By Gordon MacCreagh

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

History repeats itself. David and Goliath again face each other, this time with the Suez Canal at stake

HIS name was Dawud bin Yessieh, which meant David the son of Jesse, and it was as startling a thing for Miss Paige to realize as was everything else in the Sinai Peninsula. He had the soft-fringed eyes of all Bedouin Arabs before they grow up and the troubled business of living makes them hard. Long, curving lashes shielded them from the fierce sun and hid, when he willed, the imp of mischief in them.

Prudence Paige of the mission school at Qantara would stand and look at him.

"Dawud bin Yessieh, your ignorance shames a family as old and honorable as yours."

But Dawud had the unanswerable answer: "Our family are not *mullahs* who must read and write. We are keepers of the road."

So Prudence could only hold her breath and count many tens before the spirit that was in her might break loose. That was because she was young and pretty and she had an American diploma that said she knew everything about teaching. But she knew nothing about Bedouin character. Prudence was so unnecessarily pretty that all the stream of uniformed men who sweated through and about Qantara these days wondered how anybody so golden and blue-eyed and pink and white ever came to get herself tangled into a mission school in so hell-clinkered a hole as that.

And that was something that Prudence's keen American efficiency didn't very rightly understand itself. It had been a foreign land and therefore romantic; far away and therefore different from a rather uneventful small town in the American Bible Belt; closely linked with the Bible story and therefore thrilling; and how many avenues of safe escape are there, after all, for an alert-minded girl well raised in the Midwest convention?

Qantara was certainly different. It means "The Bridge," though there is no bridge there. It means really the place where the most ancient road in the world passes from Asia into Africa. Nowadays that most ancient of roads is cut by the most important of roads in the world, the waterway of the Suez Canal, and Qantara is the terminus where the Palestine Railway dumps its passengers out onto the staring desert to be ferried across the canal on a little hand-hauled barge and to connect with the Egyptian Railway on the other desert.

IN NORMAL times the passengers, few and far between, are mostly Arabs. But these days Qantara is a bedlam of uniformed men—lank Anzacs, bearded Sikhs, thin-shanked Punjabis, hurrying, always hurrying, to strictly censored objectives. Grim-faced men, they come and they go; very few can ever stop. Lieutenant Danforth Menzies of the Melbourne detachment could stop because his share of the business was perhaps as important as any. Left'nant Menges, he called himself, because he had inherited a British inhibition about the pronunciation of names; and his men called him "Dingo," because those Australians have thrown away all inhibitions about the sacredness of military rank—and they seem to fight all the better for it.

Left'nant Menges' job, with his men, was to patrol that bank of the empty desert as far down as Lake Timsah, and he had to keep his eyes as suspiciously wide open against everything that moved in the emptiness as ever any dingo on the sheep ranch where he worked back in the Melbourne hills. For the canal is a liquid tube that carries priceless freight more vulnerable to devious deviltry than the thread of pipe line that carries priceless oil from the Iraqui derricks.

The job, then, was a splendid and grateful reason to keep in close touch with a mission school that kept as close a touch as might be upon the pulse of a restless desert people.

"What ho! What's the day's best report from the Parent-Teachers Association, Miss Paige?"

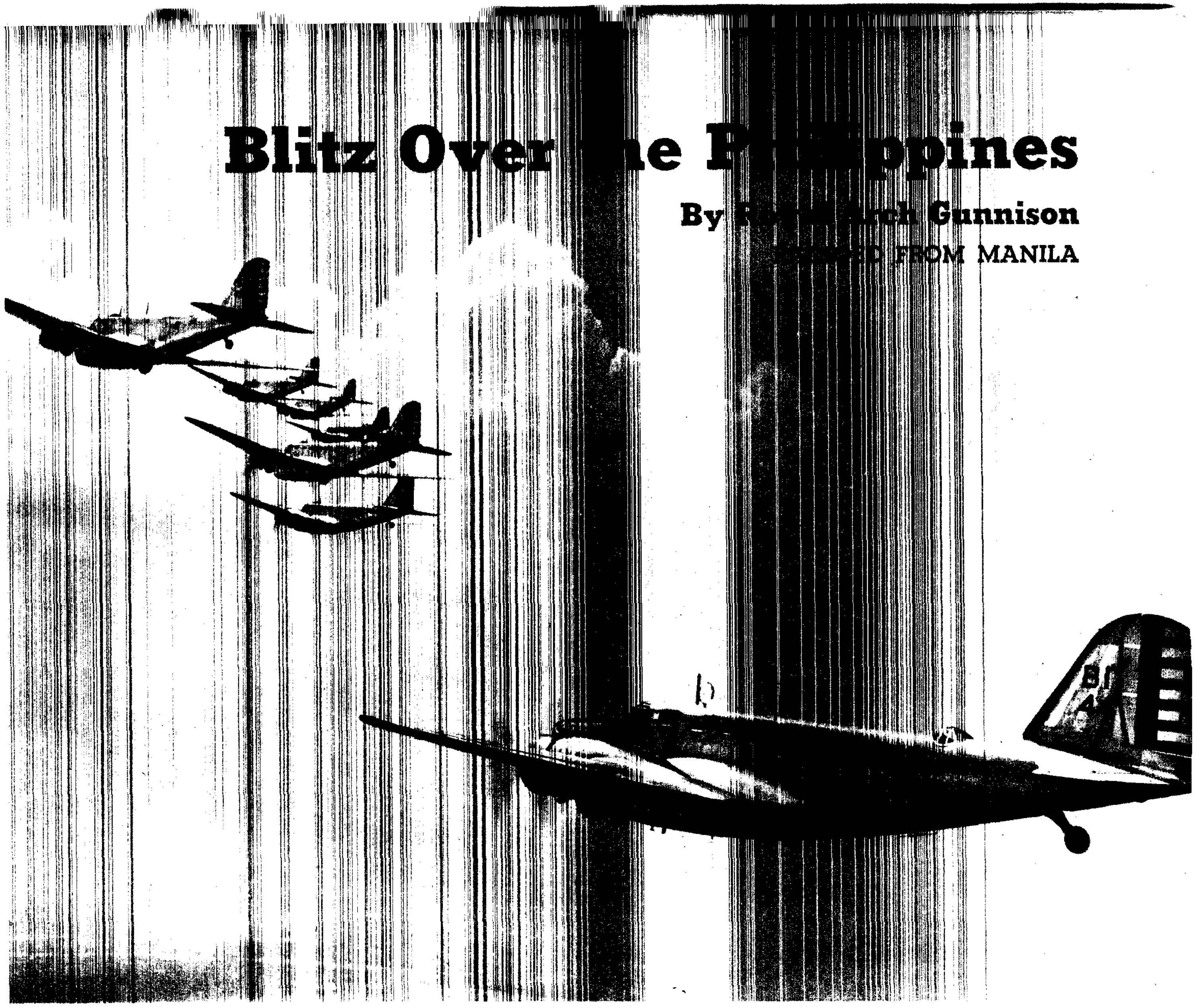
In matters not military Dingo

(Continued on page 41)

Blitz Over the Philippines

By Royal Arch Gunnison

CABLED FROM MANILA



The B-18, Douglas twin-engined bomber, Wright Cyclone powered, is typical of the ships with which our Air Corps opposed Jap Philippine landings. Only recently were some of the bigger, four-motored Flying Fortresses sent there

I DROVE out through the peaceful Philippine farm country at dawn, just in time to hear the crowing of awakening roosters drowned in the roar of airplane motors . . . just in time to catch a glimpse of swift, pointed-nose pursuit planes streaking over the rice paddies and angling skyward into the sunrise. They were headed on a special mission over the Japanese invasion position to the north.

This was my introduction to some spectacular hours in the midst of this Far East war. It's an air war out here. Even more than Europe's and Asia's war, it is being fought in the air and from the air. Distances are greater here. Much of the fighting must be touch-and-go over water. Naval engagements take place—some under and some on the surface. But it's the naval airplanes and military airplanes that make the first contact, that lay the barrage behind which invading troops speed ashore in special barges. It's American, British and Dutch bombers and pursuits that dive at the cumbersome Japanese troop transports, that thumb their noses at Japanese antiaircraft fire from battleships and destroyers—twisting, slipping, diving and laying bombs across the camouflaged decks of Japanese warships.

Out at a quiet country interceptor base I soon caught in full the 400-mile-an-hour pace of this Far East air war. The quiet countryside is only a camouflage. You realize it is there with all its verdancy, its gray water carabao, its muddy rice paddies, its slow-moving Filipino farmer. But today it seems unreal. It seems a hazy backdrop for the droning, bullet-scarred planes and trim, wisecracking pilots who whip down out of the blue sky with stories of death in this blue sky, with terse, straightforward official reports of missions accomplished, comrades lost, Japanese stupidity and Japanese-German strategy.

An interceptor base in the Far East is no place for anyone with a weak heart or anyone who thinks difficult accomplishment is any more impossible than possible. Unlike the Japanese, we don't park our camouflaged aircraft in a straight line down the center of the field. We try to give our planes every bit of protection possible on the ground. In the air their guns, their speed and maneuverability are their only protection. We need them in the air, not strafed on the ground, as the Japanese have been attempting to accomplish in a "repeat performance" of the Nazi-planned blitz.

INTERNATIONAL

"Buzz" Wagner added another to his heroic exploits over the Philippines by discovering, singlehanded, Japan's 80 invasion ships. He strafed 'em, counted 'em, and reported home

The Japanese have lost nearly as many planes on the ground here in the Philippine sector of the Far East war as they have put in the air from the new Philippine air bases they have invaded, due partly to their stupidity but mostly to the persistence and skill of American and Filipino flying madmen.

I have been to Clark Field and what I saw there of destruction of United States planes, and constant surprise attacks, would make any aircraft defense production worker actually weep. If there is any wonder in the United States why the situation suddenly became so serious in the Philippines, it was because Crete and Greece were repeated, but thus far without paratroops. The Nazis directed the Japs with their background of the entire Greek-Crete campaign experience. Added to this, the Jap espionage knew all of the fields, secret and otherwise. Our boys fighting in the Lingayen Gulf region constantly asked the same question the Anzacs asked in Crete: "Where are our planes?" The Jap planes were everywhere.

I wish I could tell you all of this war story as I have seen it and as I have heard it. I have heard it over loudspeakers as the boys reported in from thousands of feet above the deep green Philippine Islands or out over the white-capped blue of the Pacific Ocean. I have heard them tell their own stories and those of the boys who didn't come back. It's blitz over the Philippines all right—but recently, after the first surprise, the blitz has been largely American-Filipino. The Japs caught us flatfooted. But not without a comeback. Their "one-two" punch failed. It was "one" to the body all right. But the "two" to the chin—that was what missed.

This bright, hot, muggy Philippine morning I am at an interceptor base, and I find planes that had been out on a dawn mission coming back one at a time until but a single plane was unaccounted for. Several of the boys had tangled with the Japanese. One had dropped his light bombs on a small landing party, "Causing some casualties," as he said. He sank one of the Japo-German type of landing barges and scattered the invaders, at least momentarily. The important thing was the information he brought back.

Things You Don't Discuss

While we were sitting around the long board table sipping ice-cold soft drinks, with everyone telling of the other fellow's exploits, one of these tanned, keen-eyed lads with open shirt collar—one of these boys who had said very little—quietly interjected this into the conversation, "Listen, you birds, don't forget the work that our ground crews do," and that set off another round of stories, each pilot trying to out-tell the other about the efficiency of his crew when Jap planes attacked their airfield. Three ground-crew enlisted men have already received citations for gallantry. Suddenly the loud-speaker calls an alert. Three of the pilots push back from the table.

"That's us this time," says one black-haired boy from Montana. "See you in a little while."

He was a second lieutenant. We never saw him again.

You just don't talk about these fellows who don't come back. Some of them get citations. Then the public hears about their daring action. For instance, Russell Church of Dumont, New Jersey, known as "Buzz" Wagner's wingman, who drove his blazing plane in a half-mile glide across twenty-five parked Japanese airplanes at Vigan, releasing bombs and machine-gunning all the way. He never attempted to jump.

Colin P. Kelly of New York, whose bomber got the battleship Haruna, near Aparri.

Sam Marett of Atlanta, who got caught in a barrage and dived his plane into a Jap troop transport near Vigan.

Private Greeley Williams of Iowa City, a ground-crew man who fought off dive bombers and strafers from the gun turret of his bomber, which was caught on the ground.

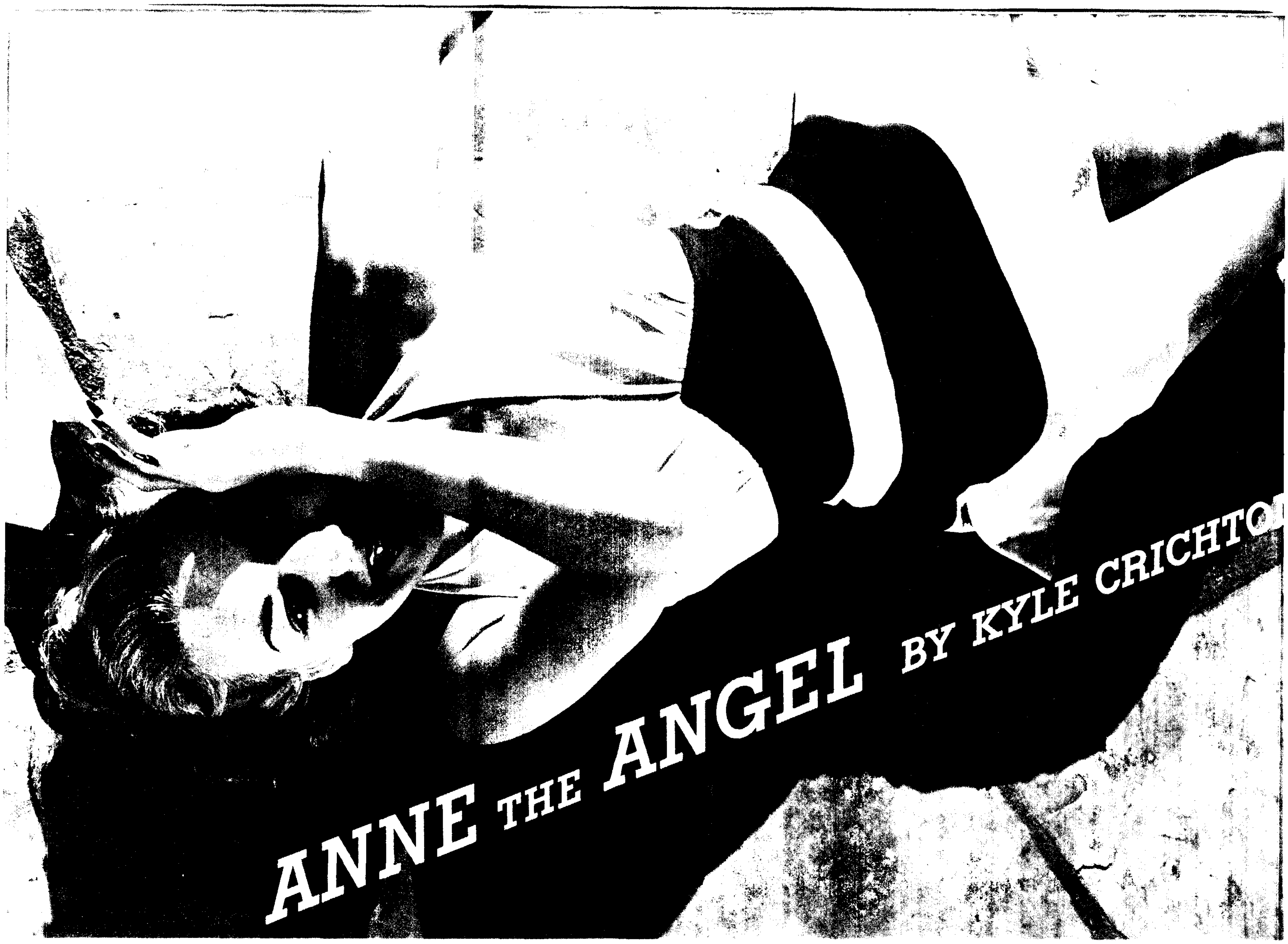
These were just a few of the boys who have gone beyond their duty as they saw the occasion warranted. None lived, but not one of them failed.

Whether they're American, Dutch, British—yes, and even Chinese—these pilots of the Far East are the men on whom the ebb and flow of the Pacific Ocean war tide depends. Before the war, down in the Netherlands Indies and in Singapore, in Malaya and even in Burma, you heard about the "shuttle air force." It was Air Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham's idea.

"Since the Japanese had and have superior numbers of planes," Sir Robert explained his plan to me one day at his Singapore headquarters, "we propose to combine the services of the growing number of aircraft we have out here. We now have a program laid out whereby, when attack comes, we'll plan to counterattack."

The purpose behind this plan was to

(Continued on page 49)



ANNE THE ANGEL

BY KYLE CRICHTO

WALL-YERLEE

Anne Shirley is a Hollywood phenomenon. She likes all her movie parts and never gets sore at anyone

THE shooting schedule of an RKO unit is going to be disarranged one afternoon by the appearance of a mysterious cloud that will appear over the studio shortly before quitting time and bear Miss Anne Shirley aloft.

Miss Shirley is surely the only person alive who thinks that Hollywood is perfect; Miss Shirley is possibly the only person who ever existed that possessed that strange belief. This is all the more extraordinary because Miss Shirley happens to be a veteran of the films, an old-stager who came in with the wagon-train pioneers from Manhattan and got booted fore and aft for many a long year before reaching her present position.

Cynics who try to needle the girl about her beliefs come up against the following conversation:

"Isn't there somebody you hate out here?"

"I can't think of anybody."

"Didn't you feel a little silly in that picture called West Point Widow?"

"I have no kick coming."

"Do you like *all* your parts?"

"Yes."

"Don't you ever get sore at anybody?"

"No."

"Satisfied with your contract?"

"Sure I am satisfied with my contract. I think it is just fine."

"Doesn't anything ever get your goat?"

"I don't let it. I'm happy. I have everything I want. Everybody treats me swell."

At this point the cynic becomes faint and makes one final effort:

"Well, doesn't the state of the world get you down? War and famine and all that?"

"I don't think about it," says Anne. "What could I do about it even if I wanted to?"

This is something of a phenomenon, this Shirley person. If you suggest that she is something of a Pollyanna, she will be hurt, but she doesn't change in her views of Hollywood. She is married to John Payne; they have a two-year-old baby; both have good contracts and are on top of the world; they are happy, they are unworried. It's like a fable.

The Shirley career follows the pattern of many film successes: the family was broken up by divorce, the mother took Anne (then known as Dawn O'Day) and started her on a public career. At the age of fourteen months she was sitting for advertising photographs; when she was three she was in her first movie, a venture directed by the late John Francis Dillon. In the same year Herbert Brenon used her in The Miracle Child, a William Farnum feature. These were in New York, where she was being passed back and forth between Fox and Paramount. It was then that Alan Dwan advised them to make the long trek West.

"Make no mistake, my dear lady," said Dwan to Anne's mother. "Our future is calling us. We must set our faces to the setting sun and grab some of that easy dough."

They had no sooner hit town than they ran into Herbert Brenon and were immediately put to work.

Hollywood in those days was a soft touch all around. It was before the days of kid stars and she had all the work in the place. Brenon had her in four pictures and eventually she played the role of the childish counterpart of every actress in the business. She was the younger self of Janet Gaynor in Four Devils, and of Madge Bellamy, Myrna Loy, Barbara Stanwyck, Fay Wray and Ann Dvorak.

A Slight Cut in Salary

That was in the silent days of 1923 and she was getting $175 a week almost before she could talk. But it meant that she missed her childhood completely. What schooling she had was acquired on the set from tutors. When the money flowed in Mamma bought a house in Laurel Canyon, a mile uphill from the only bus route. It was also prior to Central Casting and it meant that every day they slid down the hill and made the round of the studios; every night they trudged back up again.

"Literally thousands of times we made that walk," says Anne.

But by the time she was ten, conditions changed and, from getting $175 a week, she was down to extra work at $3.50 a day—if she could get it. They lost the house, they lived in a furnished room, Mamma took a job as an elevator operator. To make the most of her opportunities, Anne was listed at half a dozen studios under different names; she didn't want them to get sick of her. She had a one-day job at RKO as an extra in a football picture, dressed up like Susie Prep, sitting in the cheering section.

"You know those cheering sections on the West Coast where they spell out things on cards between halves?" says Miss Shirley. "Well, I was there as Lindley Dawn and I got word that M-G-M had a bit part for me for one day at twenty-five bucks. I didn't know what to do. If I left a hole in that cheering section, RKO would never hire me again; if I didn't show up at M-G-M, they'd be off me. I figured it out by economics; I took the twenty-five bucks."

But her mother was a good seamstress and kept Miss Dawn O'Day looking well, and, being talented, she was always able to get a scholarship in a dancing school. She went to Lawler's Dancing School for years and that helped some because it gave her a chance to sneak into musicals and ballroom scenes, but the going was tough.

The real break was that she somehow missed the gangling stage which has ruined other child wonders. She kept hitching on to bit parts until a picture called Finishing School came along and rescued her. There was a screen cutter named George Nichols, Jr., (now deceased) who had been looking at her for years in various exhibits. When he finally wangled a director's job at RKO, he suggested that they get little

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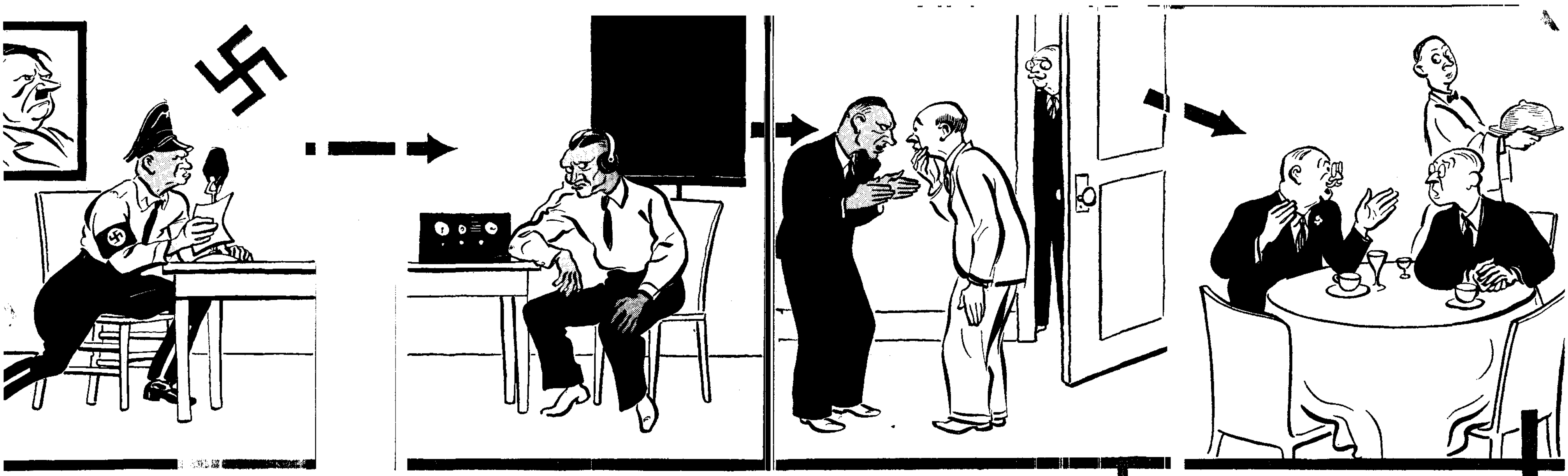
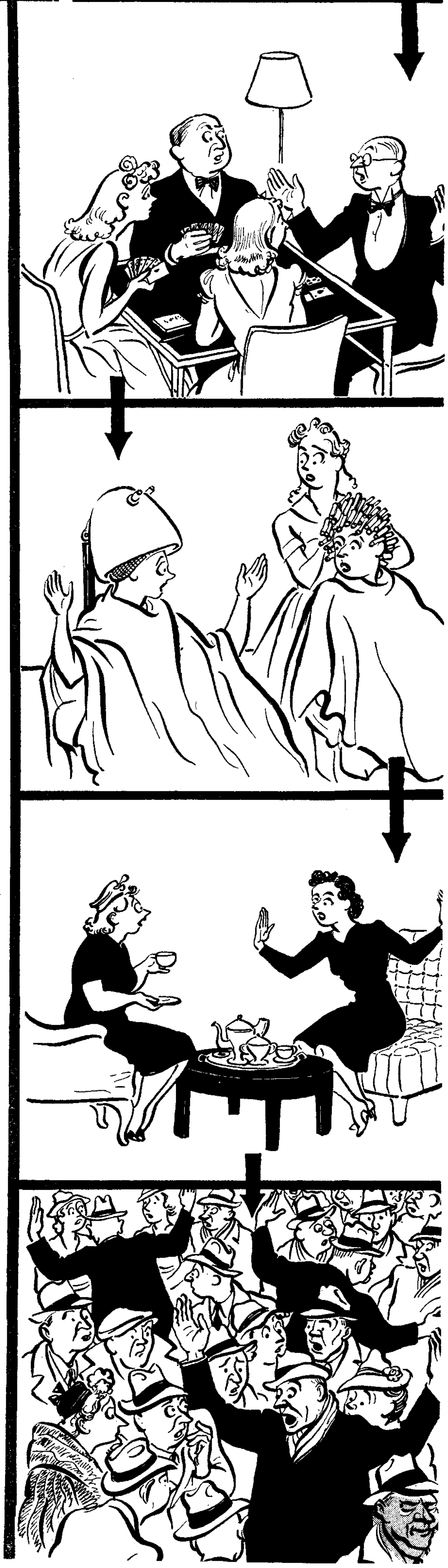




It's an old Nazi trick: German agents—aided by unthinking dupes—devise and spread vicious rumors in a deliberate attack on American morale

Don't Believe a Word of It!

By Henry F. Pringle

CARTOONS BY CARL ROSE

War always breeds rumor-mongers—and they're at it again, reporting fake flu epidemics in Army camps, false wholesale desertions, etc. The object is to destroy the morale of the Army and the faith of the public in it. Let's not be too gullible

ONE night late last fall—the nation was still at peace—the telephone rang in the broadcasting studio in a Southwestern city. A voice asked why the station's news summaries had suppressed accounts of a violent pneumonia epidemic in a near-by training camp.

"Hundreds of the boys are sick and there are already forty-two bodies in the morgue," the voice said.

Similar reports were received that night in the city room of the town's morning newspaper. The radio station and the newspaper sent investigators to the camp immediately. Not a case of pneumonia had developed and the camp "morgue," wholly devoid of bodies, was being used as a sewing room by some lady war workers.

This was duly published and broadcast, but the rumors continued for several days. In due course they were traced to statements overheard in busses and lunchrooms in the town, but nobody knew who had started them. It was not long, however, before the soldiers at the camp were receiving frantic telegrams, letters and telephone calls from their parents.

The employees of a munitions factory in New Jersey reported for work, as usual, on a morning last summer. The machinery hummed on vital defense orders, but soon a wild story was being passed from bench to bench and from one part of the plant to another. Florida had been bombed! A force of hostile aircraft had passed over the state during the night dropping tons of bombs and killing hundreds of men, women and children. Over what part of Florida? What cities had been destroyed? Nobody knew. Nobody knew where the mad story had come from, but work on defense orders in this New Jersey factory was violently disrupted for the day.

Be on guard against such rumors. There will be more of them now that the United States is in the war. Circulation of them has been going on for at least a year and they are part of Hitler's plan to soften and break down the democracies which he despises and proposes to conquer. It is a barrage of half-truths and lies spread over the nation; its purpose is to undermine the morale of the civilian population and the armed forces. The rumors are initiated by radio from Berlin, Tokyo and Rome, by pro-Axis newspapers published in the United States, by pamphlets and by paid agents. They are spread by the agents, by members of the various Bunds and by the fractional minority of Americans who still believe in peace-at-any-price. They are sometimes spread by bitter-end haters of President Roosevelt. These people would recoil with horror at the idea of helping Hitler or Japan. They consider themselves wholly loyal. But some of them still can't imagine that a policy advocated by That Man in the White House has any merit.

Playing It Adolf's Way

These dupes who play into the hands of Hitler were more active before we got into the war, but a few still talk and talk. Typical of them were two ladies on a streetcar in Washington, D.C. It was close to September 15th, when another income-tax payment would be due.

"I think I'll send my check direct to the British embassy," said one of the ladies. "All our money goes to England, anyway, under this Lend-Lease law. Why not mail it to the British ourselves?"

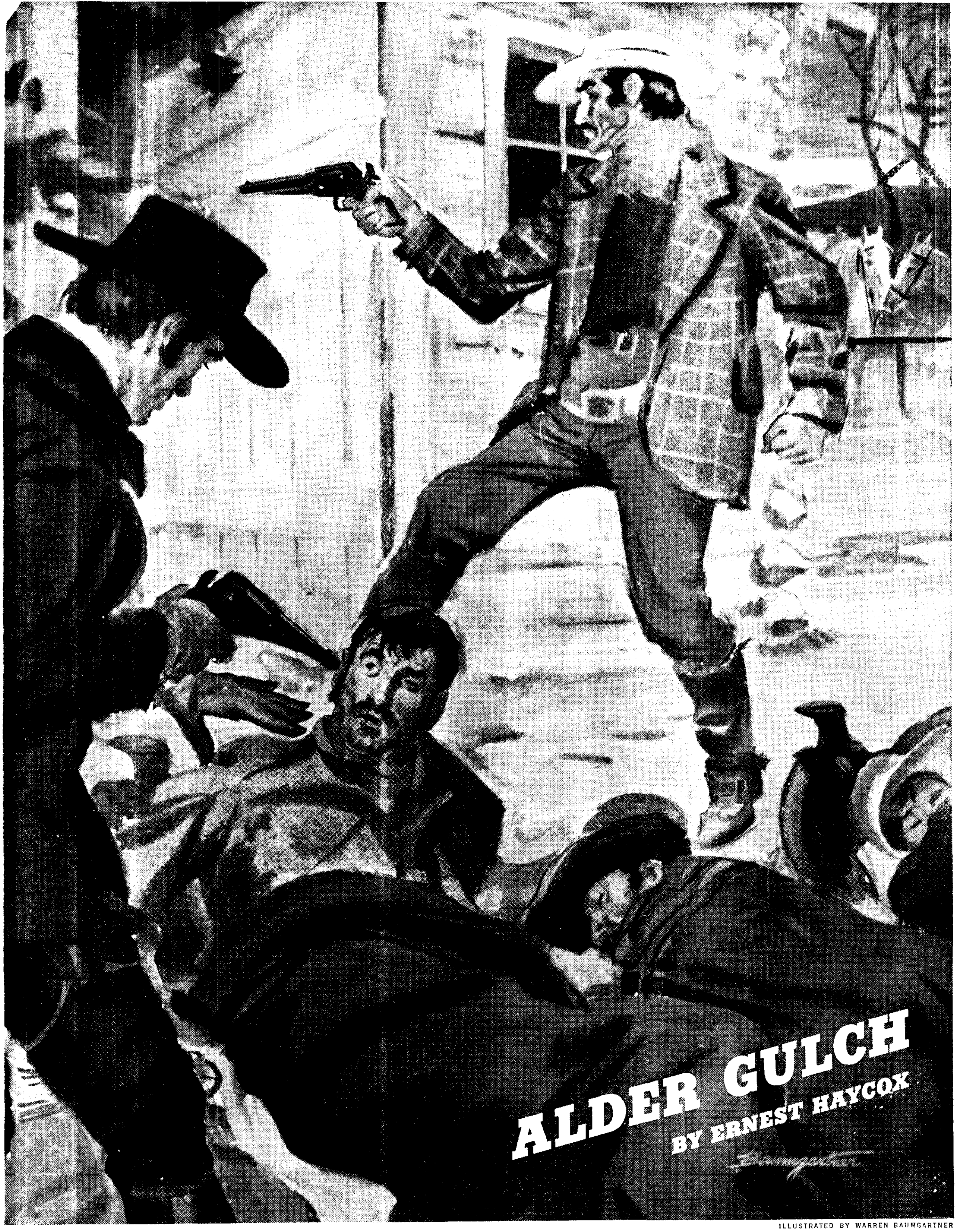
Her companion nodded in agreement. "They can use it to pay for their parties at the Carlton Hotel," she added bitterly. "Why, do you know, my dear, they throw champagne parties at all the big Washington hotels and every penny of the cost—every penny, my dear!—is charged to us! Why, I even heard that some of these visiting Englishmen entertain actresses and chorus girls and we pay for that, too!"

Uncle Sam is well aware of the activities of these traducers, but they aren't easy to catch. A newly created Special Defense Unit of the Department of Justice is keeping careful watch over pro-Axis publications. The Federal Communications Commission has an even more gigantic task on its hands. Through four strategically located listening posts the FCC makes a complete record of every word broadcast by short wave from every foreign country—an appalling total of 600,000 to 900,000 words every twenty-four hours, seven days a week. This is translated and digested, and all relevant portions are rushed by teletype to the White House, the State Department, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Military Intelligence (G-2) or other government agencies. A number of arrests have already been made by the F.B.I. Military Intelligence, and the Morale Division of the Army is seeking to run down the rumors which spread through the cantonments and among parents of the soldiers. The rumors continue, though. By their very nature they are hard to trace.

The system whereby Hitler and Goebbels seek to soften America—no one doubts that their activities continue even now—is well understood, on the other hand, and some of the details can now be told. If Americans don't realize what the Nazis are up to, it is their own fault. Extremely competent studies have been made and published. The Committee on National Morale, a voluntary organization with headquarters in New York, has issued a volume called German Psychological Warfare in which, among other Nazi leaders, Rudolph Hess is quoted. Hitler's one-time closest aide, now a prisoner in England, said four years ago that "in the past, people migrated from place to place; today ideas migrate from people to people. We are in the midst of an ideological upheaval of unprecedented magnitude."

The Committee on National Morale shows how the Nazis accelerate this migration of ideas—Nazi ideas—from one part of the United States to all parts. German fact-finding agencies locate what they call "Stoerungskerne," kernels of disturbance, in this country—minority political groups, frustrated and defeated politicians, aliens in economic

(Continued on page 53)



The posse spread out, circling the sleepers. One man sat up. Pierce swung his revolver on him, softly saying, "Sit still." The man's face turned to him, blurred by the heavy shadows

ALDER GULCH

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The Story Thus Far:

SHANGHAIED in San Francisco and taken to Portland, Oregon, Jeff Pierce—acting in self defense—kills the captain of the vessel that had captured him, and, making his getaway, goes to Virginia City, where gold has recently been struck. He is accompanied by a runaway girl—Diana Castle, whose father has been trying to make her marry a man she does not love.

Arrived at the new mining settlement, Pierce stakes out a claim in rich Alder Gulch, and Diana starts a small bakery. As Pierce soon learns, a band of crooks and killers is operating in the Gulch area. Among the members of the band are: George Ives, "Rube" Ketchum (who hate Pierce); Bob Zachary, Steve Marshland, Jack Gallegher (a deputy sheriff) and Ollie Rounds (who happens to be a strong admirer of Pierce). At the head of the band is a man *named* Henry Plummer—the sheriff!

Plummer and his followers kill, loot, rob. Pierce is one of the few who dare to oppose them. He has one loyal supporter—none too courageous, but not afraid to fight: Ben Scoggins, a trader. Scoggins, it appears, is in love with Diana Castle; and so is Pierce, whom the girl (who has misinterpreted his feelings toward her) does not encourage.

"Bully" Sitgreaves, brother of the man Pierce had killed in Portland, arrives in Virginia City. Meeting Pierce, he informs him that he intends to kill him at a time that he, Sitgreaves, will choose. Pierce, who is armed at the time, does nothing.

Among the victims of the gang is Archie Caples, one of Pierce's neighbors. Caples is murdered in his cabin. Shortly after the murder, Pierce learns that the murderer is "Rube" Ketchum. He encounters Ketchum in the street, has an altercation with him, shoots him to death.

Ives, Gallegher and Marshland witness the shooting. They do not interfere, because Ben Scoggins (openly) and Ollie Rounds (much more subtly) make it clear that, if shooting starts, they will side with Pierce. Someone hidden in an alley, however, takes a shot at Pierce—and wounds him slightly.

Pierce falls to the ground. Then, after Lil Shannon—a free-and-easy big-hearted woman—tells Pierce that she loves him, Rounds and Scoggins escort him to his cabin.

Later, when the two men have gone, Pierce gets his shotgun; he slips out of his cabin; he seats himself at the edge of a canyon near his cabin. There, in the darkness, he gives himself up to somber, depressing thoughts.

VIII

PIERCE came into the Virginia Hotel around nine o'clock and found the ball in progress. They had gotten the musicians from The Pantheon, but otherwise this was strictly for the genteel. The chandelier was decorated with pine boughs and the bracket lamps were draped with green gauze, on which wax flakes had been scattered to imitate snow. All the available proper ladies of the Gulch, from Junction to Summit were here, their gowns looking sedate in contrast to eyes accustomed to the color and flash of the hurdy-gurdy girls. Some of the men, like Judge Lott and W. B. Dance and Wilbur Sanders, wore broadcloth, white shirts and collars. Otherwise it was straight Gulch costume and trimmed whiskers.

The music was a waltz, the fiddles and guitars bearing down heavily on the accent. Stags lined the walls, waiting their turn. One of the dance committee, Neil Howie, moved around the couples, sprinkling more wax on the floor, and at this same moment A. J. Oliver and X. Biedler were escorting a gentleman to the door, he having started his evening too early at The Senate. Oliver shrugged his shoulders, not liking the display, but the short and powerful Biedler seemed to enjoy this physical contact. He stood by the door to make sure the drunken one did not return. He said to Pierce: "Shouldn't be walking through town alone, Jeff."

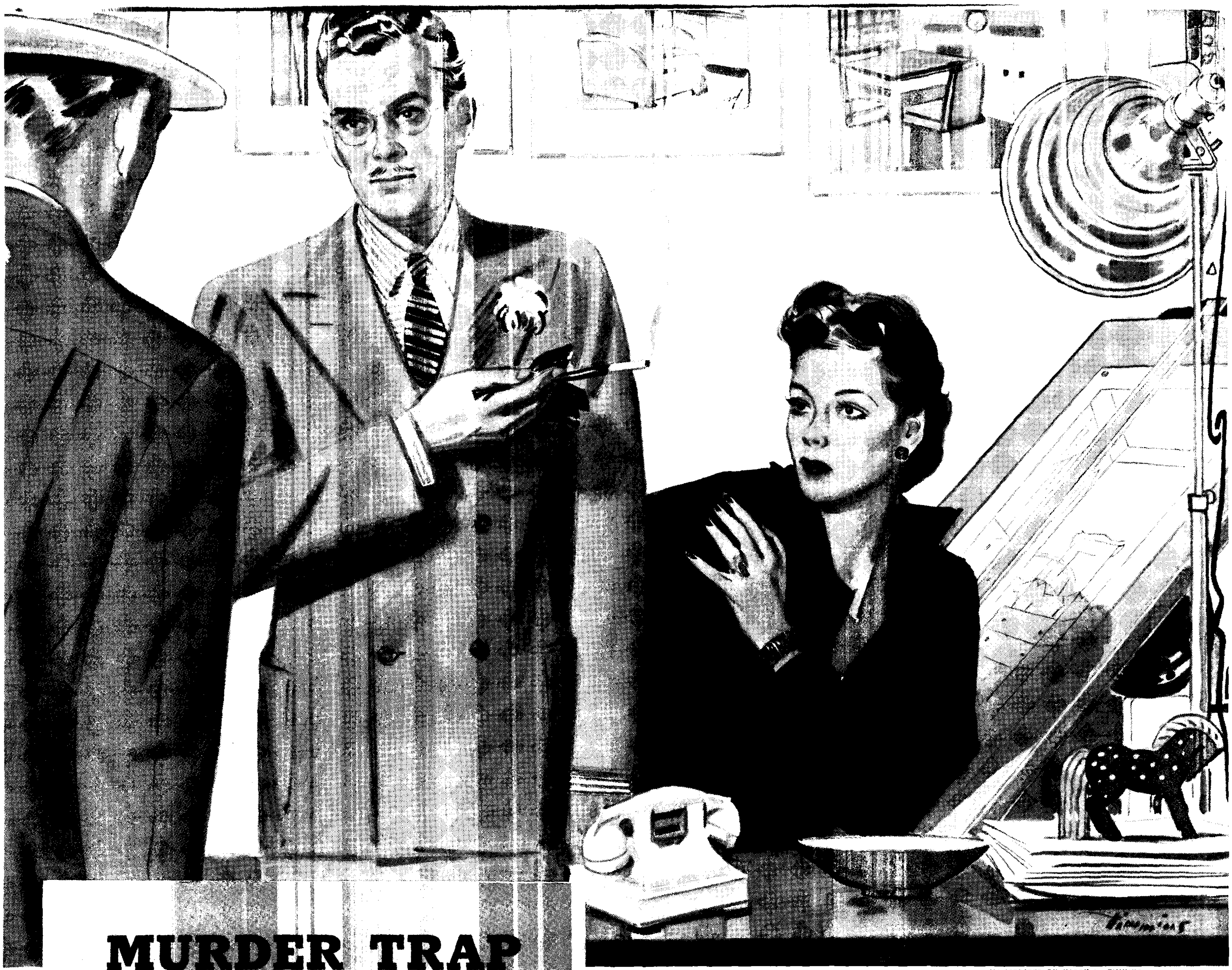
Wilbur Sanders wheeled by with a lady. He was a slight, cool Eastern man short of thirty with brown hair and beard, and practiced law in Bannack. Pierce talked a moment with Biedler, meanwhile noticing that a long lunch bar had been set up in the adjoining dining room. He moved that way, sliding through the steady crowd of men. In the dining room's doorway he looked back and caught sight of Scoggins. Scoggins danced with Diana and both of them were laughing at something said, and the picture of the girl's face, so free and pleased, struck Pierce hard. He remained in the door, blocking it and stopping the drift of the men around him. Somebody touched his back, but he didn't move. Then Diana, wheeling nearer, saw him and the smile left her face and her chin rose and over that distance he caught the half-surprised look of her eyes. Scoggins, now discovering Pierce, also ceased smiling.

PIERCE stopped at the big bar and got a cup of coffee; and made a sandwich from bread and a huge elk roast. Rounds arrived and stood with him, not saying much. Oliver drifted in with W. B. Dance. Presently Sanders came along and Stuart introduced him to Pierce. This group grew. Pfouts moved out of the ballroom. Pfouts put a hand on Pierce's shoulder as he talked and Pfouts looked around at the men near him until his eyes touched Ollie Rounds. Pierce, forever watchful, saw then a little change on Pfouts' face and he turned his attention to Ollie and noticed a sudden shadow come to Rounds' cheeks. In another moment Rounds drifted from the group. There wasn't anything more than this, yet it left its impress on Pierce. After a while he broke from the circle, had another cup of coffee and strolled from the dining room on through another door to the hotel's parlor. As he came into the parlor he saw Ollie and Ben and Diana before him; they were talking and all laughing and then, as before, Diana noticed him and grew serious. Pierce moved forward.

Scoggins said, "For an invalid you do a lot of spookin' around on bad nights." He grinned, and yet it lacked the old Scoggins cheerfulness. There was a little embarrassment on him, so that he was no longer easy. The music began again, a square-dance tune, and men moved toward the ballroom. Diana made a part turn to Ollie, as though to be his partner, but now Scoggins did a strange thing. He touched Ollie's arm and murmured, "Want to see you a minute, Ollie," thus taking Rounds away.

Diana gave Pierce one steady glance and turned from him to watch Scoggins

(Continued on page 57)



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

"What's this extortion story?" O'Malley asked Armid and Mrs. Mercin

MURDER TRAP

By William MacHarg

O'Malley enlists the aid of a guilty conscience—and two or three innocent suspects are saved

HERE'S one cops can't tell nothing about," O'Malley said. "A young guy named Mr. Commings come home from a week end in the country and found a murdered guy in his apartment. Papers in the dead guy's pockets showed he was named Mercin and him and a guy named Armid had a decorating business. Cops got this Armid and him and Mrs. Mercin identified the dead guy as Mercin all right."

"What does Armid say about it?" I asked.

"Claims it's an extortion killing. Him and Mrs. Mercin say Mercin went out in the evening and didn't come home. Then Armid got a phone call to pay five thousand dollars if he wanted his partner back. Their statement is they paid it. The next thing him and Mrs. Mercin knew, cops called 'em and said Mercin had been knocked off."

"What does Commings say?"

"Says he never seen the dead guy till he opened his apartment door."

"What's your opinion of the case?"

"Boy! I don't think nobody is right about it."

We looked at the dead man. Even in death he appeared neat, well kept and precise—a man in his late fifties. There were blue marks on his throat which showed he'd been strangled.

"Well," O'Malley observed, "I suppose we got to go to the trouble of talking with them people."

The decorating establishment was just off Park Avenue and was rather pretentious. A handsome young man whose name proved to be Roberts was disappointed when he found we weren't customers. Armid was in an inner office. He was in his middle forties, dapper, carefully groomed, somewhat supercilious. A quite beautiful young woman who was with him turned out to be Mrs. Mercin.

"What's this extortion story?" O'Malley asked them.

"Why," Armid replied, "Saturday morning I got a phone call here in the office. It was a man's voice."

"You recognize the guy's voice?"

"I didn't. Just before that, Mrs. Mercin had called up and said Mercin hadn't come home and she was much troubled. The voice said they had Mercin and, if we wanted him back, to go to the bank and get five thousand dollars. I phoned Mrs. Mercin and she came down here and we talked it over and I went to the bank and got the money.

"WE USUALLY close on Saturday afternoons, but I waited here because the voice had said to expect a second phone call. It didn't come until early Sunday morning. The same voice asked if I had the money. It said wrap the money in newspaper and go in my car at exactly half past four in the morning and drop the package in a certain refuse basket on Tenth Avenue and keep on driving and not look back. I did that. Then we waited, but we didn't hear anything until Sunday evening when the police told us Mercin was dead."

"What refuse basket?"

He told us.

"Where was your husband going when he went out that Friday evening?" O'Malley asked Mrs. Mercin.

"I don't know. It was between nine and ten o'clock. I had a headache and had gone to bed. I heard him go out and I assumed he was just going to the corner."

"Yeah? What happened before that?"

"Nothing unusual. I'd picked him up here at the store a little after six. We had dinner at home."

"He didn't receive no message or send one to somebody after you met him?"

"No; the telephone wasn't used except just before dinner when I phoned the garage to send someone to come and get the car."

"You don't know of no message Mercin got neither?" O'Malley inquired of Armid.

"I don't."

"Rather peculiar, O'Malley," I remarked, when we had left them, "the manner Armid claims to have paid the ransom by dropping it in a refuse basket."

"Why, it's been done that way. A guy would be watching."

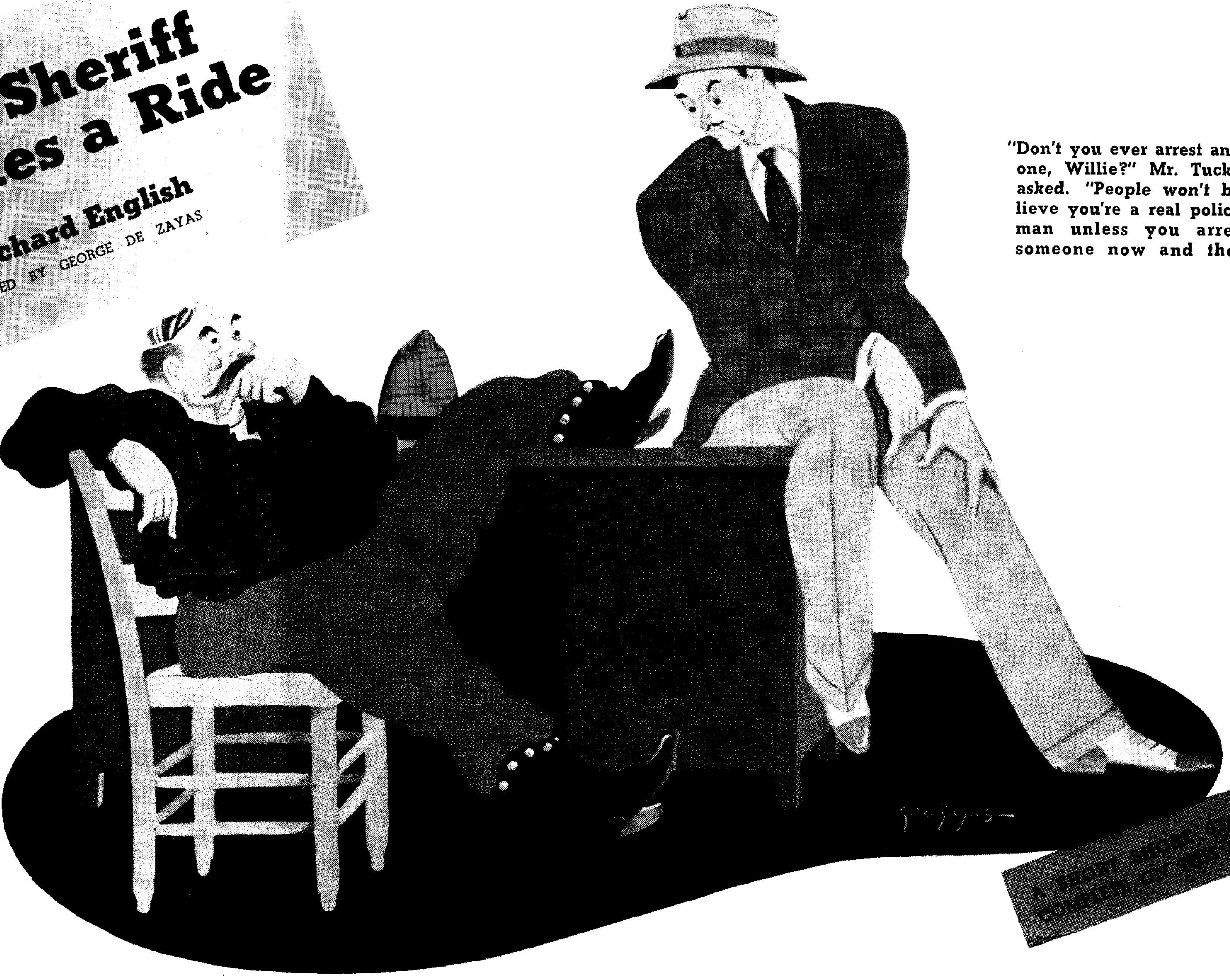
We went and saw Commings. They had him locked up. He was a sleek-seeming man in his early thirties. We didn't learn anything more than the police had got already. Commings had spent the week end on Long Island. He came home Sunday evening. Having a couple of bags with him, he stopped at

(Continued on page 46)

The Sheriff Takes a Ride

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



"Don't you ever arrest anyone, Willie?" Mr. Tucker asked. "People won't believe you're a real policeman unless you arrest someone now and then"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

WILLIE OLIVER wasn't a very good constable. He was too fat to fight and too tired to run and it was a good thing the mayor couldn't find anyone else who wanted that six hundred a year. Sam Todd was the mayor and he didn't like Willie, feeling he didn't have the proper dignity and brains for an officer, but he still didn't fire him. Even Sam Todd had to admit that Crystal Hills didn't need much of a constable.

For one thing, it was thirty miles from the railroad, a jumping-off place for The Woods, and while it had a few stores and a bank, nobody ever came there except people who were going hunting and fishing. And Willie could handle them all right. Sometimes the sportsmen got liquored up but he always managed to reason with them and keep them from getting into trouble.

A lot of the tourists like Mr. Tucker, for instance, seemed to think Willie was pretty quaint, sort of a prop furnished by the local merchants, but Willie didn't mind that. Mr. Tucker was up there on his first hunting trip and he hung around Willie's office whenever he was in town. He was some kind of a big man in Chicago, being so important that he even had to hire a lock box in the Crystal Hills bank just to take care of some valuables he happened to have along. He wasn't very sociable with most folks, but he must have liked Willie because he spent a lot of time in his office.

"Don't you ever arrest anyone, Willie?" he asked. "People won't believe you're a real policeman unless you arrest someone now and then."

"Gotta have something to arrest them for," Willie said reasonably, running a finger around the neck of his open collar. "Can't just arrest 'em for practice, can I?" Through his window he could see Sam Todd get out of his new car and go into his real-estate office next door, and at the sight of his lank, grim figure, Willie sighed. "Got enough trouble holdin' my job without going around arrestin' people. I never did get on with Sam Todd and now he's got it in for my hide."

Mr. Tucker waited, but Willie only settled into a more comfortable position and sighed again. Willie was a pretty good judge of human nature and he knew a big man like Mr. Tucker might get the wrong idea of him if he started in complaining about the mayor's meanness.

IT ALL went back to the last council meeting. Sam Todd had gone and talked the council into buying him a new car, just as if he couldn't well afford to buy one himself. That really hurt Willie. He didn't ask much of life or Crystal Hills, either, but if anyone was going to have a new car it should have been the police department. He got up and said so. Something in the way Sam Todd just looked at him made Willie suddenly stop talking and sit down.

Mr. Tucker was smiling at him. "Dirty politics, eh, Willie?"

Willie had a big slow smile that admitted nothing. "Could be," he said, "but even so, I wouldn't have much call to be bellyachin'. I got a nice, comfortable life; I make six hundred a year; and sometimes I pick up a dollar with my car, too, taking people out to their camps when their guides don't show up."

Mr. Tucker glanced at the bank across the street where old Mr. Haldeman was just locking up for the day. When the old man had gone limping down the street, Mr. Tucker's glance still lingered on the bank.

"Every dollar helps," he said. "I might be able to use you myself, Willie. I'll need someone to drive me over to the railroad when I leave."

Willie didn't see Mr. Tucker again for almost a week and when he did come into town he had his bags with him. It was almost five on an unseasonably hot day and Willie was sitting outside his office fanning himself when Mr. Tucker appeared with old Mr. Haldeman, who looked grouchy, the way he always did when he had to open up after hours. Mr. Tucker, though, was smiling and polite and it was easy for Willie to figure out he must be going back to the city and wanted those things in his lock box.

They went into the bank and Willie sat there a while, tilting back in his chair and sweating gently in the sun. After a while he sighed and thought about calling his wife and telling her he would be late for supper, seeing as Mr. Tucker was probably expecting him to drive him over to Duquesne to catch the express. There was no sense in calling her, though, until he found out for sure, and so he went over to the bank to inquire about Mr. Tucker's plans.

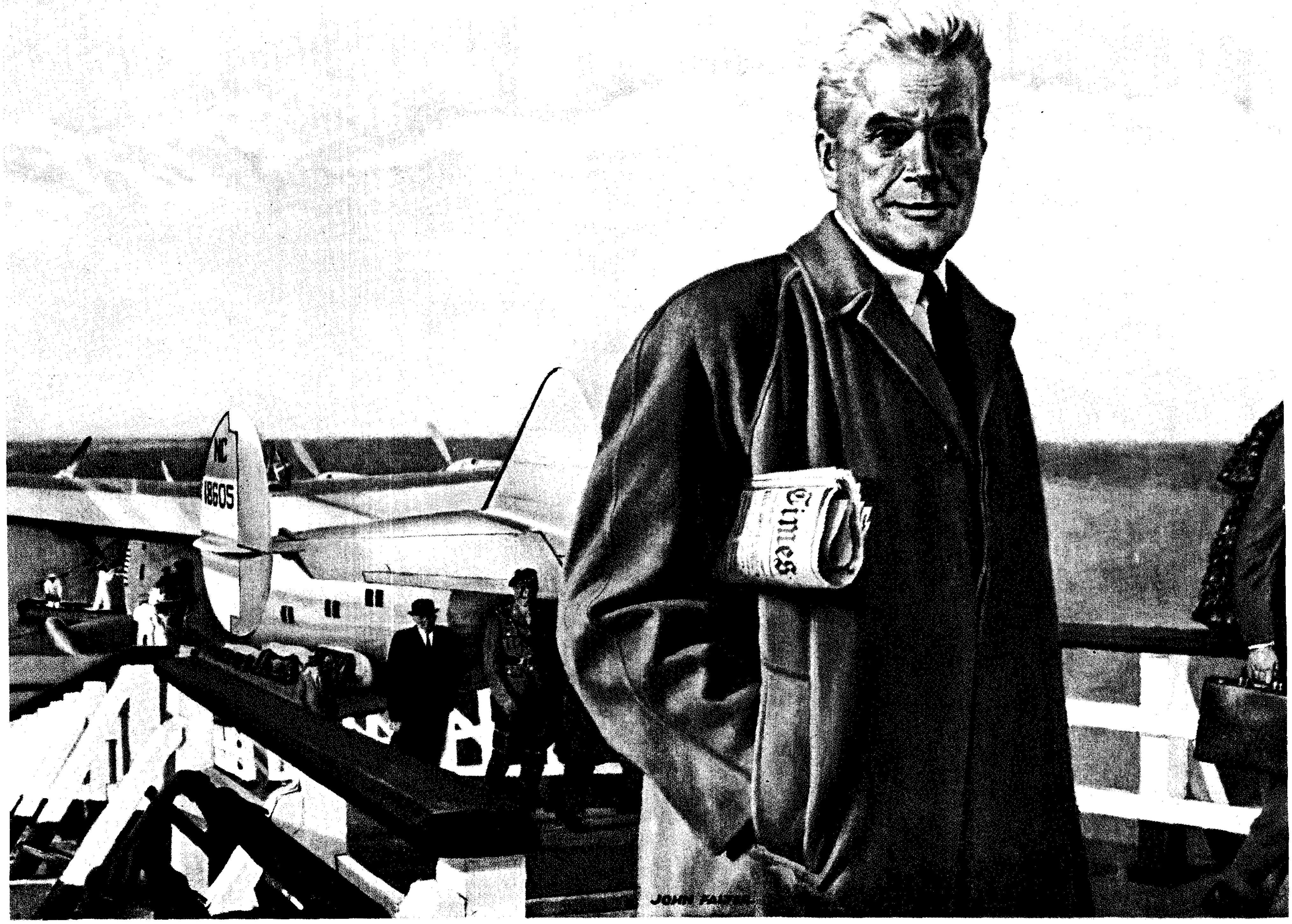
The blinds were down but the door was unlocked. Willie hesitated and when he finally did go in he got quite a shock because he discovered Mr. Tucker was holding up the bank. Old Mr. Haldeman was bound and lying on the floor. Mr. Tucker had just finished stuffing his bags when he looked up and saw Willie staring at him from the doorway. He covered Willie with his gun, but he needn't have bothered, for Willie was too upset to have yelled or anything. He still didn't think Mr. Tucker looked like a bank robber should.

"All right, sweetheart," said Mr. Tucker, poking his gun in Willie's side and handing him one of the bags. "Just relax now and nothing will happen. We're going to get your car and you're going to drive me to Duquesne in time to catch the express. That's all. But if you make one peep before I'm on that train I'm going to let this gun go off where it will do you the least good."

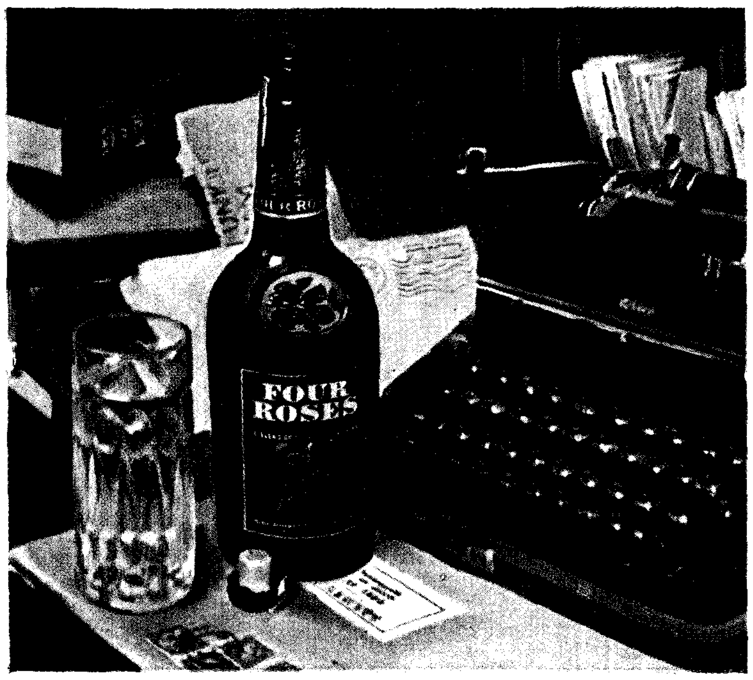
Willie nodded and, keeping his eyes straight ahead, walked across the street to the sedan parked in front of his office. Mr. Tucker got right in beside him, never taking his gun out of Willie's ribs After a moment's fumbling Willie got the car started and they headed out of town, turning onto the state road that would take them to Duquesne. Mr. Tucker relaxed a little then and even smiled once, thinking how simply he had cut off pursuit by using the town's whole police force as his personal chauffeur. Willie was thinking about that, too, and it was making him more and more unhappy.

THEY never did reach Duquesne, but that didn't upset Willie as much as you might expect. They were still four miles out of town when a state highway patrol car came roaring out of a side road, its siren screaming, and took after them. Mr. Tucker only had a chance to fire at them once before Willie grabbed his gun. The car lurched into a little ditch and Willie was sitting astride Mr. Tucker's chest when the state police came up to arrest Willie and found, to their surprise, that he was an officer himself.

"You don't want to arrest me," he said. "Not when I got us a real criminal. Besides, I only stole this car in the line of duty." Willie's faith in his own judgment of human nature had been restored at the first sight of that police car. "I knew Sam Todd would sure turn me in when he saw me making off with his new car!"



A question for a man arriving on the Clipper



US: Now that you're back in this country again, sir, we'd like to ask you . . .

MAN: Sorry, no comment.

US: But this isn't that kind of a question. We simply wanted to ask you: *How long has it been since you've tasted Four Roses?*

MAN: Well, naturally, it's been some time.

US: Of course. And, not having tried Four Roses recently, you're going to be surprised and thrilled when you discover what wonderful things have happened to TODAY'S Four Roses! Never before, we are certain, have you tasted such a whiskey!

MAN: Really? You're not exactly modest about this whiskey of yours.

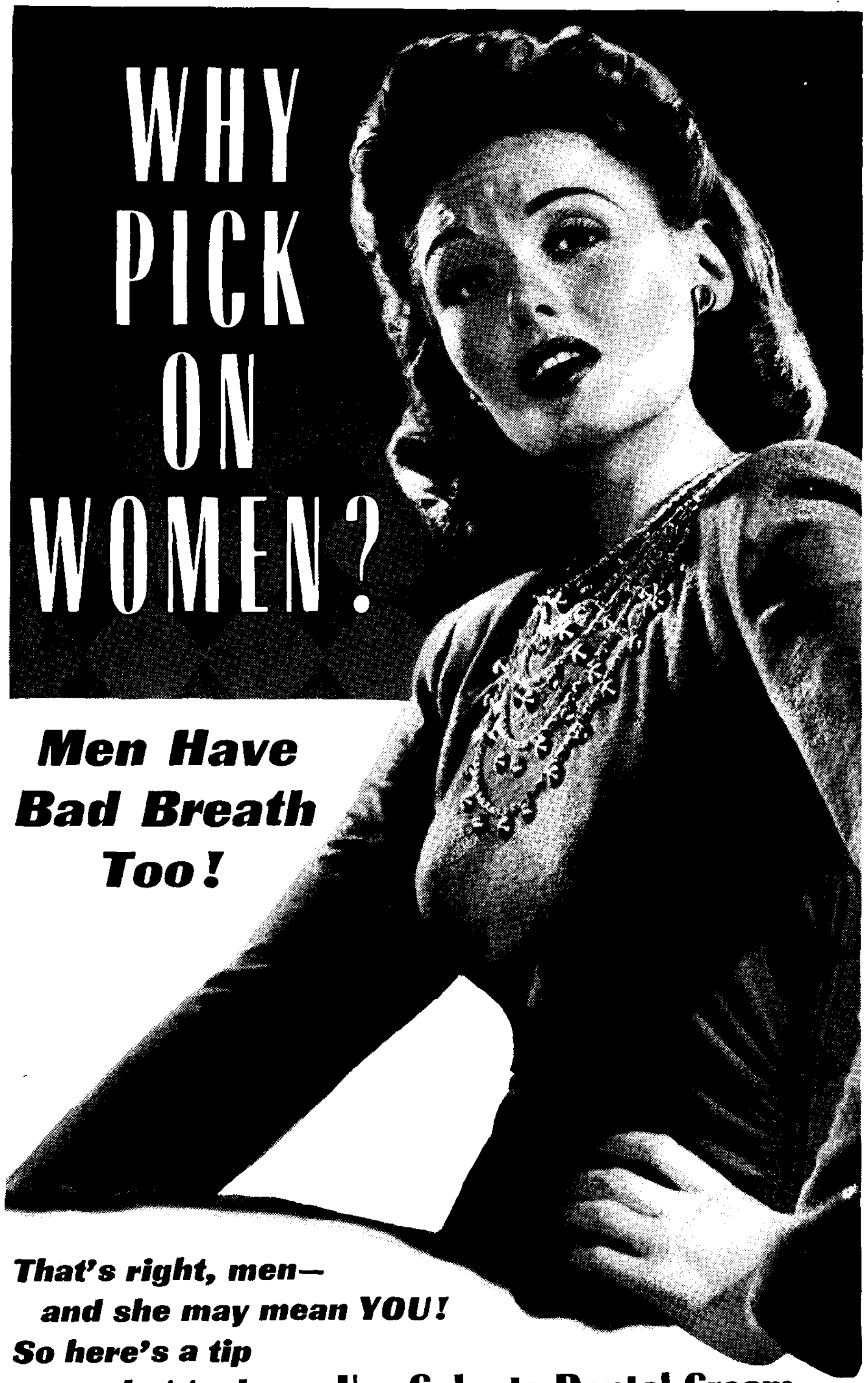
US: Sorry, sir. We just can't help being enthusiastic about a whiskey that can boast such rich and mellow magnificence as today's Four Roses. Honest—it's just too good to miss . . . this Four Roses you'll find waiting for you now! Just try it—won't you?

MAN: I'll put it right at the top of my list of things to do . . . and thanks for the tip.

• • •

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

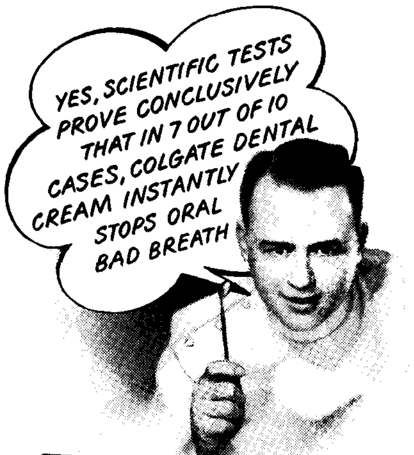
YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!



WHY PICK ON WOMEN?

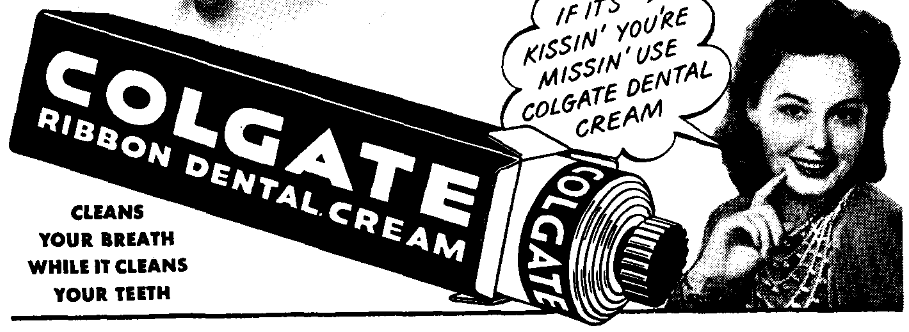
Men Have Bad Breath Too!

That's right, men— and she may mean YOU! So here's a tip on what to do . . . Use Colgate Dental Cream— the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!


YES, SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, you see, has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that *cause* much bad breath.

And Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently—makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! Besides, Colgate's delicious, wake-up flavor makes it a favorite with children and grownups alike.


IF IT'S KISSIN' YOU'RE MISSIN' USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

My Life is a Dull Thing

Continued from page 13

to my house and I started to jack up my car to change the wheels. Red said:

"Larry, let's not take the trouble to change the wheels. I haven't got any date tonight and we could go out together, and as long as the wheels are on your car, we might as well use it. We could split the gas."

I considered this a fair deal, and Red and I went out in my car.

Red said, "Just because I haven't got a date for tonight, Larry, is no sign I want to cramp your style. Why don't you get a date with Geraldine for tonight?"

"One night a week with Geraldine is enough, in summer," I said.

"Maybe you couldn't make a date with her," he said.

"I could if I wanted to," I said.

Red laughed. "Let's see you do it," he said.

So I drove around by Geraldine's house, and she was in the back yard fixing her roses. She is nuts about roses. I stopped the car and got out. "How about another ride?" I said.

"I'd rather go down to the beach and play some records," she said. "I don't like driving around."

"Geraldine," I said, "I got a new car. Forget that kid stuff about the records."

"I think the records are more fun, that's all," she said. "We could play the album."

By this she meant Mike Owala's Fifth Album of Hawaiian Love Lullabies, a very expensive as well as expressive group which Geraldine had given me for Christmas, out of her allowance.

"I have more on my mind these days than Mike Owala," I said. "Get in the car."

We went for the ride. Red bought hamburgers all around at Joe's drive-in, and it was a pleasant evening. Geraldine and I did most of the talking, as our interest in music is mutual. I had nearly two hundred records, having bought some at Al's Music Shop and some in job lots from fellows who were tired of life and giving up music forever. Red said he had only two or three records. He said he was going to get some more.

I WOULD not advise any man to try to run a car unless he has quite an income, more than the usual allowance. I spoke to Dad about this. I told him my allowance just didn't fit the budget any more. I explained how it was, trying to run a car on a summer schedule, especially when looking for somebody. He had no ideas of a practical nature.

I still was paying two-forty a month on my car, which would go on for two years. It was in very good shape, a wonderful engine, although the brakes were not in the best shape and the windshield had been rendered yellow in places by action of the sun, and lacked a wiper. I solved the brakes by always knowing ahead of time where I planned to stop. I had no ideas about the windshield, except to get a new one, which I could not afford.

I got along all right, however, until my battery burned out. I had to buy a new one, which was a dollar and sixty-five cents a week on top of everything else. Everything soon became hopeless along financial lines and I had to tell Red he could keep the wheels for a while, as I was putting my car in dead storage temporarily. I explained things to him. I said I'd probably have to go back on the beach again, with Geraldine.

Red thought it over. "Well," he finally said, "maybe I could help you out, Larry. Take all those records you got, maybe we could make a deal on some of them, for gas. Records are all right for winter, but the car is better for summer. Go home and get some of them and bring them down and I'll see what I can do for you."

I went home and got about fifteen of my records. Red looked them over and picked out eight and offered me two gallons of gas and a quart of oil. I told him the records cost me a lot more than that. He said it was the best he could do. I had to take it. It saved the car.

It cost me fifty-eight records before I found Lorraine.

I FOUND Lorraine coming out of King's drugstore. You don't see many people like Lorraine in this town, even in summer, she is so beautiful and her nails are so long.

I said, "I see you're down for the summer, Lorraine."

"Oh, hello, Larry," she said. I said, "Lorraine, I'd be glad to drive you home in my new car. It's around the corner."

"Thank you, Larry," she said, "but I have mine." A large car drove up, with a chauffeur. I opened the door for Lorraine. I said, "Well, I'm sorry you brought your aunt's car. I was hoping I could take you for a ride. I drive my car myself."

"Maybe some day," Lorraine said.

I said, "How about tomorrow? Lorraine, could I drive over and see you tomorrow?"

She got in the car. "We're having a cocktail party tomorrow afternoon, but I guess that wouldn't interest you," she said. She laughed. I said, "I wouldn't care what it would be, Lorraine, if you would be there."

"Well, if you get thirsty you might drop around," she said. "Please close the door, will you, Larry?"

I closed the door and the chauffeur drove away and I got my car and went home. It was nearly time for supper and I left the car at Red's so he could use the wheels, it being his Friday, then went home to supper, although not hungry. After supper I thought I would take a walk on the beach, it being a lovely moonlight night.

When I got around the point, I heard music. I found Red and Geraldine sitting on the beach playing a phonograph. It was one of my old records. I walked over to where they were at and said hello. Geraldine turned off the phonograph.

"Don't turn it off," I said.

"I want to," she said. She was not cordial.

I said, "Red, I'd like to see you first thing in the morning at the filling station. A certain thing has happened."

"You mean you've found Lorraine?" Geraldine said.

"I don't know who you mean," I said. I was standing next to Red and I nudged him with my foot. "I'll be there," he said.

Geraldine said, "I'm sorry we haven't got Mike Owala's Fifth Album of Hawaiian Love Lullabies to play for you, but I guess you haven't traded that off to Red yet."

"Not yet," I said, laughing. "Well, I got to go."

I walked home slowly, watching the waves in the moonlight and thinking about Lorraine, and the next morning I went down to see Red.

I said, "Well, Red, I found her and I got a date for this afternoon. I got to have a grease job and a tank of gas."

Red scratched his head. "I think I can fix you up," he said. "Although I got quite a lot of records already, I think I

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could do it for Mike Owala's Fifth Album of Hawaiian Love Lullabies."

There was certainly no soap on that one, I told Red. I explained about Geraldine saving up out of her allowance and getting it for me for Christmas. I said, "I got a lot of other records, Red."

"I wouldn't be interested in anything else," he said.

"I certainly can't let the Album go," I said.

"Okay," Red said. He said, "Is Lorraine as pretty as you remember her from last year?"

"Prettier," I said. "Lots prettier."

"What time is your date?" Red asked.

"Around four or five," I said. I didn't say anything about the cocktails.

"Well, in that case," he said, "it wouldn't do you any good to get the car fixed up anyway. Once you got to see Lorraine, you'd want to keep the car for the evening, too. And tonight's my night. I had a date with Geraldine last night and under the rule I get the car again tonight. It's Saturday, and I got another date with Geraldine."

"I see," I said.

Red said, "What I had in mind, I was going to take Geraldine for a ride. We've played all the records, but if I had that Hawaiian Album, she would want to sit on the beach and listen to it and I wouldn't need the car, Larry. And you would have the gas and the grease job."

"Well," I told Red, "maybe you got something there. Still, I guess I couldn't let the Album go."

"Think it over," he said.

"I will," I said. I thought I would take a walk, and as I was passing Sheffield's Garage I dropped in to see if Joe had a windshield wiper, in case I would ever want one. He showed a windshield and wiper that were almost as good as new. I asked Joe how much the wiper was.

He said, "Well, I'll tell you, Larry, I wouldn't want to sell you that wiper. Take it with a windshield like the one you got on your car, you could hardly see through it in a good storm even with a wiper. I'd hate to see a nice wiper like this one go on that old, brown, blistered windshield of yours. Especially," he said, "if you would have a date."

He said I could have the works for a dollar six bits. He said a couple other fellows were looking at it, might be along any minute. I said I'd let him know.

I went back to the filling station and talked things over with Red. We finally made a deal for the Album and four other records for a grease job, gas and oil, and Red financing the windshield until I was in better shape financially.

By the time my car was all fixed up and I had washed it and polished it where it could still be polished, and changed my clothes, it was nearly five o'clock. I drove as fast as I could, without boiling over, to Abalone Bay and to Mrs. Thomas', Lorraine's aunt's place. A long driveway went up from the street to an archway at the side of the house, and I saw a few cars up there, bigger than mine and polished up, although mine wasn't bad with the new windshield and all.

TWICE on the way up the driveway the car backfired, and once the engine stopped but I got it going again. When I pulled up under the arch, a kind of open porch, a fellow was standing there, he looked like a waiter. He said, "Can't you see this is a private driveway, you idiot?"

I said I knew it. "I came to see Lorraine," I said.

He waved his arms. "Get that can out of here!" he said.

I stopped the engine of my car and got out. I said, "Mister, all you got to worry about is tell Lorraine I'm here."

He went into the house, swearing. When he came back Lorraine was with him. "Hello, Lorraine," I said.

"Oh, hello, Larry," she said. She looked at my car.

"How do you like her, new windshield, windshield wiper and all?" I asked her. "Complete grease job also," I said.

"You mean this is your car?" she said. "This—wreck?"

"Wait till you hear the engine before you make up your mind about the car," I told her.

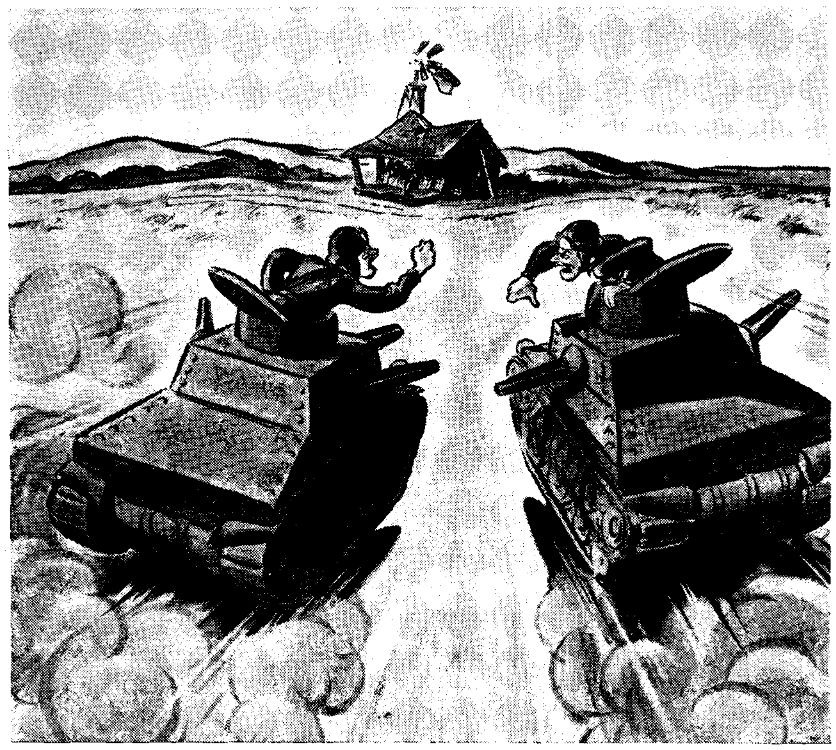
"I heard it coming up the driveway," she said.

Some people, a couple fellows and a couple girls, a little older than Lorraine, came out.

"What on earth is this?" one of the girls said.

Lorraine put her hands over her face. "His car!" she said. She turned and ran into the house. Some more people were with her when she came back. They had drinks in their hands. Everybody stood around and looked at my car.

"Larry," Lorraine finally said, "we are



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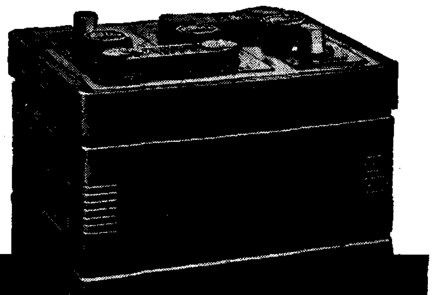

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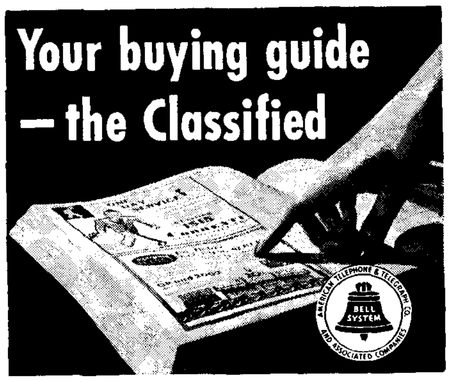
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all of us just about to go down to the Royal Inn for cocktails. Park this—park your car back by the garage and come along if you want to."

"We can go in my car," I said. "I'm furnishing the car for us, Lorraine."

A couple of Lorraine's friends leaned over and said something to her. She nodded. Then she took both of their drinks and drank them, shook hands with them, and got in.

I stepped on the starter, and the engine turned over but didn't catch. I tried it a few more times and it didn't catch and I was afraid I'd wear out my new battery. "I'll have to get a push," I told Lorraine.

A FELLOW in a yellow sports jacket got into one of the big cars and went around behind me and gave me a good push and the engine caught. Another car was not very far ahead of me and I tried to stop but the brakes were not good for emergency stopping and I ran into the other car. My car stopped fine when it ran into the other car.

Lorraine bumped her head on the new windshield.

The fellow whose car I ran into looked at it and said it wasn't hurt. I got out and looked at my car. It wasn't hurt either. I got back in.

The other people got into their various cars, and I followed them down the driveway. They took the coast road down to the inn. I did not like this. The coast road is an old dirt road that winds through the hills. It is very scenic, not much like the paved highway. My car is best on paved highways.

I had some trouble with the hills, and when we got to the Royal Inn the other cars had been there quite a while. I stopped at the main entrance and helped Lorraine out, who was a little dizzy from the various collisions, and the parking attendants looked at my car. One said, "What shall I do with this thing?"

"Put it over by the toolhouse," the other one said. He pointed toward a green shed over at one side of the parking lot, overlooking the ocean.

The doorman told us that our party was in the cocktail lounge, and we went in.

It was a very wonderful party. Two of the other ladies were movie actresses too, and I think some of the fellows. I found I was not the only one in love with Lorraine. The fellow in the yellow sports jacket was also in love with her. He called her darling. So did one of the other men. I felt very confident, however, and as the cocktail was not a bit strong I had a couple more. I asked Lorraine to marry me, and she said she would keep it in mind. I told the people about the new windshield.

One of the ladies looked at me and said, "What on earth is the matter?"

"Nothing," I said.

"Look at him," she said.

They looked at me. I felt a little chilly; my forehead was kind of cold, but otherwise I felt all right. I closed my eyes a little. One of the men called a waiter and the waiter took me by the arm and told me to come with him for a minute. I said I was all right. He kind of lifted me up and we went to the men's room and he put me down on a couch. "You'll be all right in a few minutes, sonny," he said.

"My name isn't sonny," I said.

"All right," he said; "just lie still."

"Then don't call me sonny," I said.

He went away. I thought I would take a little nap.

SOMEBODY woke me up. It was the waiter. He said, "Well, sonny, how do you feel?"

I felt like I had been asleep for a week. "What time is it?" I asked him.

"Seven-thirty," he said. "The parking attendant wants to see you."

"Where's Lorraine?" I asked him.

"They've gone into the dining room," he said. "The parking attendant wants to see you."

I went outdoors, where it was cool, and went over and asked the fellow what he wanted. He told me to come with him, and took me over to my car, and pointed at it. It was jacked up and the front wheels were gone.

"A fellow came here a few minutes ago," he told me, "and took the wheels. He said it was all right. He said you knew all about it. Anyway, I thought I better tell you."

"Thanks," I said. I walked back into the inn. I found Lorraine and the others in the dining room. I explained to her what had happened. I said, "Lorraine, I'm going down and get some other wheels and put them on my car."

I hurried to town as fast as I could, two miles. Red and I kept the two spare wheels, with the bum tires, in our garage, and I went there after them. They were flat. I got them to Sheffield's Garage by rolling one a ways, then coming back and getting the other and rolling it a ways. It was very hard work and when I got there I was tired and dirty and hot. Joe was on duty and I told him I had come to an absolute emergency and he would have to drive me and the wheels up to the Royal Inn. I said I was too tired to wheel them any farther.

We filled them with air, and although both had leaks we figured they'd last, if I was careful, long enough to take Lorraine home and get home myself. Then we put them in Joe's car and drove out to the inn and unloaded them and Joe had to get back to work.

I put the wheels on my car, and let down the jack, and started into the inn to tell Lorraine I was ready.

"Hey!" the parking attendant called after me.

I stopped and turned around.

"Look!" he yelled.

I looked. It was now almost dark, but you could see a little light over the ocean, and if there was anything against that light, you could see it. I could see my car. It was moving.

WHERE the Royal Inn is, the lawn slants down to the edge of a cliff, and at the bottom of the cliff, maybe sixty, seventy feet, are some rocks and the ocean. Along the edge of the cliff is a path, with a stone wall about a foot high on each side of it.

You can hear the waves on the rocks below the cliff.

I was hoping my car would stop when it came to the little wall along the path. For a moment it seemed to stop as it hit the wall, but then I noticed the rear end of the car go up into the air, and my car then disappeared. I heard a distant crash, half metal and half water.

My car was gone.

My car, new windshield, new windshield wiper and all, was gone, down there on the rocks and foaming waves, all smashed to pieces. I stood there a few minutes.

When I turned to enter the inn, Lorraine and the others were just coming out and the parking attendants were bringing up the cars. I went to Lorraine at once. "Lorraine," I said, "I'm very sorry I can't drive you home, but my car is in the ocean."

"What?" she said.

I said, "It fell over the cliff just now. I put the wheels on and the brake is no good anyway, and when I let it down off the jack, where they parked it over by the tool house, it got started and went down the lawn and over the cliff. New windshield and all."

Lorraine looked at me for a minute, and so did some of the others. They started to laugh.

"What's funny, Lorraine?" I said.

She just waved her arms.

"Lorraine," I said, "it was the only car I had. I tried to fix it up."

Lorraine stopped laughing long enough to take hold of the fellow's arm who wore the yellow sports jacket. "Darling," she said, "I can't stand it." She turned to me. "Get in the back seat there, Larry," she said, "and we'll drive you home."

"Thank you, Lorraine," I said, "but I can find my way all right."

I walked home.

GERALDINE was fixing up her roses when I went over to her house the next morning.

I said, "Geraldine, it's gone."

"What is?" she said.

I took a deep breath. "The car. My car. It is gone forever, in the ocean." I then explained to Geraldine what had happened. "Red did it," I said very bitterly. "He came and got the wheels, after he promised I could have them for the evening."

"I'm sorry, Larry," Geraldine said. We sat there a minute. Geraldine was very quiet. She looked at me. She said, "Larry, it wasn't all Red's fault. I made him take me for a ride. At first he wanted me to sit on the beach and listen to Mike Owala's Fifth Album of Hawaiian Love Lullabies. I asked him how he got the Album and he told me. The date with Lorraine, and all. I had listened to the other records Red got away from you because they were ours. I mean yours and mine. But this one was different."

"I see," I said.

"It was too much ours," Geraldine said.

"I guess so," I said.

"And you taking that—girl out with the gasoline you got for it," she said. "Anyway, I told Red I wanted to go for a ride. I made him go get the wheels."

"I see," I said. "Geraldine," I said, "I'll never forget how it sounded. After it went over the cliff, I mean. For a minute there was no sound, while it was falling through the air, then the—crash. The end of my car. And the two-forty a month goes on for two long years."

"I could help out of my allowance," Geraldine said.

"You're not to blame," I said.

"That isn't exactly what I meant," she said. "I'd be glad to help pay for the car, Larry, now that it's in the ocean. I hate cars, Larry. I despise them. It was much more fun when you had all the records. Before Red got them away from you."

I took a deep breath. "The way I'm beginning to look at it," I told Geraldine, "Red is a wise guy. I wish I could think of some way of getting the records back. The Album, I mean."

Geraldine said, "Well, let me see. You still have a half interest in the front wheels. Anyway, one of the tires certainly is yours. Maybe if you turned your interest over to Red, he'd give up the Album. You could make a deal."

I laughed bitterly. "He'd want to keep that one," I said, "for the same reason he wanted the others. Bait for you."

Geraldine and I thought it over. She said, "If you and I were engaged, I bet he'd swap the records back."

"But we're not," I said.

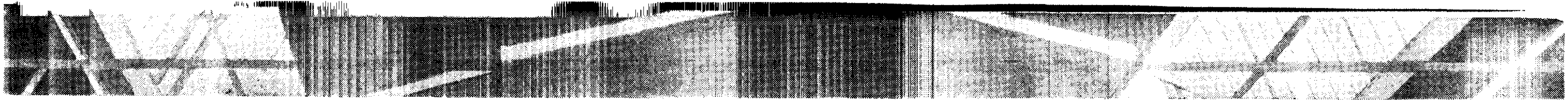
"Well, if we were," Geraldine said, "we couldn't be married until you are through college anyway. Maybe by that time, of course, I don't know how it is with you and Lorraine, but maybe by that time you'd like me better than you do now."

"Geraldine," I said, "it sounds like a deal."

I went over to see Red. I told him how things were. He swapped me back Mike Owala's Fifth Album of Hawaiian Love Lullabies for my interest in the wheels.

There was a good moon that night and Geraldine and I went down to the beach and played the Album. I felt very sad. I was back on the beach.

I kissed Geraldine.



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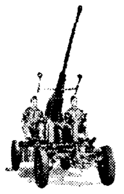

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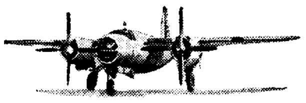

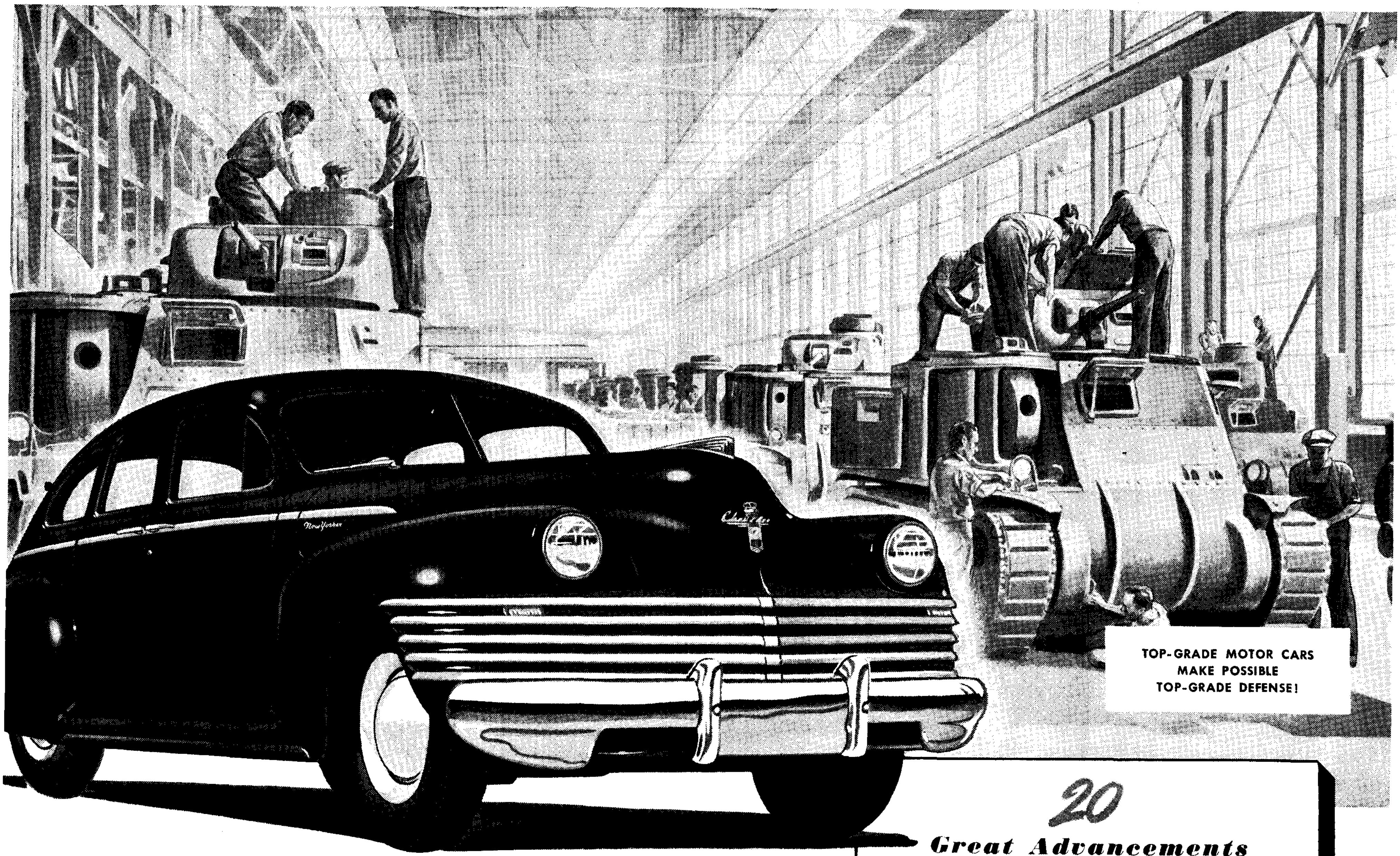

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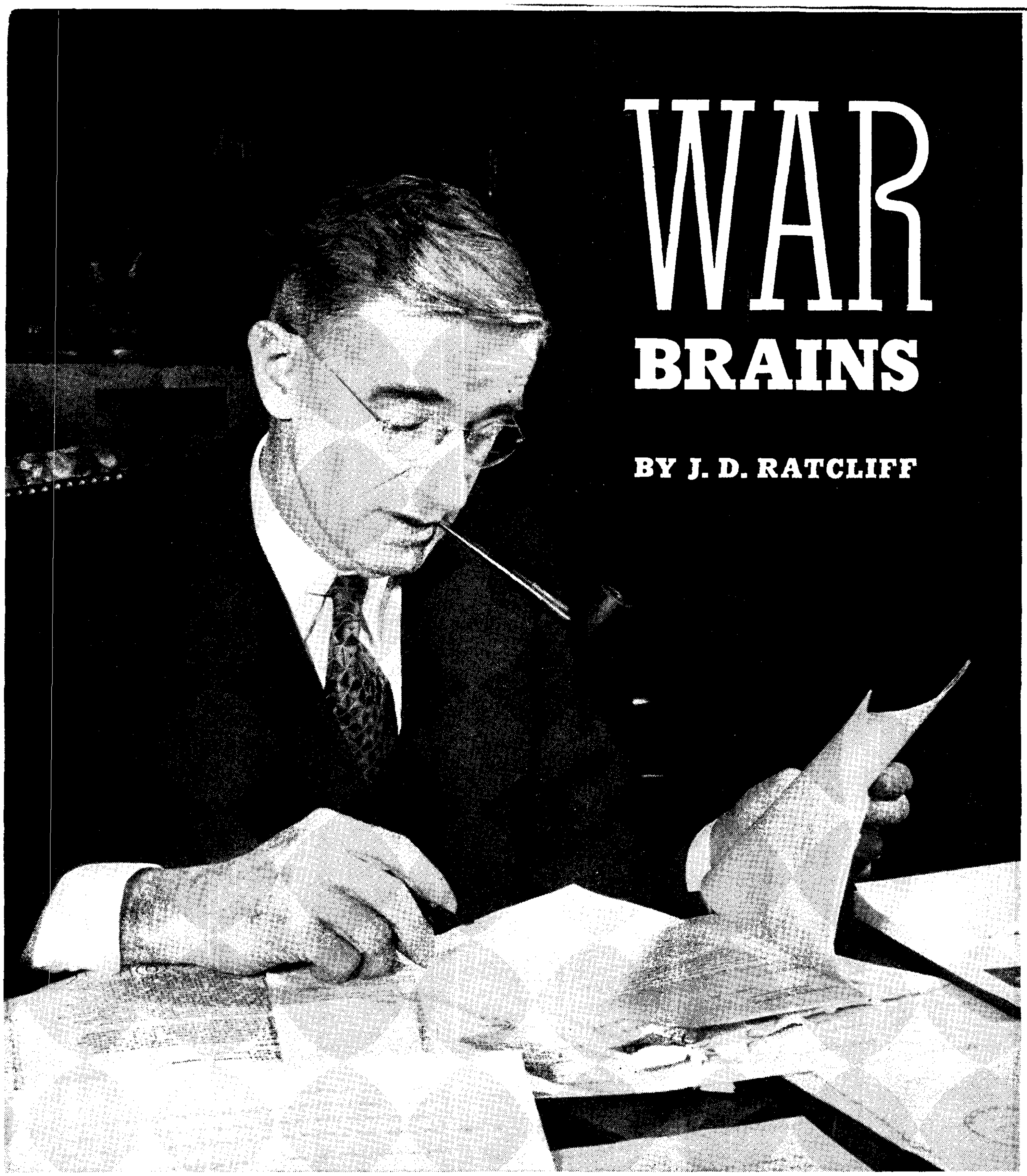
WAR BRAINS

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

Dr. Vannevar Bush is head of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, in which the best scientific minds in America are going all out in the effort to make America's fighters the world's deadliest



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

The scientists of America are thinking up machines of warfare to do jobs that have never been done before. Watch them work

MEET the man who may win or lose the war.

He is a lanky individual, with a drawling New England voice. He has sharp, humorous eyes, and an astonishingly facile, brilliant mind. This is Dr. Vannevar Bush. The chances are you have never heard his name. Even in Washington, his headquarters, very few people know him. But he has done a tremendous job, and made less fuss about it than Harold Ickes would make about brushing his teeth. As head of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, he is responsible for all research work that relates to war.

Get the importance of this: The first World War was a war of men and guns. This war is one of instruments and machines—bomb sights, submarine and plane detectors, superchargers. It is Van Bush's job to see that we get the best. If he does his job well—we can assume that he will, he is that kind of man—our planes will fly higher and faster. Our guns will outshoot any others and our tanks will be tougher.

With hardly a breath of publicity, Dr. Bush has built up a scientific organization such as the country has never seen before. He has a fourth of all physicists and a third of upper-crust chemists working on his projects. He has persuaded industry to part with secret processes and has put college laboratories on a three-shift basis. All this has happened in a few months.

When war started, no one knew how many scientists there were in the United States, or where they were or what were their qualifications. The first job was to make an inventory of scientific brains.

No one wanted to duplicate the errors of the World War. At that time, problems were haphazardly assigned to the first person who came to mind. As a result, Grade-A men got Grade-C problems which could have been handled by graduate students. Thousands of men were idle while mountains of work piled up on a selected few.

The National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel was organized to correct this. Since nothing of this kind had ever been done in the United States before, help was needed. A refugee German who had worked on a similar file for Hitler helped out and so did the Royal Society, which had compiled a roster for Britain.

Questionnaires went to anthropologists, botanists, speleologists (experts on caves), horologists (watchmakers), and dozens of other classifications. Chemistry was broken down into 200 specialized fields. Einstein reported on his abilities as a physicist; noting that he might be of assistance in judging inventions. He once worked in the Swiss patent office. President Roosevelt got a questionnaire on forestry and range management—qualifying because he raises Christmas trees on a commercial scale. Nobel Prize winners and high-school chemistry teachers signed up.

As replies came back, complete case histories were recorded on punched cards. Over 200,000 individuals are in the lists today. The roster can do striking jobs. Suppose the Army wants a man experienced in tropical medicine, who knows photography and speaks Khmer, a dialect of Cambodia. If such a man exists, the roster can find him. Machines are set for these qualifications and punched cards are fed through them. The machine automatically prints a list of any individuals who measure up.

The roster, run by Leonard Carmichael, personable young president of Tufts College, takes care of the men needed for any job. It can supply Dr. Bush with any specialized personnel needed for any particular problem.

There is a similar organization set up to take care of any ideas that come in. Like the roster, it is also tied in to Dr. Bush's OSRD. At the outset both Army and Navy realized all good ideas wouldn't come from military or professional men. Civilians invented the airplane, armored ship, submarine, machine gun and a host of other weapons. Last year the new National Inventors' Council was organized.

It filters all ideas received by the OPM, the military services, the President's office and other agencies. Currently, its mail is bringing in about 150 ideas per day.

It is surprising the number of good ideas that turn up in this unsolicited mail. About 4 per cent of the letters that come in carry ideas worth investigating. Good ones go to a seven-man engineering staff. If one gets their okay, it is passed along to one of twelve technical committees, headed by such men as Charles F. Kettering of General Motors; Thomas Midgley, Jr., of Ethyl Gasoline Corp.; Orville Wright. The committee gives it a critical going over; then it is presented to the council as a whole. Many ideas have run this gantlet and are in production.

Problems Are Speedily Handled

Routine problems are handled with speed which would be impossible under other conditions. Take the one handled by the National Research Council, which has been doing excellent work in the medical field and elsewhere. Certain facts were wanted about the behavior of explosives under various temperature conditions. To gather all wanted facts would have required years of work in any one laboratory. So it was passed out to 125 universities; each taking some minute phase. The job was completed in a few months' time.

Medical problems have arisen in similar fashion. The Army wants a pamphlet instructing its doctors in the use of the sulfa drugs; and wishes to know whether it is advisable to issue these drugs to soldiers. A crack committee goes to work. Within a few weeks, the pamphlet is ready. So are aluminum packets containing twelve sulfanilamide tablets, with printed instructions telling the soldier how to use them if he is wounded. The committee also suggests a salt-shaker package of sulfanilamide to be dusted into deep wounds.

The Army would like a stock of dried-blood plasma for transfusion in treatment of shock, hemorrhage, burns. Working with the Red Cross, one committee collected 15,000 pints. Meanwhile, it has devised an ingenious package which preserves the purity of the product under even the most adverse conditions. Plasma and distilled water are packed in sealed tins. Rubber tubing, necessary for transfusion, is packed in a nitrogen-filled container. Oxygen would allow the rubber to deteriorate.

Precise information about many

(Continued on page 40)

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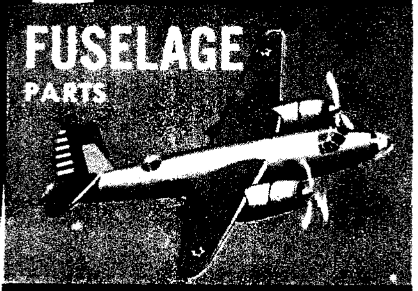


FOR MARTIN BOMBERS

*FLUID DRIVE DE SOTO

Masquerade in Miami

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

ACCUSED by his firm of embezzling nearly twenty thousand dollars, Gail Foster's father must make full restitution, or else go to prison. Not guilty (so he claims), he cannot produce the money. . . .

Late one evening, Alan Douglas, a young mining engineer, receives a caller—Wayne Hamilton, a lawyer—at his apartment on the East Side of New York. Hamilton, a stranger, tells Douglas that he has a job for him; he says that he has investigated Douglas and learned that he is a man of the highest integrity; he says that he has learned that Douglas is engaged to Gail Foster (which is correct); he says that he is fully cognizant of Mr. Foster's problem.

Douglas, puzzled, then listens to a strange story, which *may be summarized thus:* Lewis Hartley, *one of the lawyer's* wealthy clients, is trying to gain control of some rich manganese deposits in South America. Others are after the same deposits. Hartley has nothing to fear, so long as these others (who are watching him closely) think that he is in the United States. He proposes to go to South America—leaving a "double"—and grab the manganese. The man who takes his place must submit to a facial operation which will make him a replica of Hartley; after which, he must live, for a three- to six-months period, at Hartley's elaborate winter place in Miami Beach, Florida.

Skeptical, Douglas asks numerous questions. The lawyer answers all of them satisfactorily; he says that if Douglas—who, except for his face, is Hartley's double—will serve as his substitute, Hartley will pay him twenty thousand dollars, *in cash,* and establish an eighty-thousand-dollar trust fund for him.

Thinking of the girl he loves, the girl whom he hopes to marry—Gail Foster—and realizing that the twenty thousand dollars will save her father, Douglas accepts the offer; he promises to play the role of Lewis Hartley—and to take no one into his confidence. . . .

The following evening, Douglas calls on Gail, hands her a check—payable to her—for twenty thousand dollars. Astounded, but overjoyed, Gail gives her father the good news, over the phone; after which, quite naturally, she presses Douglas with questions. Douglas (whom she adores and trusts utterly) tells her that he has a job that will call him to South America; he tells her that he is to sail, in a few days, on the *Tropicana; he tells her that he will send her one letter, and* only one, from Valparaiso, Chile, and that, after that, she will not hear from him for several months. Then—

"Between now and sailing time," he says, "I want you to fill me up with pleasant memories." Gail, close beside him, faces him. "I'll try," she says bravely, forcing back her tears. "Beginning right now."

II

LEWIS HARTLEY stood at the window staring down at the lights of Central Park. He had been that way for ten minutes now: solid, immobile, powerful. Wayne Hamilton, his attorney, leaned back in a comfortable club chair and puffed calmly on a fragrant Havana cigar.

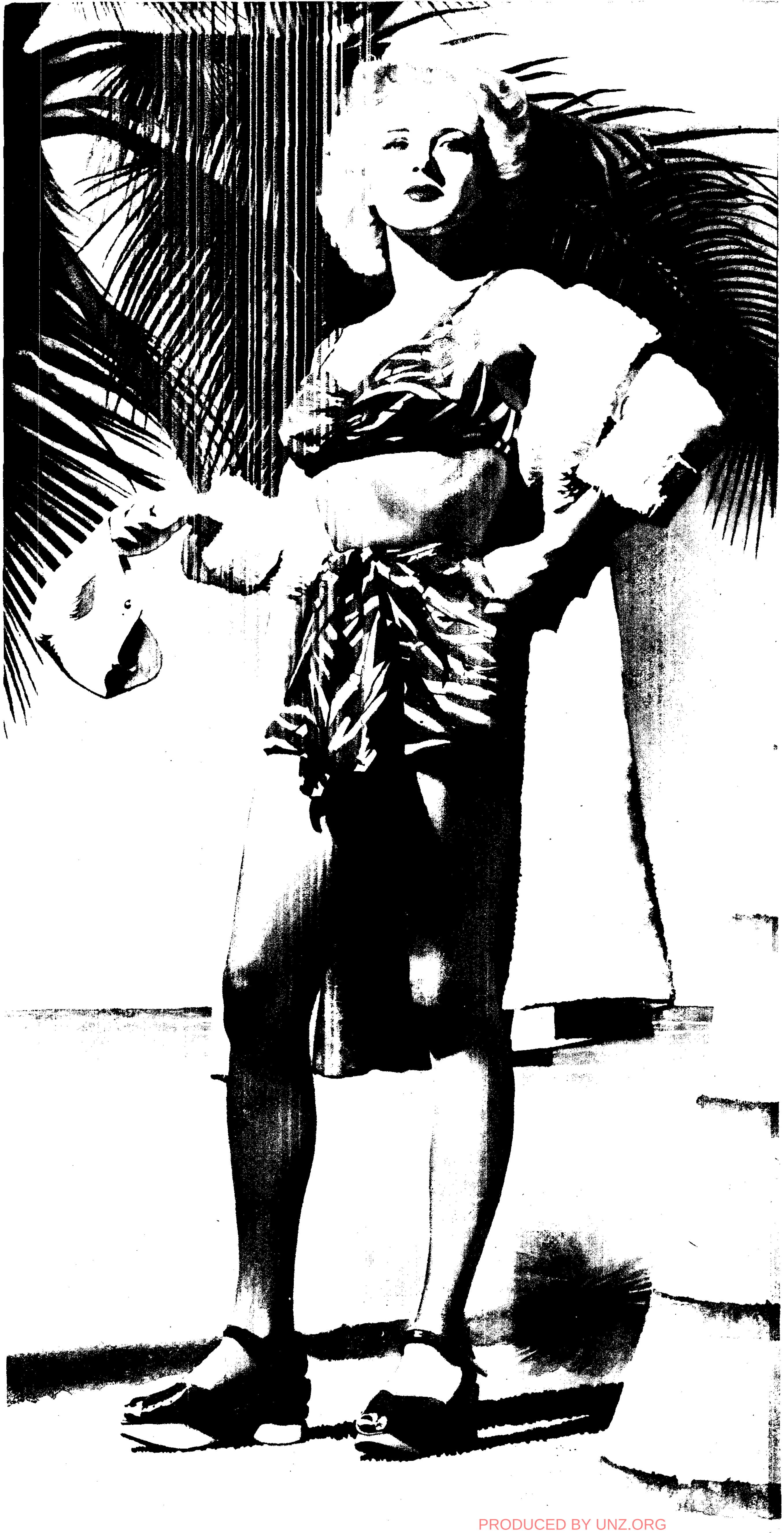
The room was furnished with severe elegance. There were no knickknacks, no gentle, beautifying touches. It was essentially a man's room in a man's apartment. It was a room of dark tones, of somberness almost. And yet it was comfortable.

Lew Hartley turned from the window. Now, as always, Wayne Hamilton experienced a slight sense of shock at sight of the other's face. He had often wondered—and secretly believed—that Hartley deliberately cultivated the Mephistophelian expression which was so vividly heightened by a jagged, slightly puckered scar over his left eye and by his unusually prominent, high-bridged nose.

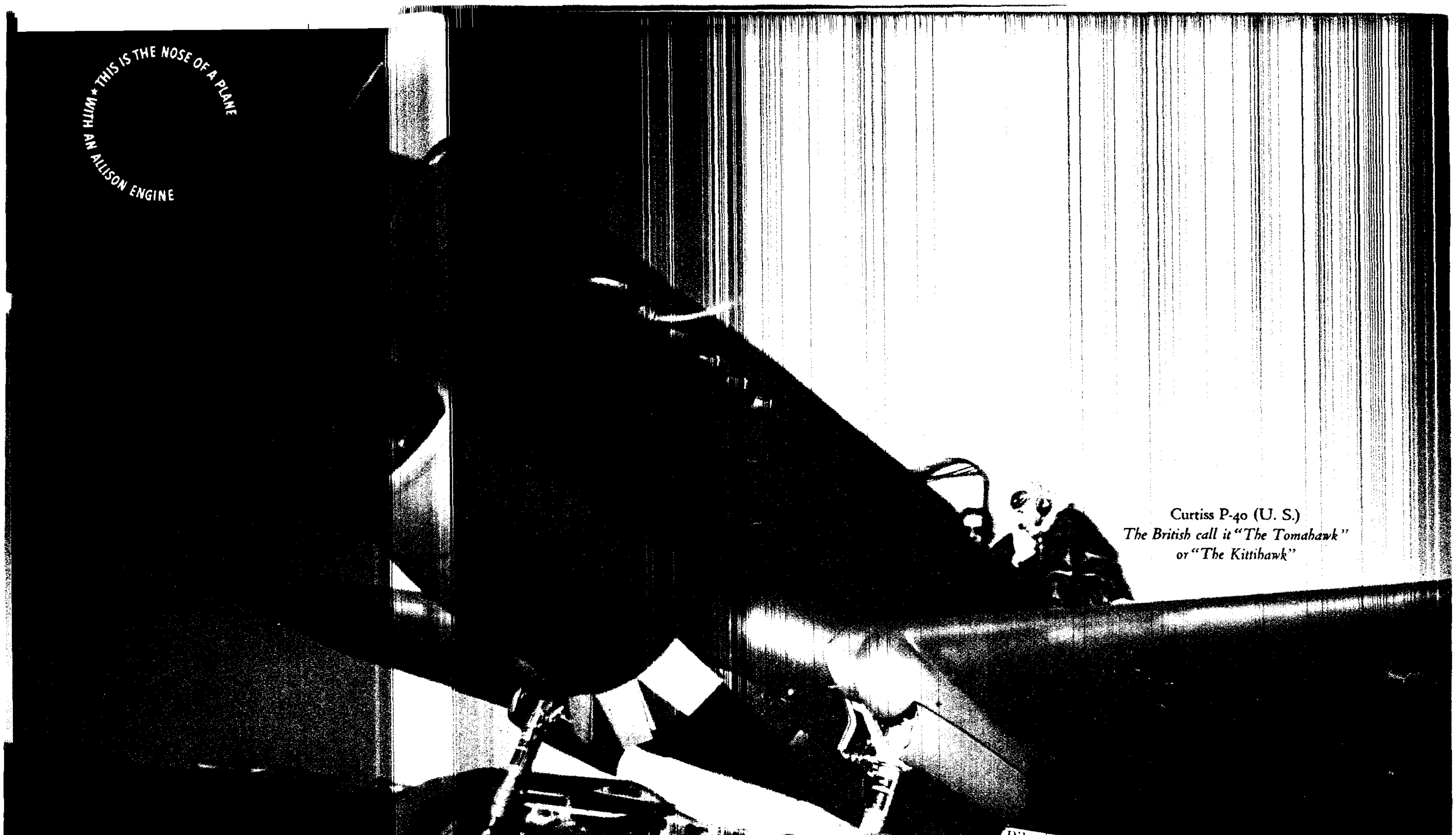
Lew Hartley had few intimates, no friends and innumerable enemies. His brown eyes were keen and shrewd and expressive. His voice had a quality which might have permitted it to be gentle—though it never was. He was gruff to rudeness, even with those closest to him.

The man was immensely wealthy. Only he and the suave, well-groomed attorney who was with him tonight knew just how many millions he possessed, and how he had amassed them. The investment world knew Hartley as a promoter of enterprises which were located chiefly in South America. He had formed dozens of companies and had incorporated them under dozens of intriguing names. Few of them made money for their investors: all netted considerable cash to Lewis Hartley.

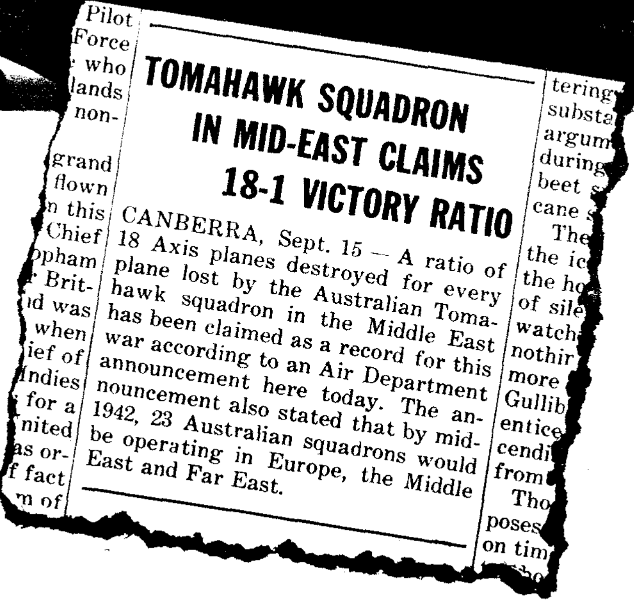
(*Continued on page* 35)



She eyed him with a deliberation amounting to insolence. "You're the guinea pig," she said



Curtiss P-40 (U. S.)
The British call it "The Tomahawk" or "The Kittihawk"



TOMAHAWK SQUADRON IN MID-EAST CLAIMS 18-1 VICTORY RATIO

CANBERRA, Sept. 15 — A ratio of 18 Axis planes destroyed for every plane lost by the Australian Tomahawk squadron in the Middle East has been claimed as a record for this war according to an Air Department announcement here today. The announcement also stated that by mid-1942, 23 Australian squadrons would be operating in Europe, the Middle East and Far East.

A Case in Point

FOR your information, the Tomahawk is an American-built plane with an Allison engine.

And with due allowance for the fact that the Australians are great air fighters — it is still significant that only *one* of these planes was lost for every *18 Axis planes.*

That tells you more about the speed, the maneuverability, the all-round performance of Allison engines than a bookful of theories or statistics.

The plain fact is — *they have what it takes.*

In view of that, you'll find further interest in the fact that these power-packed Allison engines are rolling out in volume — hundreds upon hundreds each month.

More than that — as we've learned to make them in volume, we've also learned to make them better. Twice in the past year they've been stepped up in horsepower, with a *decrease* in weight to horsepower ratio — and no increase in size.

More than two million square feet of factory space is now busy with Allison production. More than 14,000 men of special skill and training are now employed.

And every month adds to the evidence that America has in the Allison the finest aircraft engine in the world.

The experience of General Motors is full-rounded and without bias in the airplane engine field. In addition to the liquid-cooled Allison engine, GM is under license to build air-cooled radial engines in its Buick and Chevrolet plants.

Bell Airacobra
U.S. and British designation

Lockheed P-38 Interceptor
The British call it "The Lightning"

North American Apache (U.S.)
The British call it "The Mustang"

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

Here's the way SAFE to thei

IT'S everybody's duty today to get every possible mile out of his tires—to save rubber for our nation's war needs and build up an adequate reserve.

Yet millions of tires are being junked with as high as 25% or more of their serviceable mileage unused, simply because many people haven't kept up with tire improvements.

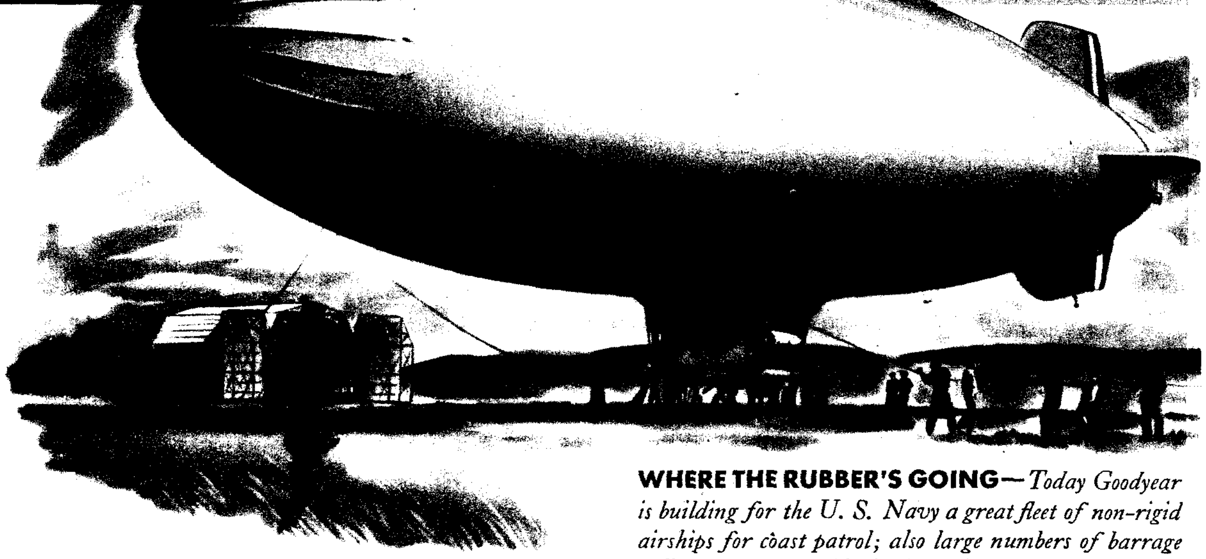
The fact is: it is no longer necessary to discard tires as soon as they start wearing thin, for fear of blowouts.

Today you can drive your tires to their last gasp; run them thousands of miles longer than you ever dared before—*with complete safety*—by equipping them with Goodyear LifeGuards.

The LifeGuard is the modern safety successor to the inner tube—a two-ply reserve tire within an extra-sturdy tube. This inner tire carries your car safely—without lurch or sway—should any accident occur to casing and tube.

It makes the worst blowout as harmless as a slow leak—regardless of how fast you may be traveling!

That means you can drive your tires far longer than normally, without nursing them and without fear of a blowout accident.



WHERE THE RUBBER'S GOING—*Today Goodyear is building for the U. S. Navy a great fleet of non-rigid airships for coast patrol; also large numbers of barrage balloons made of rubberized fabric.*

But that's not all. If your tread-bare tire is still sound, you can then have it retreaded and drive it a good many thousand miles farther—with the LifeGuard's sure protection.

Thus LifeGuards make it possible to get all the mileage the manufacturer has built into your tires—*to use rubber that otherwise would be wasted.*

LifeGuards save you far more than they cost, not only

GOODYEAR
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GOODYEAR

"G3"

ALL-WEATHER

—the tire with
19 FEET OF GRIP
in every foot of tread.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHE

to keep your tires LAST GASP!

GOODYEAR - LIFEGUARD
A SAFETY TIRE WITHIN A TIRE
GOODYEAR - LIFEGUARD

in longer tire wear, but because you can use them over and over again in several tires.

If your present tires are still good, you can make them serve far longer by installing LifeGuards now. In sizes available, LifeGuards fit any make of tire, new or now in service.

But if you must have new tires, the longest-wearing, safest combination of all is the LifeGuard installed in Goodyear's first-line "G-3" All-Weather tread tire. With this great mileage pair you'll be set for a long, long time to come—saving rubber and saving money every mile you drive.

This cross section of the LIFEGUARD *shows how its two-ply reserve tire is built within an extra-sturdy tube. Should casing and tube be injured and deflate, the inner tire retains enough air to carry you to a safe, easy, straight-line stop without swerve or danger.*

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KIND

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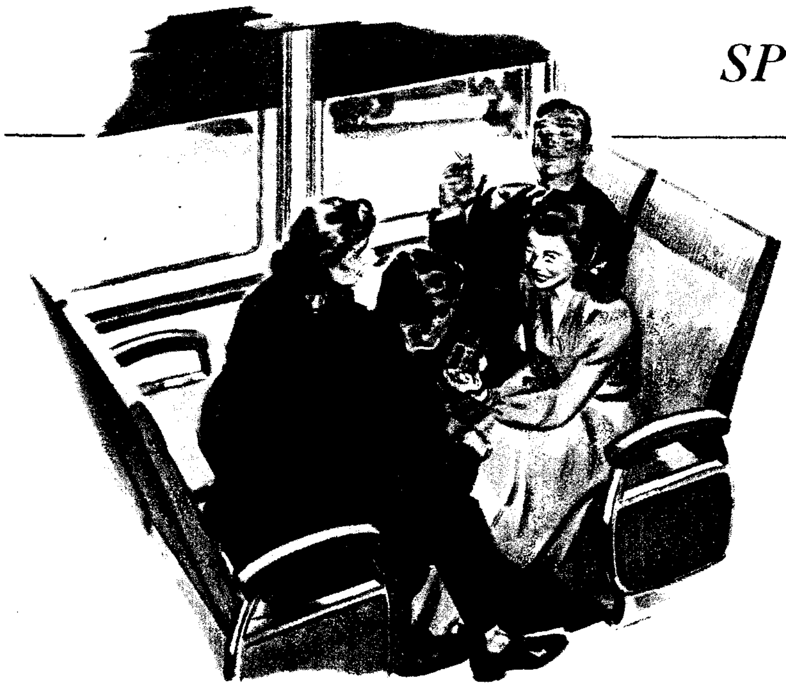

SPRING THIS BET ON THE GANG

Bet your friends and win your bet:

Raleighs are more golden!

THE THREE IN THE HUDDLE were told to take Raleighs and two other popular-priced brands . . . conceal the labels . . . and show just the open ends of the packs. The man with the grin bet he could pick the Raleighs by color alone. From the looks of it, they'll be treating him to dinner!

• • •

THE SECRET IS SIMPLE: The tobacco in Raleighs is more golden in color. You can see it at a glance. That golden color also indicates *quality*. Golden leaves bring the top prices at the great tobacco sales. Try a pack of Raleighs today—they're finer quality and finer tasting—and that coupon on the back of the pack is good for luxury premiums!

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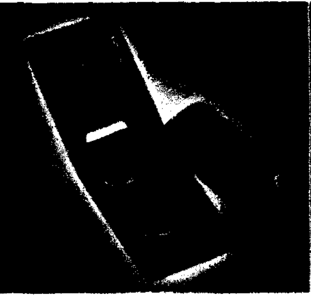
Raleigh
CIGARET

Golden color is the expert way to pick a milder, tastier smoke

PLAIN OR CORK TIPS · UNION MADE

RALEIGH IS THE PACK WITH THE COUPON ON THE BACK. B & W coupons (also packed with Kool Cigarettes) are good in U. S. for many luxury premiums. Write for new catalog today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

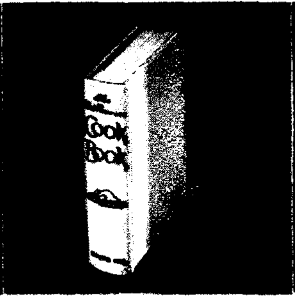
TUNE IN *Red Skelton and Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra every Tuesday night . . . over the coast-to-coast NBC Red Network.*



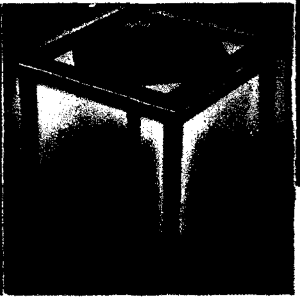
BILLFOLD and **KEY-CASE** *of genuine pigskin.* Zipper bill compartment. 6-clip key-case has loss-return tag, license pocket. Brown or black.

SILVERWARE. *Oneida Community Par Plate.* Clarion design. 26 pieces (service for 6), tarnish-proof walnut-finish chest.

GLASSWARE with platinum bands, lower half frosted. Four popular sizes: Highball, iced tea, old fashioned and cocktail.



COOK BOOK. "New American." 1024 pages. Many illustrations. Recipes, menus, table settings. Thumb index. Durable cover.



BRIDGE TABLE. The de luxe model with top of genuine inlaid woods. Patented automatic steel leg locks. Strong and steady.

Masquerade in Miami

Continued from page 30

He moved toward his visitor and dropped heavily into a chair. He said, harshly, "All right, Wayne—let's have it."

Wayne Hamilton prided himself on the fact that even so brusque a man as Lew Hartley could not ruffle his own composure. He took one more placid puff on his cigar and said, "You've been a long time getting around to that, Lew."

Hartley said nothing. He never wasted words.

"You've been in Chicago?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes."

"Things all right?"

"Yes."

"They're all right here, too. Better than all right." Wayne Hamilton was talking imperturbably, his eyes focused on the hawklike face of his most important—and most unscrupulous—client. "I landed this lad Douglas. Doc Greer has seen him several times. Physically, he's the perfect choice. In other respects, he's even better. He's abnormally honest." The delicate, sensitive lips of the attorney expanded into a slight smile. "Odd, isn't it, Lew—that the most important commodity you're buying is integrity?"

HARTLEY'S eyes narrowed unpleasantly. He said, "Don't play cute. Keep talking."

"You're a gentle soul, Lew. You love to frighten people, don't you?" Hamilton flicked the ash delicately from the end of his cigar. "At any rate, my story must have sounded plausible because Douglas—who is a long way from a fool—fell for it a hundred per cent. Perhaps because he was so eager to rescue the damsel in distress. I'll pay myself a compliment, Lew—since you won't. My idea of getting control of the company for which Alan Douglas' prospective father-in-law works . . . and then of framing him so as to create the emergency which would make the boy willing to listen . . . it was rather neat, don't you think?"

"You get paid for being smart."

"You buy everything, don't you?"

"I trust nothing but money. Not a soul! You included!"

"Splendidly spoken." Wayne Hamilton appeared to be perfectly at ease, but he wasn't. He'd never been able to get deep behind those burning eyes of Lew Hartley's, never been able quite to fathom the man.

"Since we're about ready to start the ball rolling," said Hamilton, "I'll sum things up for you. I've been doing more investigating on this end. The state and federal district attorneys are about ready to light on you with both feet. You've carried your various iniquities too far, too fast. You're probably safe until March or April . . . there are some loose ends they haven't quite gathered up. I'm making it as difficult for them as possible. But when they do hit, Lew—you won't have a chance. You'll get anywhere from ten to thirty years, and money won't buy you out."

Lew's voice crackled across the room: "Quit making speeches. What do you think I am—a jury?"

"I don't think anything about you, Lew. I know. You're perhaps the most unpleasant man I've ever met."

Hartley said something. It was grossly profane and insulting, but it elicited nothing more than a smile from Wayne Hamilton.

"Right now," the lawyer went on calmly, "the legal authorities are content to keep an eye on you, to see that you don't slip out of their grasp. Alan Douglas supplies the answer to that. He's sailing for Havana Friday night. He returns from there to Miami, where he will have the unenviable distinction of being made over to look like you. Then, and for the winter season, the infamous Mr. Lewis Hartley will be visible to the naked eye of any detective who might be interested in making certain that he doesn't get away. And, of course, our honorable young friend believes that he is masquerading for manganese. If he ever suspected he was fronting for a crook, the whole deal would be off."

Lew Hartley jerked his head around. "I don't see how I put up with you all these years, Hamilton. You're a windbag."

"No. It isn't that, Lew. I know you don't like me. You don't like anybody. But I have a good reputation in my profession, and I'm just as free of scruples as you are. You need me, and therefore, you have me. Otherwise, you'd kick me out of the front door."

"With pleasure."

"So we understand each other. And we both fully understand the setup."

"I have enough to do without keeping track of your shovel!"

DICK SHAW

HARTLEY nodded. Much as he disliked his attorney, he admired the man's shrewdness, and Hamilton had planned well for Lew Hartley's future.

More than two years since Wayne Hamilton had notified his client that he was facing the possibility of prison. For more than two years he had been arranging matters so that when the time came Lew Hartley could step into a new existence under a new name and with a new identity.

In four Pacific Coast cities—Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle—general trading companies had been organized under four different names, the only point of similarity between them being that a man named Joel Kent was president of each.

Lew Hartley was to become Joel Kent.

Although he never had been personally seen by anyone in any of the four Western cities, Joel Kent already had a reputation as a solid businessman. His four trading companies had conducted dummy business with one another, and checks had passed through the banks, each signed with the name of a trading company and countersigned by the president, Joel Kent. The banks had long known the signature, and bit by bit, over this two-year period, funds had been transferred to each of the companies from Lew Hartley's personal fortune so that there was now available to Joel Kent, through these sources, more than two million dollars of Lew Hartley's fortune . . . more than he could spend during a couple of lifetimes, yet not so great an amount that its absence from the Lew Hartley accounts would be noticed.

The scheme from that point onward was magnificent in its simplicity. As soon as Alan Douglas had been operated on to resemble Lew Hartley, Hartley himself was to be subjected to plastic surgery which would make him look like somebody else. Nobody in particular. The only essential point was that he should not resemble himself. His nose was to be reshaped and made smaller, the jagged scar was to be removed from over his left eye. He would emerge as Joel Kent, and would immediately go west and personally assume charge of the four companies which were operating under his name. The banks would welcome Joel Kent: no doubt about that.

Wayne Hamilton was smiling. "We're thinking the same thing, Lew," he said. "You can live the balance of your life as a substantial and honest citizen instead of as a number in a penitentiary. The plan is perfect—"

"No plan is perfect."

"Granted. There is always the element of human fallibility. It isn't possible to foresee every contingency. Therefore I didn't make the mistake of trying. I concentrated on finding one person, then of creating conditions which would virtually compel that person to say yes. Alan Douglas fills the bill in every particular. Accepting big money from you, he'll play it straight across the board. Honest men may be stupid . . . but they're honest."

"Suppose he got wise?"

"He won't. Of course, if he knew . . . he'd talk. He's that kind of honest. But before any slip like that happened you'd be lost in the Joel Kent identity." Hamilton glanced at his watch. "Isn't Chuck Williams late?"

"Chuck isn't ever late."

"Lovely lad. He's the only person I know who is more dangerous than you. And almost as unpleasant."

The buzzer sounded. Lew Hartley didn't move. He said to his lawyer, "That's Chuck. Let him in."

Hamilton opened the door and Chuck Williams entered. He shoved past the attorney as though that individual did not exist. He tossed his hat onto the foyer table and walked into the room where Lew Hartley sat. He said, in a flat, toneless voice: "Okay, Chief. I'm here."

Chuck Williams might have been twenty years of age. He might have been forty. Actually, he was twenty-eight. He weighed one hundred and forty pounds and looked smaller. His hair was of that peculiar shade of blondness which is almost colorless. His cheeks were pallid. His nose was small. His mouth was nothing more nor less than a thin red slash across an expressionless face.

But it was his eyes that demanded attention. They looked straight at you, saw everything, and betrayed nothing. At times they were agate and at times they were the color of steel. They were dangerous, inhuman eyes.

The young man moved gracefully. He gave the impression of a coiled spring. If he was capable of emotion of any sort, it certainly was not reflected on his face.

Hartley said curtly, "Sit down, Chuck."

The visitor did not move. He said, "I'm doin' all right."

EVEN Lew Hartley's personality was dimmed by the dangerous sureness of the youthful visitor. Lew gestured toward Wayne Hamilton and said, "He'll talk. He loves to shoot off his mouth."

Hamilton flushed. He said to Chuck, "You're sailing for Havana Friday night at eleven on the Tropicana. The name of the man you're covering is Alan Douglas."

Chuck made no answer at all. He merely waited.

"He's a rather good sort, Chuck. After he assumes the role of Lew Hartley, it's your job to keep his foot from slipping. But what is most important is that you're to keep any former acquaintance of Lew's from getting close to him."

Chuck said, "You don't have to tell me things twice."

"Douglas doesn't suspect," the lawyer went on, "that Lew is dropping out of sight completely. He fell for that story about a manganese deal in South America. Any extra instruction you need—anything unusual that comes up—get in touch with me. Doc Greer will be in Miami when you get there. He'll have a surgery set up in Lew's house. When the season starts, see that Douglas keeps in circulation. Just as Lew used to do: gambling houses, night clubs, Hialeah, the dog tracks, jai-alai games."

"You can trust me."

"Here's what happens," Wayne Hamilton went on. "Lew is running away from a long prison sentence. They're watching him, but they're not ready to pick him up yet. When Alan Douglas starts circulating, they will think it's Lew . . . so they'll be satisfied. And then . . ." He hesitated.

Lew Hartley broke in—coldly, brutally, cruelly.

"Then," he said, "an accident is going

to happen to the man who is posing as Lew Hartley. He's going to be found dead some morning. My will will be probated and my estate divided. You fellows will get yours. I'll be safe. Nobody will ever look for Lew Hartley because Lew Hartley will be dead."

Hartley's brown eyes burned into the colorless, expressionless ones of Chuck Williams.

"That's where you come in, Chuck," he said. "You're to wait until Hamilton gives the word. Not before. Then you're to kill Alan Douglas."

THE night was unusually clear. Across the narrow expanse of river the lights of the Jersey shore gleamed, and off the bow of the steamship Tropicana there was the impressive silhouette of New York's sky line.

In Cabin B-17, on the deck below the promenade, Alan Douglas and Gail Foster chatted.

"You don't look very happy," Alan said.

"Am I supposed to—with my best fiancé deserting me for six months?"

"I'm flattered—and sorry. I hoped you'd enjoy your vacation from me. I hoped . . ."

Her fingers brushed his cheek in quick caress. "I know, Alan. I'm a bit of an ingrate. I don't mean to be, really. Believe me, dear—there isn't a moment I'm not grateful to you. You ought to see Dad these days. And you should know how different you have made the whole future look. It's all your fault, Mr. Douglas, if I've fallen much too much in love with you."

He tried to laugh it off, but his efforts did not meet with any outstanding success. He was sorry that the element of deception entered so importantly into this unusual mission. He said, "Think of what's in store for you: a long letter from Valparaiso telling you of my travels. What gal could possibly ask more?"

"I could."

"You'll be educated and edified. You'll be so fascinated that before you know it, the six months will be up and I'll come galumphing back on a prancing steed—or perhaps an unsteady freighter." He caught her to him suddenly and kissed her hard on the lips. "That's how I feel," he said. "I just talk the other way."

She said, "I'll miss you on Christmas, Alan. Double."

"I know . . ." He smiled gently. "The first anniversary of our engagement."

"You'll be down around the equator somewhere. I'll probably be plowing to work through oodles of slush."

"But we'll be thinking the same thing."

"I'm thinking the same thing now." She made a valiant effort to throw off her feeling of depression. "When you're completely hemmed in by señoritas, you'll spare me a thought, won't you?"

"I prefer 'em with your complexion, honey. Light brown hair and gray eyes do something to me."

"What, for instance?"

He showed her—immediately and satisfactorily. Their embrace was interrupted by the hoarse bellow of the ship's siren, by the earnest gong-banging of a steward and by a voice which bellowed for all visitors to go ashore.

"That," said Gail, "means me."

"One more kiss?"

"Three—for luck."

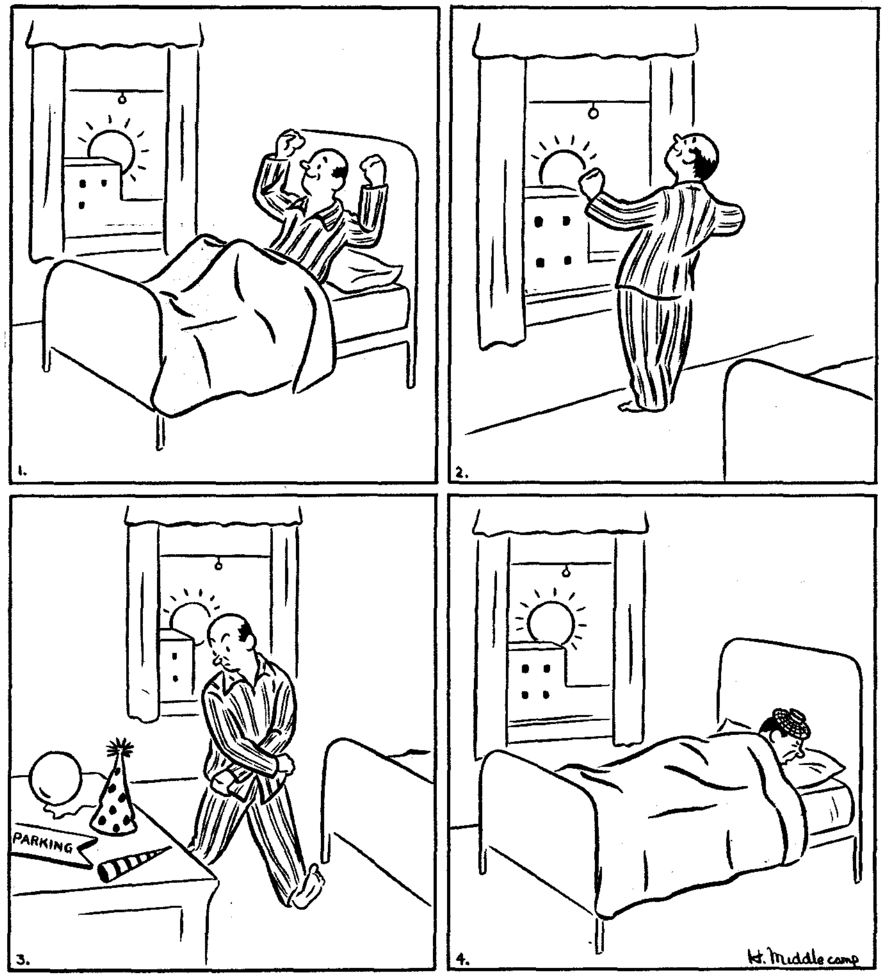
They walked along the crowded corridor and up the narrow stairs to the promenade deck. She didn't kiss him again because that would have been a different sort of kiss, and she wanted to remember the last one down there in the cabin. Besides, she didn't want him to know how she really felt and so she said something very gay and pressed his fingers and scurried down the gangplank to take her place in the cold night air where she could stare up at him as he lounged against the rail.

The other visitors straggled off, there were more shrieks of the siren, the gangplank was lowered, a few gaily colored streamers were thrown from ship to shore in rather halfhearted fashion and the Tropicana, disdaining all the fuss of her larger and more elegant sisters, commenced to back into the stream.

Alan Douglas strained his eyes toward the dock, but it was of no avail. He knew that Gail was there, waving. But he did not know that there were tears in her eyes or that her heart called for him to come back. Not because she was a silly, foolish girl who might miss the man she loved; but because she was afraid. . . .

Alan pulled himself together and lighted a cigarette. Then he went below, partly because he was tired and partly because he wished to meet the man who was to be his companion, his tutor and his bodyguard.

He walked into B-17. He saw a slender, wiry figure standing in front of the inadequate hanging closet. He said, "Good evening."



H. MIDDLECAMP

Chuck Williams turned. His agate eyes took in the tall, rangy figure of Alan Douglas from head to foot. It was a deliberate, impersonal inspection, accompanied by no change of expression, no word of greeting.

ALAN experienced a moment of shock. There was something about the smaller man which was frightening. Then Chuck spoke. His voice was as colorless as his eyes. He said, "Hello."

Alan tried not to become annoyed. He forced a measure of geniality into his tone as he said, "I'm Alan Douglas."

"Yeah." Chuck finished hanging a suit in the miniature closet. Then he said, "I'm Chuck Williams."

Alan hesitated. Normally he would have offered his hand; but something restrained him. Queer lad, this bodyguard. Cold as a fish. Alan shrugged. If Chuck didn't want to be friendly, that was his business.

It was Chuck who broke the silence. He said, in that same emotionless, flat voice, "I saw you on deck."

"How did you know? . . ."

"Size. Shape of your head. You're built just like Lew."

"I wouldn't be knowing. I never met him."

Chuck Williams eyed his traveling companion with a faint keening of interest. He said, somewhat cryptically, "You catch on quick."

"That so?" Alan didn't have the slightest idea what he was talking about. But he was talking—and that was something.

ALAN made an effort to put things on a more cordial basis. "How about a nightcap?"

"Okay by me."

They walked upstairs to the bar. Alan ordered a brandy and Chuck asked for plain carbonated water. "You're not a drinker, are you?"

"No."

Something about the situation struck Alan as funny. He threw back his head and laughed with genuine amusement.

"Are you always this way, Chuck—or is this something extra special?"

Williams' eyes flickered. "I don't get it."

"We're traveling together. We'll see a lot of each other. I was wondering if you ever warm up."

"Maybe."

"You certainly don't talk much."

"I talk enough."

"Check." Alan was no longer annoyed. "I'll play it your way."

"I'm supposed to teach you," Chuck's voice was flat. "Not kiss you."

Chuck's words were more than slightly sardonic. He was thinking that Alan Douglas certainly did not know him. He wondered what Alan would think if he suspected that he was trying to make friends with the man who was eventually to murder him.

AT THE mouth of Havana harbor, the Tropicana stopped its engines and waited for the pilot boat. The sea was like glass, and at five o'clock in the afternoon the warmth of the subtropical sunshine was more than pleasant.

Alan Douglas leaned over the starboard rail and gazed at the fascinating vista of the great, sprawling, cosmopolitan city with its miles on miles of white and yellow houses, its more impressive structures—the great hotels, the dome of the capitol, so like that in Washington; a single skyscraper apartment house rising proudly above its more modest neighbors. He looked at the narrow entrance to the harbor, flanked on one side by the once grim bulk of Morro Castle and on the other by the sweeping curve of the magnificent seaview drive which was known as the Malecon.

Alan felt a desire to talk, and so he addressed a remark to the taciturn young man at his side. He said, "That's lovely, isn't it?" and Chuck Williams answered tonelessly, "So what?"

The pilot swung aboard from the snub-nosed little pilot boat, and the engines of the Tropicana started turning again. The ship moved into the harbor, so close to the Malecon that Alan could see people waving from the sea wall, and could even hear the deep-throated cries of the street venders hopefully calling their wares. He caught a brief view of the great esplanade stretching between the presidential palace and the river front, and then found himself glancing up incredibly narrow little streets on which trolley cars shoved unconcerned pedestrians out of the way. He glimpsed stanch houses with ancient Spanish architecture, innumerable automobiles, khaki-clad soldiers and sailors in white. And then they were nuzzling into a huge pier without benefit of tug.

THE Tropicana was tied up and stewards raced along the decks announcing that the immigration officials were on board and all passengers must have their landing cards stamped.

Less than forty minutes later, Alan and Chuck Williams had passed successfully the casual examination of their luggage and were whirling through a maze of narrow streets toward the Sevilla Hotel. They registered and were assigned a room together on the sixth floor. Alan flung open the window and looked down fascinatedly at the magnificence of the Prado; then returned his gaze to his uncommunicative traveling companion. He said, "Nothing excites you, does it, Chuck?"

Mr. Williams shrugged and lighted a fresh cigarette. "I been here before."

"Well, I haven't—and I like it." Then an idea struck Alan. "We're not sticking inside all evening, are we?"

"No. There's plenty to see."

They ate Cuban oysters and arroz con pollo at the Toledo, and over the thick, bitter coffee, Alan asked a question: "You turned my letter over to our steward?"

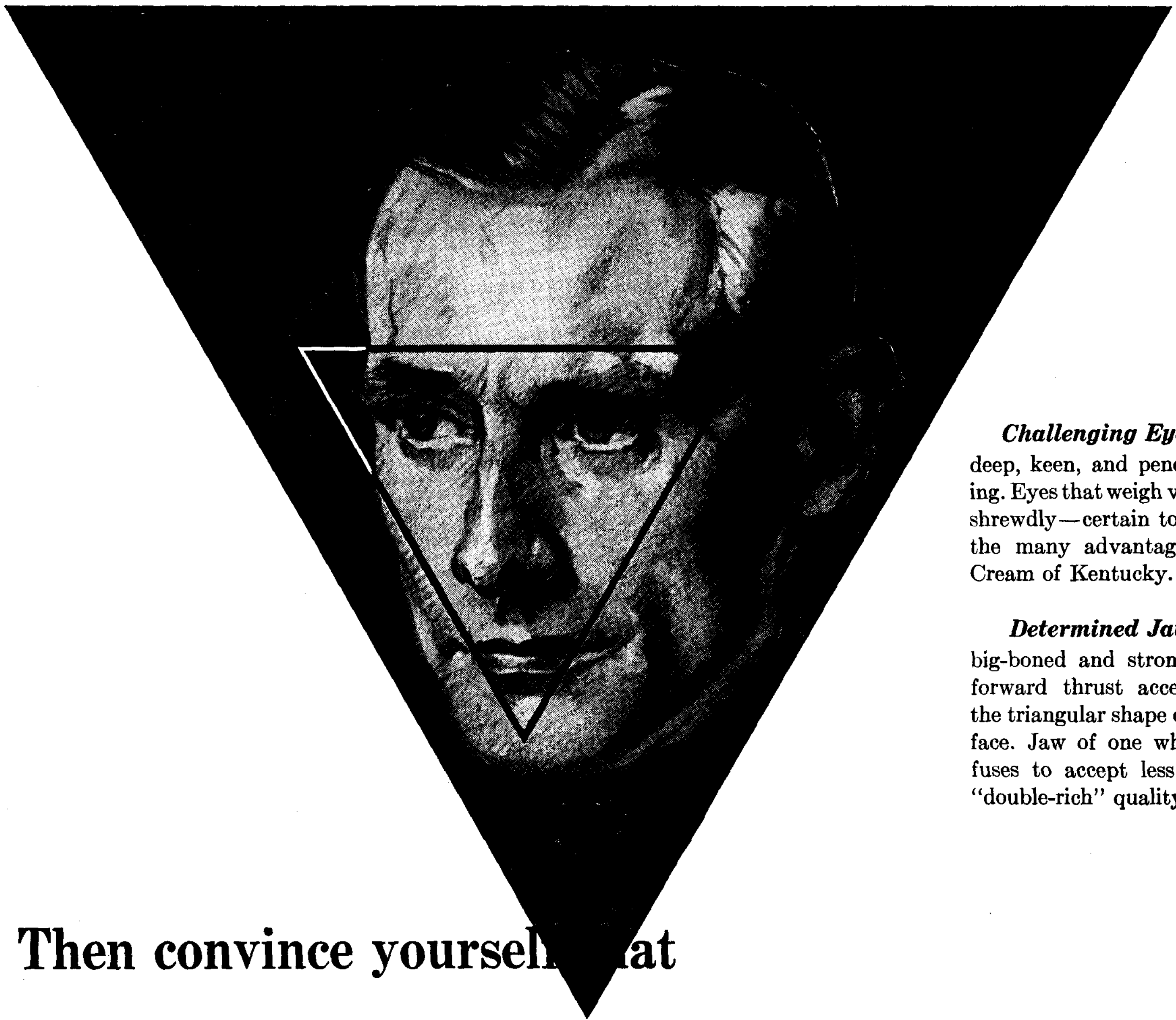
"Yeah. I slipped him five bucks. He'll mail it in Valparaiso."

That was the only feature of this whole affair which Alan hated: this necessity for lying to Gail. He had squirmed throughout the writing of the letter. But, he reflected with a smile, it had been a good one. He had equipped himself with travel folders and had given vivid descriptions of each port at which the Tropicana would stop, and—from his own imagination—had supplied anecdote. He was thinking, "When she learns the truth—some day—she'll never trust me again. And I shan't blame her."

By no wildest stretch of the imagination could Chuck Williams be called genial, but tonight he seemed at least amenable to suggestion. "Havana's got whatever you want," he said. "Ain't no reason why you shouldn't call the shots."

Alan elected to see some jai alai about which he had heard a great deal. The smaller of the two frontons was open that night and they went there, and in

Are YOU the skeptical type?



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deep, keen, and penetrating. Eyes that weigh values shrewdly—certain to spot the many advantages of Cream of Kentucky.

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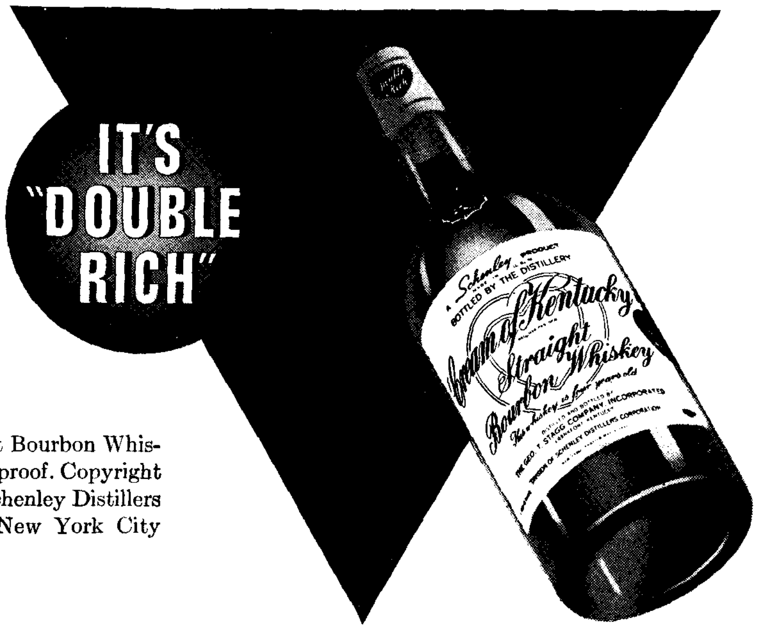
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The HAPPY MEDIUM!

In Laxatives, too, there's a HAPPY MEDIUM!

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WHAT kind of laxative do *you* take? One that's so strong it weakens and upsets you? Or one that's so mild it fails to give you real relief?

Then, switch to Ex-Lax – the *Happy Medium* laxative! Ex-Lax is as effective as any laxative you'd want to take. But it's *gentle*, too! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief.

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If the doctor prescribes a laxative when you have a cold–take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet so gentle it won't weaken or upset you.

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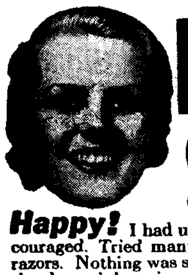


Hair OFF Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different *products . . . even* razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 58, Chicago.

the bedlam of betting and the fierce excitement of the games, Alan lost himself. They saw three brilliant matches, and after the third partido, Alan suggested walking back to the hotel.

They rose at eight o'clock and had coffee and toast and fruit juice. At a few minutes before ten they went to the terminus of Pan-American Airways, made their declarations, signed them, and stepped aboard the Clipper for the flight to Miami. Alan was having an elegant time. Within an hour and a half after leaving Havana they were circling the Dinner Key airport at Miami.

They went through the customs formalities quickly, neither man having made any purchases in Havana. They walked into the enormous waiting room and there were greeted by a tall, thin, preternaturally grave man. Chuck said, "'Lo, Doc. Meet Alan Douglas." To Alan he said, "This is Doc Greer. He carves you up tomorrow."

Dr. Sherman Greer had a pleasant smile. Alan sized him up quickly and experienced a feeling of confidence. As they rolled away from Dinner Key in Greer's car with its New York license, Alan and the surgeon chatted.

THE car skirted the water front of Miami on Biscayne Boulevard and then swung to the right over the Venetian Causeway. Once in Miami Beach they turned northward along Collins Avenue. They passed 44th Street, drove a few more minutes past lovely estates, and then Dr. Greer stopped in front of a particularly attractive place and said, "Here we are. Open the gate, will you, Chuck?"

Chuck did as he was bidden. Watching him, Alan had the odd feeling that in these past few minutes his bodyguard had assumed certain qualities which were almost human. There was a spot of color in Williams' cheeks, the faintest bit of warmth in his hard eyes. They drove inside and Alan looked around and drew a deep breath.

Lew Hartley's estate was not one of the show places of Miami Beach, but it was definitely and lavishly beautiful.

The sprawling two-story house was of modified Spanish architecture, its austere whiteness relieved by vivid splashes of color. It rose from the midst of a velvety lawn, and was shaded by magnificent trees. In well-ordered beds there was a profusion of flowers. The driveway was lined with royal palms and there was a screen of rambler roses cutting off the swimming pool from the street.

Far beyond the house Alan could see the ocean and hear the steady, pleasant booming of the surf. The beach was broad and white—and private. A decorative stone wall separated the property from Collins Avenue, and from the neighbors on either side. There was a garage, which architecturally matched the big house. The second floor of this garage contained rooms for the male servants. The women servants lived in a small, neat cottage on the grounds, yet shielded from the garden by high hedges and flowering shrubs.

And so from the avenue to the ocean, the property belonged to Lew Hartley. And across Collins Avenue he owned a strip of property covering the narrow stretch between the avenue and Indian Creek. On that side there was a small boathouse and a dock at which was *moored a 75-footer, as well as a smaller* and speedier craft.

Sherman Greer walked about the grounds with his prospective patient. He said, "Well, what do you think?"

Alan spread his hands in a helpless gesture. "That's a tough one to answer. I've never come in personal contact with luxury like this. The idea of spending the winter here . . . Boy!"

Dr. Greer led the way inside. There were no servants about, nor were there to be any until Alan had recovered from the operation and all traces of the improvised surgery had been removed. He showed Alan his room: a huge one with two windows overlooking the ocean and two facing south. It was furnished handsomely, and attached to it was a dressing room and a luxurious bath. "It's Hartley's room," explained Greer. "That's why you inherit it."

Alan seated himself on the edge of the bed and lighted a cigarette. He said, "Mind if I ask you a few questions, doctor?"

"Certainly not."

"This operation . . . What's the program?"

"You'll eat a reasonable dinner tonight. We operate in the morning, fairly early. It won't be nearly as bad as you think. I'll use local anesthesia—but you won't feel the slightest pain. You see, I didn't want to use an anesthetist. The fewer people who know . . ."

"I understand."

"As a matter of fact, you'll have a rather odd nurse. It'll be Wayne Hamilton, Hartley's attorney. I believe you met him in New York. I've trained him to help me, and he'll do pretty well. You probably won't be on the table more than two hours, and I myself will remain here to take care of the postoperative treatment."

Alan said, "That sounds okay—but formidable. I suppose the patient is always a trifle apprehensive."

"No need to be, Douglas. *If things go* all right, and they certainly should, you may have a slight swelling at first, but with only moderate discomfort. There will probably be a low-grade temperature—and if I'm half as good as I'm supposed to be, you will be right as rain and enjoying yourself within four weeks."

"Will I look like Mr. Hartley?"

"Approximately—yes. Precisely—no. That would be an impossibility. You'll let your mustache grow, of course. Your size, weight, bone structure, color of eyes, formation of teeth . . . plus the scar I'll give you and the prominent nose . . . well, you'll look so much like Lew Hartley that no one but an intimate would ever suspect the masquerade, and Hartley's few intimates—such as myself, for instance—are in the know."

Alan said, "And afterward . . . ?"

Dr. Sherman Greer glanced at him sharply; then looked away. The thought *flashed through his mind that there* would be no afterward: that this rather pleasant young man was slated to play the role of Lew Hartley not only in life—but in death as well. He said carefully, "I can bring you back to where you started, Douglas. All but the nose. And if you'll pardon my saying so . . . you'll wind up with a much nicer nose than you have now."

ALAN laughed and rose. "Mind if I take a look around?"

"Help yourself. I'd keep away from the road, though."

"I understand . . ." Alan walked downstairs, trying to accustom himself to this luxury. He found himself smiling at the thought that his role for the next three or four months would be that of master of this place. He was to be Lew Hartley, the servants and casual visitors would think he was Lew Hartley. The prospect was far from unattractive.

He walked out of the front door and turned toward the beach. The day was clear, the sun unusually hot for this time of the year. He saw someone swimming toward Lew Hartley's private beach. The swimmer emerged and ran lightly across the hard sand toward the spot where Alan was standing.

The young man looked once. He looked a second time. He said, "Wow!"

The girl who was coming toward him was—to put it mildly—spectacular. She was tall and she carried herself well. As for figure, nature had not been merely generous: it had been lavish. The curves were ample, and superbly distributed—yet the impression was one of slimness. "Voluptuous slimness, if there is such a thing," decided young Mr. Douglas.

She continued walking toward him, moving with an easy, graceful stride. Apparently she had not yet seen him. She raised her arms and pulled off the swim cap. A mass of hair, the color of new pennies, cascaded about her neck. She was close enough then for him to see that her complexion was blond—flawlessly, strikingly blond—and that her eyes were of clearest blue.

SHE saw him then, and approached him deliberately. She was apparently unmindful of the brevity of her swim suit. He knew that she intended to speak.

She came to a halt in front of him and eyed him from head to foot with a deliberation amounting almost to insolence. Then she spoke.

She said, matter-of-factly, "You're the guinea pig."

His brown eyes met her blue ones. He borrowed a page from Chuck Williams' book and said nothing.

"You're Alan Douglas, aren't you?"

He smiled and shrugged. "Maybe I'm supposed to ask who you are."

She smiled radiantly. "Smart lad, aren't you? Cagey." *Then she went* on, as though she were sure he'd understand: "I'm Sunny Ralston."

He said, "It fits."

She laughed ringingly. "Come off it, fella. I'm in on this, too, you know."

He said, "I'm afraid I don't know very much."

"You mean they haven't told you about me?"

"No."

"Well, what do you know about that?" The idea seemed to amuse her. She said, "How do I shape up?"

"I think you know the answer to that one."

"I've been told." She eyed him again. "You're not so bad yourself."

"Thanks."

"You look better as you are. But I can see . . . yeah, they can make you look like Lew."

Again he remained silent.

"You'll do," she commented. Then *she smiled. "You're supposed to like* me, mister. Think you can make the grade?"

"That shouldn't be awful hard."

"We'll be together a lot." Something seemed to strike her as highly amusing. "This is awful funny, you know."

"Is it?"

"I mean the fact that they didn't prepare you."

"I learn pretty fast."

She kept harping on one note. "You mean you really don't know who I am?"

"I really don't."

"Ask me."

"All right—who are you?"

"I'm Sunny Ralston, as I told you before. But that isn't important. What *is* important is that I'm Lew Hartley's girl friend."

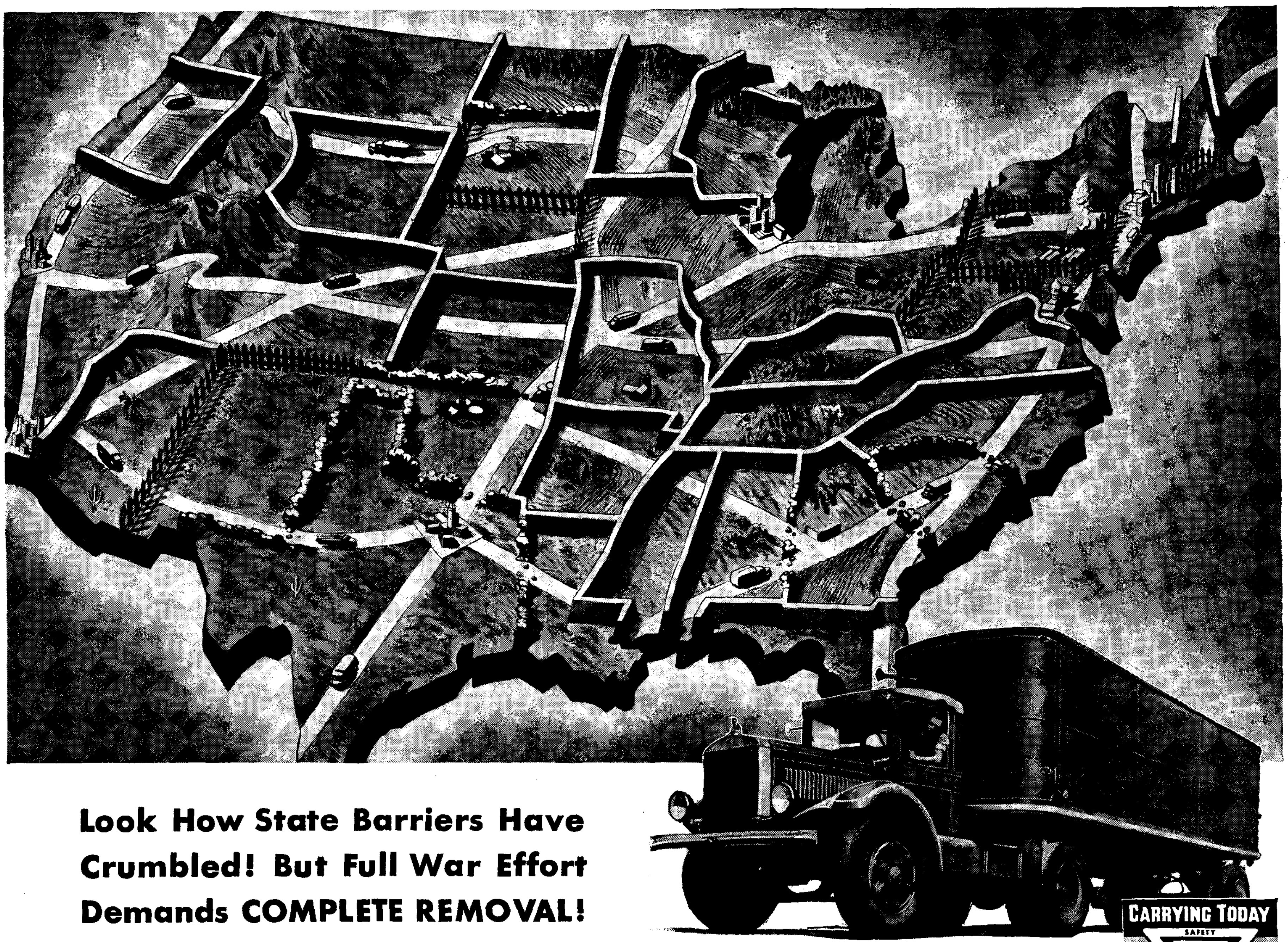
"Girl friend . . ." He started to say something, then changed his mind. Again she laughed.

"Look at the lad! He's blushing!" She came close to him then and spoke softly: "Yes, I'm Lew's pet. His own personal property. I go with the house." She paused a moment, to let her words sink in.

"That's who I am," *she repeated.* "I'll be living in the next room to yours for a few months. And, whether you like it or not, you've got to pretend to be crazy about me."

(To be continued next week)

Here's Some Map-Changing Hitler's Pals Won't Like



Look How State Barriers Have Crumbled! But Full War Effort Demands COMPLETE REMOVAL!

AMERICA is making some interesting map-changes of its own. *Changes that help you—personally—and the nation as a whole.*

Defense shipments that were often held up by state barriers from one to four days—are beginning to come through on schedule.

Trucks formerly detoured around entire states—or cities—now flow over more direct routes.

Texas, Indiana, Georgia, Maryland, Tennessee—and 13 other states—have adopted new laws that permit truck sizes and weights more nearly in keeping with the nation's requirements.

To America, this means a faster pace for our vital war effort.

To you, it means lower prices for food—clothing—and all your daily necessities . . . because practically everything you buy comes all or part of the way by truck.

It means more truck freight with less congestion. More truck taxes for better roads. Less for you to pay.

CARRYING TODAY

SAFETY COURTESY DISPATCH

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THINGS YOU USE TOMORROW

MORE ACTION NEEDED

Yet many contradictory laws and regulations still exist . . . in most of our 48 states.

Right now—with legislatures in session—isn't it time to remove all of these useless walls . . . to step up the efficiency of America's fastest, most flexible, most economical transportation system?

A WORD TO YOU, Mr. LEGISLATOR —AND YOU, TOO, Mr. and Mrs. VOTER

The nation's safety and future prosperity rests largely upon action taken in your state now.

A new booklet, "Smash the Bottlenecks"—describing what you can do to help clear away obstacles to defense production in your community—will be sent on request.

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS

WASHINGTON, D.C.

WEEKEND GUESTS
NOW YOU JUST SIT RIGHT DOWN AND EAT 'CAUSE AUNT JEMIMA'S ARE EASY AS 1-2-3 TO FIX!
YOU'LL GET DOWN OUR HILL ALL RIGHT BUT YOU'LL NEED THESE AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS TO GET YOU UP!
I NEVER KNEW THAT BUCKWHEATS COULD BE SO LIGHT, FLUFFY AND DIGESTIBLE!
YOU DON'T NEED TO COAX! I GO FOR THIS DOWN SOUTH FLAVOR!
HI, BOB! I'LL BE OUT SOON AS I EAT MY AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS!
UNCLE ELMER HAD BETTER TAKE OFF THOSE EAR-BOBS—
SHUT THAT WINDOW! YOU'RE SLOWING UP THE SYRUP!
'CAUSE MOM'LL ASK HIM IF HE WANTS MORE AUNT JEMIMAS
DON'T WORRY, HE'LL HEAR THAT!
"WHOO-EE! Dey's all shoutin' fo' my temptilatin' Down South BUCKWHEATS!"
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR
READY MIX

"EATIN' DAT'S FEASTIN'!"

MENU
Fruit Juice
AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS
Melted Butter
Maple Syrup
Country Sausage
Coffee

"Mmm—they're yummy!" You bet! Aunt Jemima's secret, old-South recipe gives you buckwheats with that tantalizin' old-time flavor.

Just add milk or water, mix, and pop 'em on the griddle. Easy as 1-2-3.

Tender, digestible—and mighty *dee-licious!*

→ ...Get Both—the yellow box for buckwheats...the red box for pancakes and waffles

War Brains

Continued from page 28

major projects is lacking. But shadowy outlines are available. Among the most enticing of these jobs is the work with Uranium-235; possible source of gigantic amounts of atomic power. Work is progressing in half a dozen research centers.

Occasional news stories have told how isolation of this potent stuff was nearing completion; and that a single bomb made of it would make Berlin one vast crater. The men around Dr. Bush's office cringe when they see such stories. Fundamentally, they say, they are interested in U-235 as a source of power. That this fundamental work might also lead to the development of a bomb at some point in the distant future is purely incidental. All in all, they aren't too hopeful that the U-235 work will end successfully. But it must continue on the off-chance that results will be produced.

One of the most important jobs is centered at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Tech's radiation laboratory is given over to work on radio detectors, particularly devices to locate planes. War is a system of checks and balances; one man invents a submarine and along comes a destroyer to deal with it. The men at MIT are particularly looking for that elusive device which will take the sting out of night bombing.

To do the job, the Office recruited a staff of 80 physicists from 25 universities. One hundred technical assistants were assigned to help.

The klystron tube, about which a few facts have been released, will illustrate the type of things being studied. This tube, developed at Stanford, transmits powerful short waves along perfectly defined paths. The electric eye *sees* objects. The klystron tube *feels* them. When its rays hit a solid object—say a raiding bomber—they bounce back to give the exact location of the bomber. Such a principle has other obvious applications: leading fighter planes to bombers; in giving gunners a bead on a raiding plane. The tube should also help planes in making blind landings. A beacon from the tube, shot up at an angle from an airport, might guide planes safely to earth.

They'll Try Anything

No idea which might lead to a new plane detector is too bizarre for investigation. One that falls in this category relies on the fact that planes spew hot gases from their exhaust pipes. Although the plane may be miles off, there is an instrument, the bolometer, which can detect its heat. The bolometer can measure heat from stars billions of miles away.

Yet another piece of work with striking potentialities is being carried on at the aeronautics lab at Langley Field, Virginia. This $13,000,000 research center, maintained by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, has probably accounted for more advances in plane design than any other laboratory in the world. These past advances are completely overshadowed by a new piece of work.

NACA engineers have developed a radical new plane wing which cuts "drag" in half. Translated, this means that planes equipped with the new wing can fly with just about half the power required today. Or, this saving can be applied to produce great mileage or higher speed. Naturally, this development is shrouded with secrecy and hardly any facts can be released. Suffice it to say that this new wing looks like no airplane wing ever seen previously.

Engineers privately express the view that this is the greatest single-step advance in the history of aeronautics. When peace comes, it will mean five-passenger planes to compete with automobiles—flying 20 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

The pieces of work so far cited are but a few of the hundreds now in progress. Because of facilities required work has been largely centered in the larger universities, technical schools and industrial laboratories.

What will John Citizen get out of all this expensive effort? No one knows, but a pretty good guess can be made. Research during the first World War was largely responsible for the quick development of radio and aviation. It produced new fertilizer, dye and glass industries. Sudden release of all these things after the war has been credited with causing the boom of the '20's.

The Master of Ideas

Ideas now dammed up behind censorship are far more plentiful than they were in 1918. Whether we realize it or not, our lives are going to be paced for a long time to come by the ideas now filed away in the mind of Vannevar Bush.

Dr. Bush is 51. Leaning against a fence on his New Hampshire farm, he would pass for a Yankee farmer. He has a lean, weathered face and sharp, intelligent eyes. He speaks slowly and clearly, indiscriminately dropping the final g's from his words.

He was born at Everett, Mass., the son of a clergyman. He went to Tufts, MIT and Harvard; worked for General Electric; was vice-president of MIT, and finally ended up in 1939 as head of the Carnegie Institution. His analytical mind is expressed in his inventions.

At MIT, he built a "network analyzer." This was a scale model of great power hookups on which any transmission problem could be solved. He also built one of the most incredible calculating machines ever constructed. His differential analyzer, hailed by the press as a "mechanical brain," is 18 feet long, weighs 3 tons. In a few minutes it solves problems which would take a squad of mathematicians months to complete.

The Army has one of these machines at the Aberdeen proving grounds in Maryland. It solves problems of gunfire that could not be solved by other methods.

At Tech, students liked him because of his informal manner, lack of stuffiness, and unorthodox approach to problems. His "pipe-wrench lecture" was a classic in a college unusually barren of humor. Bush contended that precise English was a necessary tool to the engineer. To illustrate the inexactness of spoken English, he would hold a pipe wrench up before a class to ask what it was. Then he proceeded to tear obvious answers to pieces. After an intellectual free-for-all, Bush ended by writing a patent application for the wrench in exact English.

To him, war is a tragic waste of scientific effort. It takes all emphasis away from pure research and places it on applied work. As a result, we get a lot of new machines, but make few sound advances. Yet the job must be done and Dr. Bush is doing it. We have all gotten into the habit of thinking that, science-wise, the Germans are pretty good. In a quiet sort of way we aren't so bad ourselves.

A Stone in a Sling

Continued from page 16

Menges had enough of British inhibition to be meticulous about the Miss; and he would so continue, no matter how he felt, until the last supreme moment when he might formally express—well, he didn't know what he might dare to express, or when, or ever. For with his queer convention about names he had inherited another one about a man having some sort of a future to offer a girl before he should speak; and his future just now depended wholly upon his efficient, his faultless, conduct of his patrol. His first command, Dingo dared not make any mistakes. He stood, therefore, a lean and rangy and very worried young man and hid all his emotions under the racial pose of nonchalance.

"What's the best from the P.T.A.?"

And Prudence Paige threw out her hands in pretty despair at this tall soldier's wall of formality and admitted the tragedy of missions in Mohammedan countries.

"All of seven pupils today. Two suspicious parents to make sure we were not undermining their morals by proselytization. No news at all."

THAT was always the tone of their conversation—formally informal while each ached with the deadly loneliness of teeming Qantara.

"Well, no news is the best. We don't want any change in the old status quo. Not a rumor for me to sleuth down, eh, and prove to the gilded staff that I'm a good man jolly well on the job?"

"Nothing. Only David bin Jesse drifted in like a rumor—that's almost news in school; and he drifted out again just as casually. His uncle from Libya, he said, was going to show him something his goats could eat. We can't hold them, you know."

"A new uncle, eh? Must check him up. No, nothing can hold a Bedouin. I'd like to win that little beggar's loyalty, though. Bright young ape, what? And the traditional sleuth of 'em all, old Sherlock, you remember, had a corps of bright lads keep an eye on doings."

Prudence shivered. "What sort of doings?"

"Oh I don't know. Jerry is dashed clever. What he'd like to do, of course, would be to blow up something, or sink a ship in the canal and block all traffic for weeks." Dingo broke off to stare from the mission's mud veranda at the dingy ribbon of water that meant so much to the world. The girl was close enough so that her shiver passed to him. "Good Lord! I hope nothing like that would happen in my section of patrol."

"It can't. It mustn't." Prudence closed her eyes to the hideous thought. "Or—could it?"

"I don't know. Every foot of it is patrolled; so they couldn't mine—takes time, and considerable bulk to transport; we'd spot it. We'd spot anything we can think of; but—" The officer gave nervous credit to the devilish ingenuity of the enemy for accomplishing the impossible. His shiver twisted his tight lips. "It would be ghastly! A thing like that could decide the whole war."

He blundered to tell the girl something: "You don't know what a thing like that would mean to me, Miss Paige."

She knew perfectly well; and she prompted him. Her eyes misty, her voice throaty, the whole nearness of her reached out to him to tell him that she knew and he just had to say it. It wracked her to shiver again that musty traditions, so far from home, could still so inhibit a girl.

"It would mean—I—" The wretched man struggled with his ingrained traditions of honor; and tradition, as always with the British, won. "It would mean I'd be court-martialed and probably broke." And British control of emotions let him laugh it off. "What I was saying was, a smart lad like that might pick up a worth-while tip of anything shaping up to happen, wandering about like he does."

"I don't believe"—Prudence bit little white teeth on a red lip almost as viciously as a mission schoolteacher dared—"anything worth while has happened in this deadly place ever since the flight into Egypt."

That was how old Qantara was and how changeless in its deadliness. It was old before history; at all events that was what Prudence Paige's schoolbooks said.

Dawud bin Yessieh had a family tradition of his own that was as old, almost, as the road. He was ten—or maybe eight or perhaps twelve. Meticulous dates were not important in a family as timeless as his. His father, Yessieh bin Ibrahim, could sit for an hour and intone a list of begats that started with his patronymic Abraham and repeat all the hallowed names of Scripture.

So Dawud could argue confidently with his teacher: "This place is a fraud. It was never the road. It was just convenient for the *Feranghi* engineers to bring a railway to this place; so they told the people, 'Lo, this is the crossing.' But *we* know that they lied."

"Indeed?" said Prudence with the asperity of teachers who are told that their sacrosanct books are wrong. "You know a great deal for a boy who won't even learn to read."

The little irony was much too mild to touch an Arab. "All our family knows these things," said Dawud. "We are keepers of the road." And he gave again the unanswerable argument: "How should a road pass where there are no oases? Only a railroad that does not drink. The road passes from the wells of Birsheba to the well of El Khalassa—"

Dawud closed his eyes to recall the only items of importance in geography and recited the traditional list: "—till it comes to our well of Shalouf; and the crossing, the Qantara between the worlds, is there; and the road passes on to the wells of Salhiya in the land of Misr, and beyond that is not our family's care. But at every well are the people of my family, keepers of the road to care for the needs of wayfarers. They have always been there; they always will be there. Even though the *Feranghi* have brought an unclean railroad to lure travelers from the true road."

PRUDENCE from shiny new America was awe-struck by the sheer piling up of antiquity, by the unfolding of a history that ran so parallel to the Old Testament as to demand almost reverence. She was unable to reprove her problem pupil. She said only:

"I'm sure we all hope they will always be there." And she quoted Dingo, associating her hopes with his: "We don't want any change in the old status quo."

Dawud, of course, couldn't understand that, but he was smart young imp enough to know what he had gotten away with; so he added to it a quotation of his own from mature Arab wisdom:

"Women do not know much about anything. How then shall they teach

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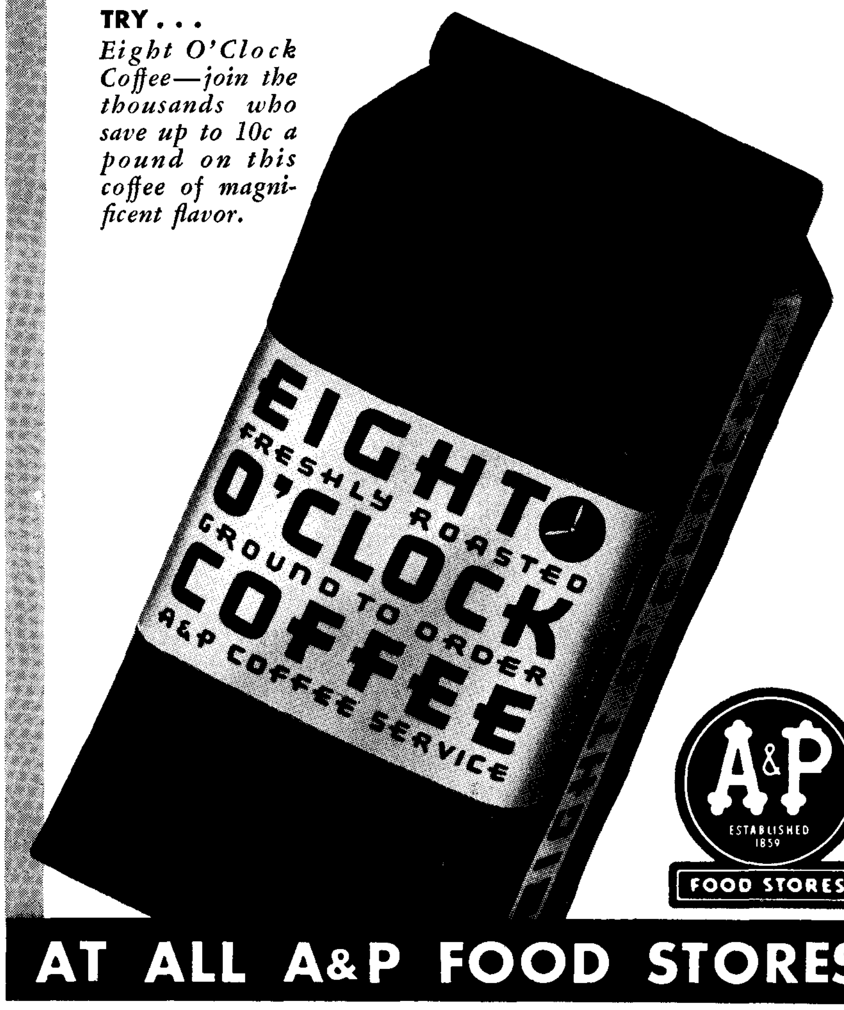

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us men of the desert anything that is useful?"

If mission schoolteachers could shake recalcitrant pupils, Prudence would have shaken him. As it was, she bit on her lip and managed once again, because Dingo thought the brat might be useful, to hold down the spirit that was in her. So Dawud got away with it again.

And Prudence, because she was a woman, instead of seeking the Reverend Dr. Paulson's gray-bearded advice, asked Dingo. "What," she said, "am I to do about the young ruffian?"

"What can you do, my dear—" Dingo almost said, my dear girl; but he caught himself in time to change it to Miss Paige. "There are no truant officers in the Sinai Peninsula; so you can't drag an unbroken Arab colt to the waters of learning, much less make him drink. But I still think it might be useful if you'd try to cultivate the young scamp. What I mean, that oasis of his. All the gossip of the desert filters through 'em around the campfires. Things that our Intelligence would be glad to know."

So Dawud bin Yessieh played hooky as he willed and went with his new uncle to find sparse fodder for his goats.

How could a schoolteacher from America and a ranchman from Australia know that the uncle, of course, wasn't any uncle at all; that, since all good Mohammedans are brothers in Islam, Arab courtesy, imposed upon a boy more strictly than ever teacher imposed a moral precept, designated as uncle any stranger of the faith who sojourned within the tents?

THIS uncle was not even an Ismaelite Arab of the Sinai Peninsula. He was a Tuareg Berber. Quite circumstantially, as he loftily explained, of the noble Imajeghan class; so that there was no question about his accent or his blue eyes. And he was a *lithamia* too—a veiled man. Throughout the daylight hours he had to wear the blue *litham* that hid all of his face except the eyes and the tip of his nose.

He spread his low camel's-hair tent in the shade of the oasis and explained himself by announcing that he was making the *hadj* to Mecca. That in itself was enough to bring him respect and it made his stay delightfully indefinite; devout men often spent the latter half of their lives making the *hadj* on foot from incredible distances, resting as they needed, going on as they willed.

Extraordinarily enough his opinions agreed with Dingo Menzies'. He didn't like any change of the old status quo.

"Consider now." Those pale eyes watered in the acrid smoke of the tiny camel-dung campfire. "This is an ill thing that the *Feranghi* have done. The road was here from the beginning of all time; and they have willfully brought their railroad to a place two leagues from here and have taken away the trade of this oasis. *Kharabesh!* May Allah do them an equal ill."

And, patriarch Yessieh bin Ibrahim waggled his gray beard to say, "*Sutchk' Allah*. It is God's truth. This used to be a good oasis with many travelers."

And his grown sons, squatted in solemn circle, awoke to their inherent resentment of white man interference.

"*Bishmillah!* May an ill come to it."

"And consider again." The stirrer of strife had another grievance: "The road stretched true and straight to the well of Salhiya, free for all men; and there the *Feranghi* have cut it with their accursed canal so that now poor men must pay a price to their ferry."

"An accursed thing that is," was the unanimous agreement.

"Aye and accursed all the ships for which it was built," growled the fanatic.

"Miss Becker, are you getting all this?" DAVID C. GERARD

"May Allah's curse rest on it," Dawud put in his little bit.

Yet he was an accommodating man in his way, this one with the poisoned tongue, and his opinions agreed with Dingo Menzies' in yet another item. He cultivated young Dawud. In his wanderings he had discovered all sorts of little patches of sparse herbage; always near the canal of course, where the evaporation imparted a little moisture to the air. He was accommodating enough to volunteer to show them to Dawud for his goats.

Dawud was probably the worst pupil who ever put in a desultory appearance at any school, but he was quite one of the best goat herders. No good Mohammedan, of course, would ever enlist the aid of a dog to herd his flock; for the Prophet had cursed dogs along with swine as amongst the most unclean of beasts. Nor did Dawud need any dog. He used the hereditary implement: the sling.

Let a goat stray from the path, and Dawud would whirl the thing round his head and whizz a pebble with uncanny accuracy to fling a shower of sand into its face and head it back. He had to be accurate; for if his stone would unhappily hit the goat, it would knock it as suddenly dead as would a heavy caliber bullet. An Arab boy with a sling that fired a stone the size of an egg could do considerably more mischief than an American boy with a .22 rifle.

DAWUD would always pick up his pebbles again, as carefully as an archer his arrows, and would drop them into his leather pouch; for pebbles, smooth and nicely rounded, were as difficult to find as arrows in the sandy desert.

Berbers have been classed by some anthropologists as an offshoot of some early white race; and this Berber showed a sporting instinct that surely no Arab ever possessed.

"Look," he would say. "I will give you a piaster if you can hit me that mark."

And Dawud, challenged, would grumble, "That is seventy paces and a small mark." But he nearly always won the coin.

And so they would come over the low, sandy hills to the canal; and the goats would browse on sparse patches of scrubby grass, and man and boy would scoop away the white-hot surface sand to expose the cooler substratum so that they could sit down on the bank side; the boy thoroughly contented, because idle, the man glowering his hate at the great ships that crawled past at the scheduled six and a half miles per hour according to canal regulations.

THE man always had bits of paper that he would produce from under his burnoose and he would study them as the ships passed and would growl fanatical things over them.

"What are those papers?" Dawud's curiosity finally had to know.

"These?" The man seemed to have forgotten that he had a sharp-eyed observer. "These," he laughed grimly, "are incantations that, if time and place and my calculations would come together, would bring the completion of contentment to my soul."

"They look like the writings," Dawud said, "that the mission lady tries to teach me."

"I cannot read such *Feranghi* writings," the man growled quickly; and he turned to a subject more in keeping with a boy's innate deviltry. "How easily could you break some of those round windows on that ship?"

"At this distance," said Dawud confidently. "I could break any window that you would name. But they would blow their whistle and if the patrol would be near who then would get the blame?"

"Ah, the accursed patrol!" the Berber grated. "Another *Feranghi* interference with our peaceful desert."

And sure enough, there a unit of the incessant patrol presently appeared, a corporal's squad of men chugging and steaming along in a tortured open car, lurching over salty hard spots, shuddering to an almost stop in loose sand.

The Berber stood to his full height and scowled his fanatic hate at them. He stood with his arms folded beneath his burnoose in that so-convenient position from which a man could snatch the Berber dagger from its sheath strapped to the forearm. But Dawud knew that he carried, instead of the dagger, a *Feranghi* pistol.

The men of the patrol laughed at the man's rage and nursed their car along. What conceivable harm could a man and a boy who herded goats do to the canal or its great ships?

Those were good days for Dawud, his friendship cultivated on the one side by a madman who gave him money for so simple a thing as hitting a mark with a sling, and on the other side by a girl, equally mad, who gave him candy just so he would stick around and talk about the somnolent doings of the desert.

Of the two, the girl was his favorite. For coins, after the man was satisfied that Dawud could expertly hit his mark, were no longer forthcoming, and American candy seemed to be limitless. Almost as much as candy, kind words went to win over the boy's heart. Kindness and a genuine interest that Prudence developed in the preternaturally alert, wayward son of the desert.

There was nothing kind about the man of the desert with the hard, blue, Berber eyes. There were times when he was frightening in his savage impatience over his paper incantations that would not coincide with the hoped for conditions of time and place.

PRUDENCE PAIGE'S impatience with conditions at that time and place that could not coincide with her hopes was, on the other hand, a case that elicited the sympathy of any interested observer.

Dawud said to her: "Look, Missy. An honorable man of the desert repays a gift with a gift. I will bring you, therefore, an incantation that, when the time and the place are right will confer the completion of contentment to your heart's desire."

Prudence stared at the boy. "Nobody knows my heart's desire," she told him archly, and her eyes went sadly from him to the sun-drenched emptiness. And then she received a surprise that has flabbergasted more than one confident young person in the Orient who thought she could keep a secret where only Oriental affairs are secret.

Dawud laughed. "All the mission servants know," he told her, "and hence all the bazaar knows that your heart's desire is that tall officer. I shall therefore steal for you such an incantation from my uncle."

Prudence could only gasp while she burned hotter than from any discreet sun bath on the flat mission-house roof. All the voice that finally came to her was: "But, Dawud, you mustn't steal."

Dawud's black eyes went sullen. "In his rages he has called me names. A small penalty is therefore due to satisfy my honor." And he ran away, leaving Prudence to simmer down to confused near normal, murmuring, "Will anybody ever understand them?"

When Dawud came again she was not visible, taking one of the many daily baths that helped to keep people alive in Qantara; and Dawud was in a hurry. So he left his crumpled gift with old Hurrumeeah the gatekeeper.

"My uncle awaits me as soon as he finished a small business in this place. I must go, for he is in a generous mood today. He promises many piasters if I make him good sport."

"For half a piaster," said Hurrumeeah, "I will myself place this paper in Missy's hands."

Dawud only cursed him with the appalling fluency of an Arab boy and ran off.

So old Hurrumeeah debated whether he would deliver the paper at all, de-

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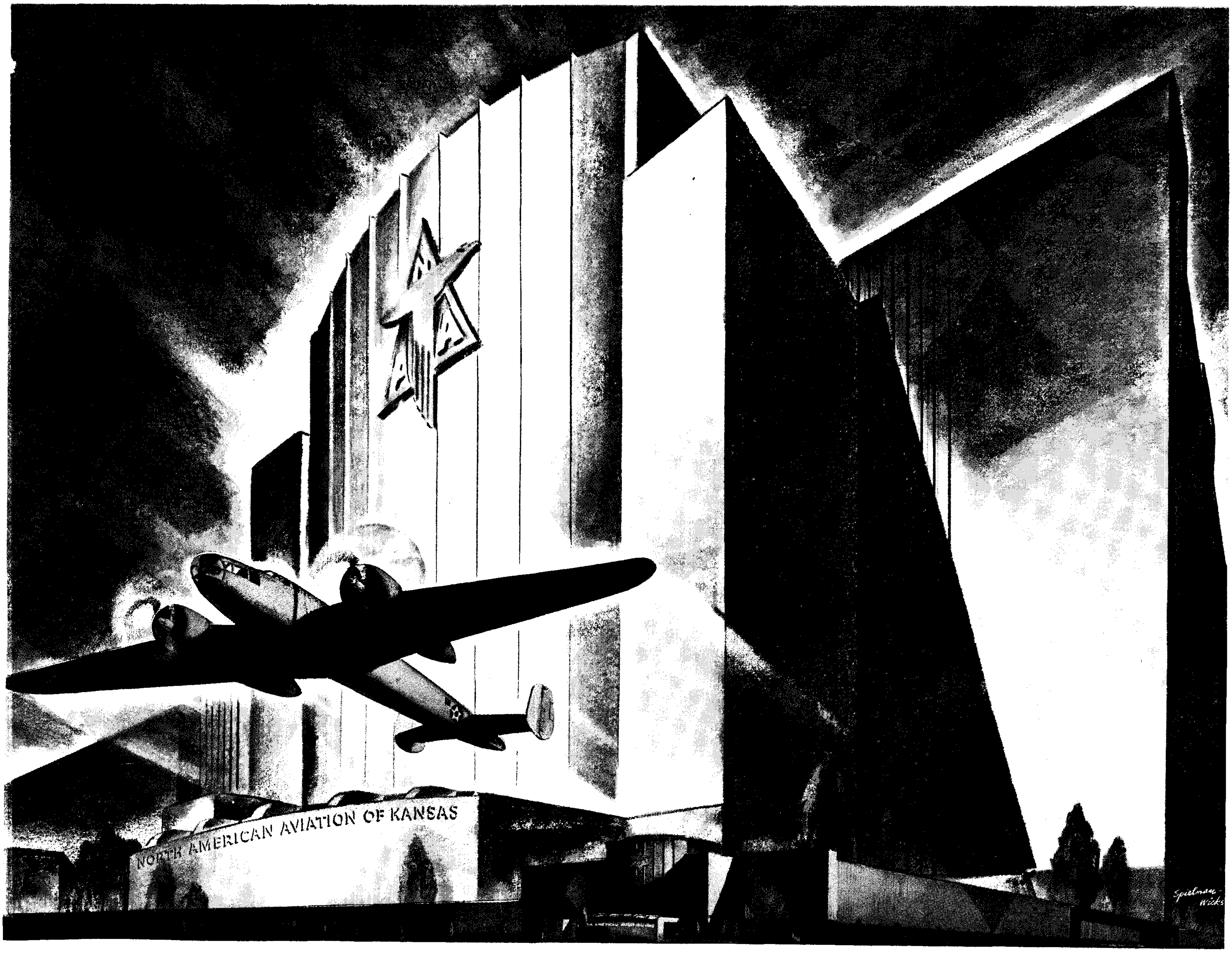
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cided that Missy would find out about it anyhow, and so took his own time.

Prudence untwisted the thing with an amused tolerance of the inexplicable East. An incantation filched from a mad Arab. She looked at the thing and the amusement went out to open her eyes in puzzlement.

It was not an Arabic incantation at all. It was a shopkeeper's list of goods. Or, if not exactly a shopkeeper's, it was a *précis* of some big importer's consignment: Figures, quantities, details of stowage; neatly written in a language that—her breath suddenly made a dry little *eek* in her throat—she was able to recognize as German! And she could understand enough of it to make out some of its meaning.

It said, in effect: "S. S. Am. Trader. General munitions." It gave in round numbers kind and quantity to each hatch and, underlined, "*Hatch number four,* explosives, detonators, etc."

Natives who saw her run bareheaded in the sun said: "Another *Feranghi* has gone mad."

Dingo was, by the grace of God, there. He and a squad of men, coatless, drenched in sweat, were immersed under the hoods of two weatherbeaten cars. Strong words boomed metallically from them. Dingo backed out and lifted a grime-smeared, furious face to the flutter of Prudence's entry.

"We're in a mess of sabotage here, Miss Paige. Some swine has poured sand into the oil sump."

Prudence's hand flew to her lips. Through tight-pressed fingers she faltered the one word: "Look!"

Dingo scowled at the paper.

"What does it all mean?"

Prudence translated, and she returned the question to him: "What does it mean?"

"Good Lord!" Dingo wiped grime across his face. "Sounds like extracts from a bill of lading. American Trader reported through Suez this morning. In the canal now. Where'd you get this?"

"Dawud's Berber. But—?"

Prudence could only look her frightened question; but Dingo answered it:

"God knows. Their spies are everywhere. This'll be a deviltry of some sort. That ship will be coming into my section about now too."

Prudence clutched his arm. She pointed at the sabotaged patrol cars. "If none of them run, we can commandeer Dr. Paulson's car."

Dingo blinked at her. "Does it run?"

"Sometimes. It'll have to."

Dingo came out of his stunned trance of helplessness. He barked orders: "Fix whatever you can! Anything! Grind hell out of 'em so long as they'll run. Follow. Telephone the other end! Telephone Port Said air patrol!"

He ran from the shop. Prudence still clutched his arm.

"But what can he do?" The impossibility of everything mazed her. "What can just one spy do to a ship?"

"God knows. They're devils, and the devil must have shown them something. I'll tell you when I get back."

"You haven't got time," Prudence panted, "to argue me into staying back. This is my business as much as yours."

THE veiled man's little business that he had had to do while he waited for Dawud in Qantara must have been quite satisfactorily accomplished, for his eyes shone with a holy light as he strode with Dawud over the desert. He did not have the shuffling lope of the born desert man: he walked heel and toe. But he covered ground, unhampered by dawdling goats this time. This little jaunt was strictly for sport. His furtive route staying in the hollows between the drifted dunes, suggested that it was to be a mischievous sport.

He brought Dawud, as always, to the canal, crisscrossing at the last through the gullies between the enormous fanned-out artificial hills of silt left by the incessant suction dredges. His fierce eyes narrowed in what must have been a laugh. He said:

"This day, time and place and my calculations come at last together. Sling me but a stone as I direct and five piasters shall be yours."

He sat himself down in the shelter of a hollow to wait for the exact moment of time.

A ship crawled past. The veiled man scowled his hate at it, as at all ships. He said:

"Not this one. The next—if that last incantation—which by the way, I seem to have lost, was correct. No matter, I know it by heart."

"Was it a good incantation?" Dawud was innocently interested.

"The very best of all incantations," the man said.

THE next ship was crawling on its way, three exact miles behind the tail of its predecessor, which was the closest safe limit the canal's rules allowed. A huge thing, deep-laden, it filled the channel. The man could make out its flag. He ground out a curse, not of rage, of grim satisfaction.

"On that ship," he told Dawud, "is a man who has done me an ill. A good stone or two in the right place will give me the satisfaction of beholding his rage, the greater because he cannot reach me."

Dawud could understand the mad rage of impotence as well as any boy who has ever snowballed a hated and pompous citizen. But, "What of the patrol?" he asked.

"There will be no patrol." The man actually laughed. "Moreover," he said, "we do not break windows. We but fire a stone or two through certain ventilator holes."

"What are ventilator holes?"

"They are tubes—you see them there, flared out. They carry air to rooms below. I will point out the tube to my enemy's room."

"Oho!" Dawud began to rise to the deviltry of this. "Like throwing a stone through a window and running."

"Exactly." The man barked an excited laugh. "Five piasters if you hit me the right hole."

"That will be easy," said Dawud. The great ship's bow was abreast. "Shall I sling it now?"

"Wait. Not these first holes. That one near the other end." He pointed out a ventilator that rose from number-four hatch of the ship. "And look, I have here, by Allah's grace, a splendid stone for the purpose."

He produced from his waistband a smooth, round, grayish mass the size of a goose egg and he laughed outright over it. "This one will make a mess like *Shaitan's* very *eblis* in that room."

Dawud weighed it in his hand. "It is heavy. Moreover, it would be a pity to lose forever so perfect a stone. Let me rather—"

The man's humor exploded in a frenzy of rage:

"*Machlool!* Five piasters, you chattering little fool!"

Dawud scowled at him from under sulky brows. "Moreover again, I think I hear a car of the patrol coming."

The ship was stealing past. Men on its deck idly watched two figures on the bank. The man's voice broke in a choked scream:

"Fail me now, you argumentative little devil, and it will be five lashes. Succeed, and it will be ten piasters! Look, the ship is all but gone. Twenty piasters!"

Sulky under threats but spurred by promised fortune, Dawud fitted the heavy missile to the leather cup of his sling, began to whirl it to get its heft.

And there, over the farther sand dune panted the car that he had heard. Prudence's voice screamed from it:

"*Harrm,* Dawud! It is forbidden! Whatever it is, don't do it!"

The car slid out of sight in the hollow as if on a switchback.

Dawud's eyes flickered toward the interruption. His sling in its final whirl faltered just a fractional moment. The stone sped; but Dawud, for once, missed. It struck, not the hole, but the shaft of the ventilator that opened into number-four hold and it fell onto the top of the iron hatch cover.

And then a miracle happened before Dawud's eyes. The stone, all of its own accord, burst into flame and burned with a hell's fury!

The car staggered over the nearer rise. Dingo jumped from it before it stopped. He was tugging at his regulation army holster that would have driven any Western gunner to madness.

The veiled man was gibbering incoherent noises through his wet *litham.* He snatched that *Feranghi* pistol that he wore in place of the forearm dagger, fired.

Dingo's hand clutched at his right shoulder and he spun around and pitched on his face.

The veiled man, faceless behind his covering, stalked toward Dingo. Prudence, without any prudence at all, flung herself at him, clung to him with all the strength of strong, young arms around his.

"No!" she babbled. "Not that! Please God, don't let him do it!"

The man shouted frenzy at her: "*'Raus vom Wege, verfluchtes Weib!*" He tore an arm free, back-swiped her across the face and knocked her reeling. "I don't kill him now—joost in case I don't make clear my getaway." He turned Dingo over with his foot. Dingo's lips spat sand, muttered indomitably:

"You dirty spy!"

The man possessed himself of Dingo's pistol. "Joost so your devil's woman don't schoot at me yet, I leaf no weapon." He started away at a shuffling run through the loose sand.

DAWUD ran to pick up Prudence. His dark eyes were big with fear and wetter than any bad young son of the desert had any right to be. Prudence was bleeding all down the side of her face. She staggered to Dingo.

"Never mind me, Dawud." Her agitation called for the impossible. "Stop that man! Go after him! Don't let him escape!"

Dawud gaped at her; scowled—but not at her. He muttered a grievance of his own: "A fool, he called me. Lashes he promised." He dug his bare toes to climb the shifting sand of the near dune.

Away up the canal there was a confusion of shouting on the ship where water sprayed silver in the sun and a thinning smoke. The veiled man was plowing along the gully between dunes; other gullies opened into it. Escape in such a place was easy.

Dawud, the son of Yessieh put stone to sling, whirled it, let go.

The veiled man fell forward on his face.

Dawud looked back for commendation. He saw, instead, Prudence's arms around Dingo and Dingo's head in her lap and Dingo's arms lifted to her neck and both of them smiling about something that was more important, for their fleeting moment, than anything else.

Dawud told himself with mature wisdom of the desert:

"True, it was a good incantation for Missy. But in the matter of the proper conventions, *Feranghi* women are completely without shame."

Anne the Angel

Continued from page 18

Dawn O'Day for a part in Finishing School, his first.

"Now, now, Georgie," they tch-tch-ed him. "You're getting ideas. Next you'll be wanting Rin-Tin-Tin."

But Georgie persisted, so Little Dawnie got the job. She was good enough in that to make the front office forget that she had been around so long, and she did even better in Bachelor Bait. And then came the real chance in Anne of Green Gables, which Nichols also directed and which made her a personage.

"Now, this little girl, Dawn O'Day—" began Nichols, as was his wont.

"We have another girl for the part," said the front office. "Made a wonderful test."

"Ah-h, *but*—" pursued Mr. Nichols, who was nothing if not loyal, "this little Dawn O'Day is the Anne Shirley of Anne of Green Gables."

And, indeed, it proved so—to the point where Dawn hied herself to a court of justice and demanded that the world know her henceforth as Anne Shirley and no other. Caring no slightest whit one way or the other, the court agreed that losing the name of Dawn O'Day would be no loss and the exchange was made.

Observers who have followed the Shirley career with some attention lean to the belief that the change in name meant also a change in personality. The girl *became* A. of G.G. and remains so to this moment, expressing contentment, spreading sunshine, loving the world. Without any slightest doubt, she belongs among the favorites of the screen colony. When she smiles upon a stagehand it is the real thing and not the condescension of royalty. She has a good word for everybody, nothing displeases her, nothing disturbs her.

"This is a lesson in child training," say the connoisseurs. "The way to make happy grownups is to kick them well when young."

And it is quite true that the hardships of her early career, far from embittering her, seem to have made her content with everything. This attitude has been aided by the success of her subsequent career, and the fact that the great Dieterle selected her for the role of Mary Stone in All That Money Can Buy is an indication that virtue is its own reward.

Miss Shirley is five feet two inches tall, weighs 105 pounds, has brown eyes and red hair, and probably possesses more sincere friends than anybody in southern California.

The RKO people are either working Anne steadily themselves or renting her out to the highest bidder. Just to prove that every action has a reaction, Anne has been lately appearing in Four Jacks and a Jill, a musical picture in which she dances with Ray Bolger and does a trick of singing.

Before it is too late it must be added that she started her career as an infant prodigy with one of the phoniest, most synthetic names ever heard of—Dawn Paris—and it was her real name. The fact that she could get along at all with that and its successor, Dawn O'Day, is a testimonial to the hardiness of ambition.

The John Paynes go to the movies persistently, as does everybody in Hollywood, and take in the night clubs occasionally, but most of their social activity centers around their home and garden. They have a patio, barbecue pit and a swimming pool "just large enough to dunk the baby in," and Sunday afternoon is their time for entertaining. Usually the group will include the James Ellisons, the Richard Carlsons and other young couples of the movie colony.

"And always a dish of the famous Shirley baked beans," report the operatives, adding that even Annie is getting a bit tired of that weekly triumph.

In the months before the arrival of the baby, a girl named Julie Anne, Miss Shirley had the first real vacation of her life and spent it catching up on her reading. She has since given up that nonsense, being too busy for it. She likes dance music and is particularly interested in interior decoration, as becomes a successful mother and housekeeper.

When she was sixteen and was made a star, RKO gave her a roadster, the first car she ever had. They also gave her a new contract, which was more to the point. She still drives a roadster, though not the same one, and has developed into a typical Hollywood driver, which is to say a maniac.

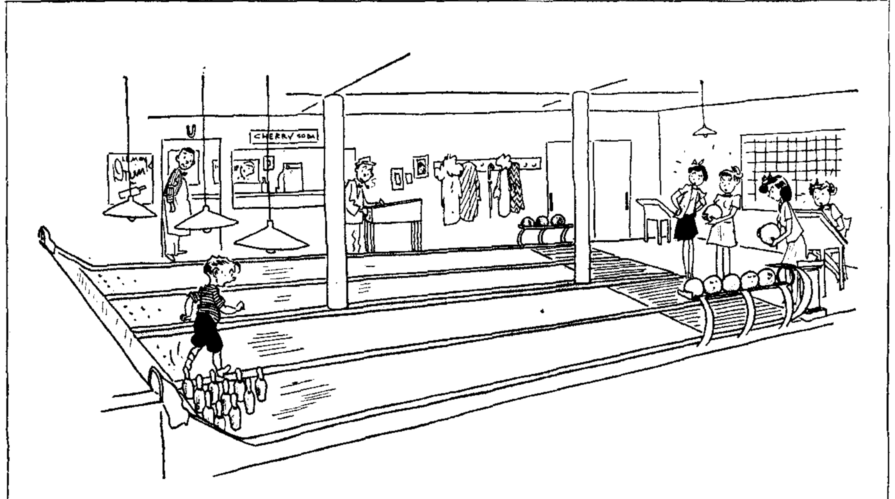
"Payne should have smacked her long ago on this particular issue," they say in Hollywood, "but they don't seem to be a smacking outfit."

She likes spaghetti, Mexican and Spanish food, and salads. She could eat steadily from now till Labor Day without gaining a pound. She will drive miles out of her way to pick up her stand-in and give her a ride to work.

They were discussing her on a set recently at RKO.

"You know what she is?" said a hairdresser, fondly. "She's a symbol."

"That's right," said one of the grips. "Jinx the kid, why don't you? It isn't just good enough that she's okay, eh?"



"Just yell if you knock anything down!"

REAMER KELLER

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1. Get ready to meet large occasional expenses such as insurance and taxes.
2. Pay debts from the past—instalment payments, for instance.
3. Live on what is left—pay rent, buy food, etc.

Planning—or budgeting—helps you to keep your spending in balance. You have a chance to decide in your own mind which purchases really are most important to you. Planning helps you control your spending to make ends meet—and to get the greatest satisfaction out of what you have to spend. And that, after all, is the real purpose of a budget.

Careful buying can do a lot for you, too. Compare values before you choose. Learn what grade or quality will give you the most for your money—and how and when you may use lower priced goods with satisfaction.

Would you like to receive a little book which will help you plan your spending? The Budget Calendar makes budgeting easy and simple. No tiresome bookkeeping is required. There are "plan for spending" sheets for every pay day in the year.

Household Finance has published the Budget Calendar as a contribution to better family money management. You are invited to ask for a copy without obligation. There will be no solicitation or follow-up.

How home money management aids national defense

Defense of the nation begins with defense of the home. Home defense means learning how to stretch every dollar till it covers taxes, contributions to charity, defense stamps and bonds, and all the things a family needs for mental and physical health. That's a big job.

We hope that this message will encourage and help folks to keep their money affairs on a sound basis—and that it will contribute to a more effective defense effort.

B. E. Henderson

B. E. HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

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Murder Trap

Continued from page 21

the garage where he kept his car and picked up a man to take the car back for him. O'Malley asked the man's name. "Joe Biggers." Unlocking his apartment, Commings discovered the dead man. Then he phoned the police.

"How come you was away over the week end?" O'Malley asked him.

"I'm always away over the week ends."

"Yeah? So when you're away who do you leave have your key?"

"Nobody ever has my key?"

We talked with Joe Biggers. He was at the garage—a young man, blond and rather gigantic. He couldn't tell anything. He'd driven away with the car before Commings went in.

We saw the apartment. A cop was on post there.

Commings had a front apartment on the first floor, the first door past the entrance. Mercin had been killed in his small living room. I saw no sign of struggle. There was a child's toy there—a small woolly bear, and O'Malley examined it.

"What's the bear?" he asked the cop.

"It was here when I come."

"This look like an extortion killing to you?" O'Malley inquired of me.

"It doesn't look like anything else," I replied, "and in my opinion the police are wise in holding onto Commings."

"Yeah? If he was in on it, why did he call the cops?"

"A criminal," I said, "always thinks he's smarter than anybody else, and Commings may have thought that by calling the police he would establish his innocence."

"You're nuts!"

I MET O'Malley next evening.

"How goes it?" I asked him.

"You was right about one thing; this Commings is broke. We found out about Mercin, too; he was a philanthropic kind of guy. He made plenty of money, and he give parties for poor children. Sometimes he'd get his pockets all full of dimes and walk through poor neighborhoods and give every kid a dime.

"Well, Armid ain't that way. He don't let loose of no money. He got that five thousand from the bank all right. Mrs. Mercin worked in that decorating place; then she got married to Mercin. It ain't true what Commings said—that nobody but him had a key to his place. Since the guy has been broke a maid comes in twice a week and cleans up his apartment. The days when she does that he leaves a key with the janitor."

"Anything else?" I asked.

"A few things. The medical office says Mercin got knocked off that same Friday night when he disappeared. It seems he hadn't never learned to drive a car; his wife done the driving. It turns out him and Commings kept their cars at that same big garage."

I was excited. "There's your contact," I told him. "Commings could have learned all about Mercin at the garage. There can't be a doubt of it."

"Well, *I* doubt it!"

I couldn't find O'Malley for more than three days; then I encountered him coming out of headquarters.

"You're on time," he announced to me.

He had a police car and we drove to the East Side. A plain-clothes cop was on a street corner, but we didn't speak to him. We passed a tall building.

"Mercin's place is in there," O'Malley informed me.

A block and a half beyond we came to a drugstore. Two plain-clothes men in the drugstore were buying a woolly bear like the one I'd seen at Commings' apartment.

"How is it?" O'Malley asked them.

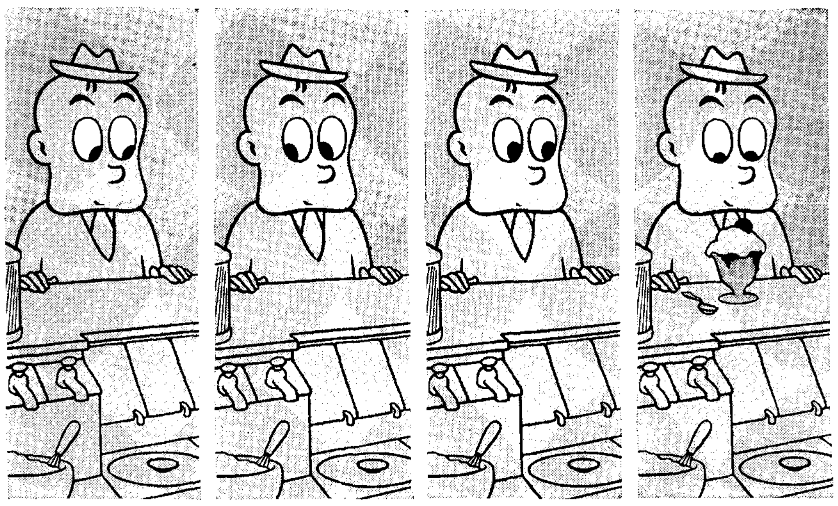
"Looks to be going all right."

WE DROVE to the West Side, parked the car and walked a block and around a corner. Three flights of narrow stairs led us past rooms over a store. O'Malley unlocked one of the rooms, but I couldn't tell much about it except it was a cheap room, and a man lived there, and even the furniture had been pulled all to pieces. It became night and people went up and down the stairs. We waited six hours. Then a knock came at the door and O'Malley opened it. Mrs. Mercin stood on the threshold. When she saw us, her face became chalk and her eyes stared and grew blank.

"Well, O'Malley," I said, when we had her in the police car.

"Wait a while," he advised me.

I waited. At the precinct house they took her into the detectives' room and I went along with them. The place was full of cops. I saw on a table a lot of loose keys, and money which I thought might be five thousand dollars, and a little black book, and two woolly bears. Then the inspector in charge had me put out of there. So I waited again.



Double Combination Super-Frappé de Luxe CROCKETT JOHNSON

"Certainly, O'Malley," I said, when he finally came out to me, "Mrs. Mercin didn't kill her husband."

"Biggers killed him," he said.

"In conspiracy with Commings?"

"Don't you never give up an idea? Commings had nothing to do with it. Mrs. Mercin worked at that decorating place and she got married to Mercin; *she wouldn't have married him except* for his money. When she quit working, that guy Roberts come and took her job in the decorating business, and Mrs. Mercin fell in love with him. They had been seeing each other right along without Mercin or Armid ever suspecting.

"Mercin give away a lot of money, but he always lived simply and he didn't see no reason his wife should spend more money than he did. Mrs. Mercin is the kind of woman that wants what she wants but ain't willing to give up nothing she's got. She wanted Mercin's money and his share of the business, and if Mercin divorced her she wouldn't get those, and she wanted to get married to Roberts. So, after a while, the idea come to her to knock off her husband."

"Just like that!" I remarked. "So Roberts was in on it?"

"He didn't ever even know about it. Mrs. Mercin is smart; she didn't figure to marry no guy that knew she done murder. So Biggers come into it. I figure it this way: Biggers is a good-looking blond guy and fond of the ladies, and the story is he made a play sometimes for ladies that kept cars at that garage. Mrs. Mercin picked him up sometimes to take back the car; and it's my idea he maybe made a pass at her. Well, Mrs. Mercin wasn't interested in nothing like that, but she was looking for somebody to knock off her husband, and that give her a chance to sound Biggers out. The end was, it proved, Biggers would do murder for five thousand dollars."

"I don't get it," I said.

"You will. With Mercin and Armid being the kind of guys they were, Mrs. Mercin couldn't get hold of that much dough, without arousing suspicion. So her and Biggers worked out that kidnap racket."

"I see!"

"Sure. Mrs. Mercin knew that, with her urging him, Armid would pay the five thousand if he thought Mercin was kidnaped. The night Mercin got knocked off, Biggers called up and Mrs. Mercin was waiting to answer. After she'd hung up, she told Mercin that Biggers had phoned her his kid looked like it was dying and he didn't have no money for medicine or a doctor. Of course Biggers didn't have no kid, or no wife, but Mercin didn't know that. She knew what he'd do under them circumstances; he'd go to give help. She'd already fixed it he wouldn't expect her to go with him, by getting undressed and saying she had a headache. She give him Commings' address, *claiming Biggers had give it to* her over the phone."

"But—" I objected.

"Say! Wait. Well, Mercin went there and Biggers was waiting. If Mercin thought maybe that was too good an apartment for a guy without money, he didn't get suspicious till too late. As soon as Biggers shut the door behind the old man, he hooked his arm under his chin and strangled him. The next day he phoned Armid and Sunday morning he collected the dough."

"Explain," I demanded, "about Commings' apartment."

"Yeah, that part is something! What Mrs. Mercin and Biggers had to have was some place where the dead guy wouldn't be found till Biggers had got the five thousand. Well, Biggers knew how to do that. Guys have hobbies and Biggers' hobby is keys; we run into crooks sometimes that have that for a hobby.

"Biggers says in his confession, if he could unlock something somebody locked up, it made him feel superior. He comes from upstate, where he worked in garages. He begun making car keys. When people left their car at the garage, they left the keys with it. Biggers always had in his pocket wax, or soft putty, and he could take a print of any key and make a key like it. Well, cars got stolen when away from the garage—Biggers didn't steal 'em; he furnished the keys—and people got suspicious; so he left upstate and come to New York."

"You mean he made a key to Commings' apartment?"

"He already had one. Commings remembers now he one time dropped his door key and another key in a holder in his car when he left it at the garage. He got 'em back through the garage office, but already Biggers had got a print of 'em. He'd tried out the key when Commings was away and he knew it would work. Commings ain't the only one. Whenever Biggers could get hold of a key, he made a key like it; and each key was numbered, and he had a little book and kept a record of what each key belonged to. It's my idea, when he decided to quit his job in that garage, there'd have been some nice burglaries. But murder looked better to him. He knew Commings went out of town every *Friday and stayed over the week end.*"

"BUT," I said, "how did you solve it?"

"Why, there had to be some connection between Mercin and Commings and there wasn't but one; they used the same garage. It's a big garage and several guys work there, so we looked 'em all up. The most suspicious was Biggers, but we wasn't sure it was him."

"Did you suspect Mrs. Mercin?"

"After I seen the toy bear I suspected her. She claimed her husband went out and didn't say where he was going. Well, he went to the corner. There was bears in the window and he thought he was going to see a sick kid, so he went in and bought one. The drug clerk remembered. Mercin was taking a bus and he seen the bus coming, so he didn't wait for it to be wrapped up. When Biggers knocked the guy off, he looked in his pockets, the way Mrs. Mercin had told him, and found Commings' address that she had wrote down for him, and he took that and destroyed it. He didn't think nothing about the toy bear.

"I asked myself this: Would a guy be going somewhere he'd take a toy bear with him and not tell his wife? I didn't think so. It looked like a murder 'plant' to me. To find out if it was, we worked an old gag on 'em."

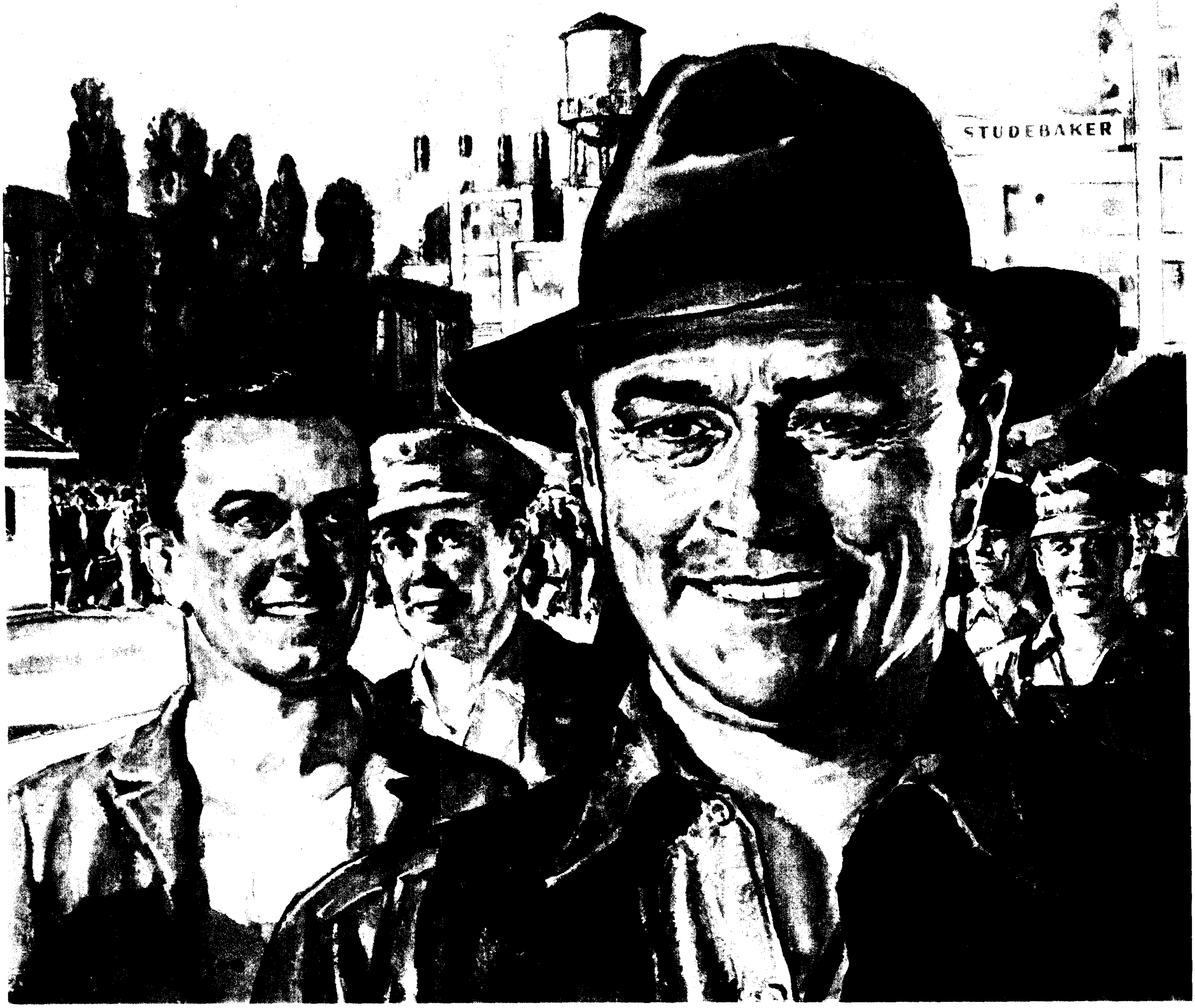
"I know," I said. *"You mean the cops* with their badges?"

"That's it. First we pinched Biggers, but we didn't tell nobody; it wasn't in the newspapers. We found keys at his place and tools for him to make 'em, and in an upholstered chair we found the five thousand bucks. Then we put cops to watch all them people, making sure by the badges they knew they was cops. Roberts didn't pay no attention, and Armid asked the cops what the idea was. Mrs. Mercin said nothing. Wherever she went she seen a cop near her, and the woman just worried.

"When I and you went to Biggers' place and waited, she was ready to break."

"Clever work!" I declared.

"You tell the inspector. How he looks at it now, the only way they got caught they was dumber than we was."



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Our FIGHTING MEN

CALIFORNIA

CAMP ROBERTS. Sticking closest to camp are the hundreds of Japanese-American soldiers, who, even though they could get leave to visit their homes, might be mistaken for parachutists by hair-trigger natives. Relatives can't visit them because all means of transportation save by private car are closed to Japanese, and few of those drive along highways near military property these days. In camp there's safety but occasional embarrassment both for the Japanese and their buddies. During a barrack-room bull session somebody is sure to refer to "those dirty Japs" and there's little that can be said after that, for a minute anyway. The first few days after Hawaii were the worst, but things got a little better when the first casualty lists contained the names of Japanese-American soldiers killed while fighting for the U.S. somewhere in the Pacific.

7TH DIV.

FORT ORD. A practice evacuation of half a dozen near-by seaside towns brought plenty of personal as well as military action. As one soldier piled out of a truck an officer pointed: "You take that house—get 'em out fast." It was the home of the soldier's girl friend. He pounded on the door, which she opened. "Listen, honey," he said, "grab what things you can and get going." She said she couldn't go out that night, "And what," she added, "are you doing with your rifle; are you nuts, or what?" From the shadows came the officer's voice: "What's the trouble there?" But before the gal could ask the officer to keep out of this, please, the soldier did some fast explaining and the evacuation proceeded without further hitches.

SAN FRANCISCO. The lid on Army construction news is clamped down, but the Ninth Zone Construction Quartermaster figures the enemy won't benefit by knowing that Fort Ord and Camp Cooke will soon have big indoor sports arenas with room for 4,000 spectators, basketball, badminton, tennis, boxing, wrestling and other muscle stretchers. They'll help, but won't completely overcome the disappointment over winter sports being called off. All big California camps are only a few hours from Yosemite Valley and other Sierra Nevada parks and resorts where soldiers had been expecting to spend week ends. Yosemite made a particular hit with soldiers during the summer and 11,000 of them had promised to return when the snow arrived.

MASSACHUSETTS

1ST DIV.

FORT DEVENS. In its metamorphosis from armed peace to actual war, New England is overlooking nothing. Optimistically planning on the capture of prisoners of war and apprehending enemy aliens, this fort is rushing its 4,000-man concentration camp to completion in the tent city area. Two barbed-wire fences, ten feet apart, were speedily strung around the open-air prison. Towers, each mounting four powerful searchlights, were erected at regular intervals. Inside are some 500 concrete-floored, wooden-walled tent forms, each capable of housing eight persons. Now building are a dozen cement-block houses for use as mess halls, latrines, kitchens and offices. In winter the place is guaranteed to cool anyone's ardor for serving against the United States; but at that it's probably a dozen times more comfortable than its Axis counterpart.

CAMP EDWARDS, Cape Cod. Just to complete the record: Lieut. Donald W. Flinn, of the 101st Observation Squadron, is now its skipper. His struggle to win wings and his courageous first-night flight were chronicled here June 21st and December 6th, respectively; now we beg to report that, when top officers of the squadron obtained transfers to bombing outfits they recommended Lieut. Flinn for the job of commanding the 101st. Buy War Savings Stamps and make sure he gets his well-earned pay.

TEXAS

KELLY FIELD. Letter from two aviation cadets: "Today, we of Squadron 6, Flight C, Air Corps Replacement Center (Air Crew), have declared by proclamation and documentation that the Civil War has been talked to a standstill and that all further vocal hostilities have ceased—the time of armistice being the moment of declaration of war between the United States of America and the Axis powers. Hostilities are to be resumed immediately following surrender of the Axis. Signed: W. L. Schnorbach (Michigan) and R. C. Byrnes (Louisiana)."

VIRGINIA

NAVAL OPERATING BASE, Norfolk. Tension here is probably tighter than at any other point on the Eastern seaboard, because the base is the largest on the Atlantic Coast. Army and Marine guards are co-operating closely and an air raid would surprise nobody. But, although the tempo of work is terrific, the N.O.B. schedule has been such during the past few months that the new state of war has changed it very little. Another case of business as usual.

CAMP PENDLETON, Virginia Beach. It took the Navy to unravel this post's target mystery, after the three incumbent coast-artillery outfits (244th, 57th, 74th) had fallen down on the job. The mystery involved the .30-caliber rifle targets, which, stored at the end of each day in a shed behind the range, always acquired additional bull's-eyes during the night—without a shot having been fired. The boys suspected a gag, or sabotage, but couldn't catch the perpetrators thereof. Then the Navy, in the form of the Armed Guard School, began to use the range, and when the middies became the victims of the same trick they started a little sleuthing themselves. Through evidence and deduction, the following solution evolved: Targets are pasted on a muslin background before being mounted on wooden frames. Wheat flour is used for the paste, the biggest blob being in the very center of the target. Wheat paste is a delicacy on any mouse's menu. Ergo, mice were chewing bull's-eyes out of the targets. The gnawing question at the post now is: How do you keep mice off a firing range?

CAMP DAVIS. Typical of the attitude of the personnel at the Barrage Balloon Training Center here is that of the soldier, who, prior to last month, had consistently squawked about early-morning exercises and long hikes. "If I hear any of you," he announced to his buddies, "kicking about all this training from now on, I'll push your teeth down your throats. And that goes double for me."

THE 301st Barrage Balloon Btn. made history a few weeks ago when it inflated a training balloon with hydrogen gas, which is cheaper, more easily obtained and has ten per cent more lifting power than noninflammable helium. Officers warned John Citizen against any attempts to handle runaway barrage balloons in the future, because "serious danger of an explosion exists." Sounds like a good way to get rid of souvenir hunters.

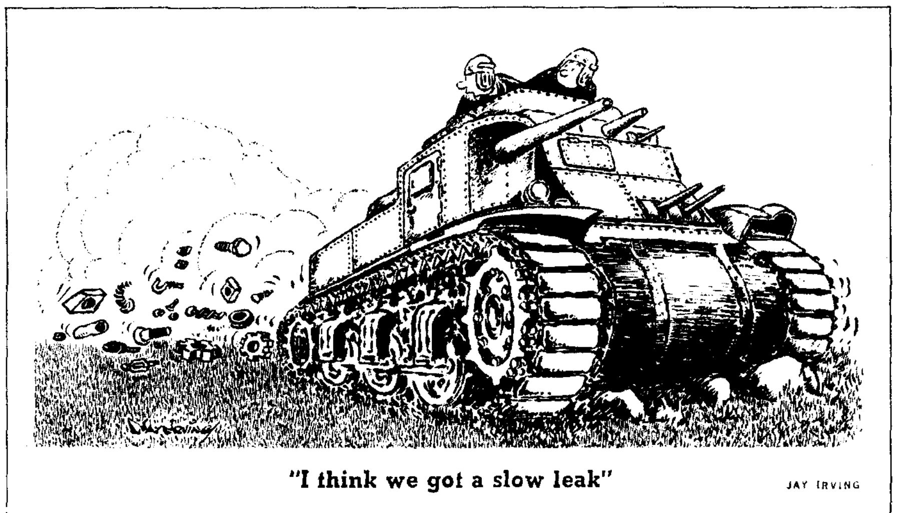
NORTH CAROLINA

9TH DIV.

FORT BRAGG. The arrival of Pvt. Francis Bozarth from Las Vegas brings to an end the long search by the 9th Division to find a soldier from Nevada. Brig. Gen. Rene E. Hoyle, its commander, now heads an All-America division boasting a representative from every state. The 9th, by the way, was chosen as the official guinea pig for the Army's test of morale among enlisted men. Three thousand of them—every sixth man—answered a total of 400,000 questions on what they thought of everybody and everything in the Army. The answers were shipped off to Washington for compilation, which probably won't come off, the whole question of morale now being as dead as a dinosaur egg, thanks to the Jigs (Japan, Italy, Germany).

GEORGIA

FORT McPHERSON. The selectee told them so when they made him stand on a sheet of paper and hold two 15-pound buckets of sand which represented a marching pack. "I got squashy feet," he told them, but the Qm. private went right on drawing an outline of the feet. "You'll find out," yelled the selectee. "I got squashy feet!" The Qm. private tossed him a pair of shoes one size longer than the outline. . . . For two days the selectee walked around miserably; then he broke down. "They got to do something about me," he sobbed. "I can't go around the rest of my life carrying two buckets of sand!"



"I think we got a slow leak"

JAY IRVING

MISSISSIPPI

39TH DIV.

CAMP SHELBY, Hattiesburg. Capt. Thomas G. Fleming, staff officer of the 150th F.A., has decided that from now on he'll believe anything. This credulous state of mind occurred following his investigation of the case of a regimental member who was being held in the cooler for popping an M.P. in a Hattiesburg restaurant. The peculiar facts were these:

The soldier entered the restaurant and ordered bacon, eggs, toast and coffee, which he half finished before espying friends in a booth at the rear of the establishment. While the soldier visited with the above-mentioned friends his waitress cleared his half-eaten meal away, turned over her apron to a new waitress and departed for the day. At this moment a large M.P. entered the restaurant, sat down at the soldier's place and ordered bacon, eggs, toast and coffee. You can fairly easily guess the rest. When the M.P. was half finished with his repast the soldier returned to his table, took one look at the bacon and eggs, etc., and knocked the M.P. out of his seat. The astonished M.P. tooted his whistle and the soldier was bundled off to the Cross-Bar Hotel, there to languish until Captain Fleming arrived to interview him. Everything is all right now; the bacon-and-egg eaters finally shook hands and the captain has gone back to wondering what will happen next.

TOP KICK ROGER A. MASTERS and Pvt. Calvin Carlisle, of Co. B, 113th Medical Regiment, got wind of a plot to eat Penelope, the company's pet chicken. The men swung into action to thwart the plan. They ate Penelope first.

RECOIL

THE slanderous and ill-chosen word was published in this column for November 22d, and repercussions are still repercussing. The word was "desolate" and it was applied to the Carolina maneuver country. "Desolate, he says!" reads an editorial in The State, published weekly at Raleigh, N. C. "*Desolate!* Southern Pines, Pinehurst, Rockingham, Wadesboro, Monroe, Biscoe, Asheboro—they're all in the maneuver area. DESOLATE. We're tempted to write Collier's and find out the name of the guy who authored that piece. . . ."

Well—we done it on the basis of reports from soldiers who quite rightly regarded some of the base camps in North Carolina as desolate, but after we came back from a 2,400-mile trip which covered the entire maneuver area we realized that the Carolinas are pretty superlush. We've been eating a lot of crow lately. Not a very tasty bird.

GENERAL

LETTER from a Navy wife, mailed from Pearl Harbor one week before the Japanese attack: "I wish A—— could get Atlantic duty so we could see you, but the East Coast doesn't seem like a very safe place to be these days. . . ."

EVER since the Air Corps came out with Keep 'Em Flying, similar mottoes have been flying. Most recent are the quartermasters' Keep 'Em Rolling and the Cooks & Bakers School's Keep 'Em Frying.

HOW about Keep 'Em Filing, for Army clerks who do the paper work? G. W.

Blitz Over the Philippines

Continued from page 17

provide the greatest number of available aircraft at any needed spot at a critical period.

American planes, as well as British planes from the Middle East, have already been started on the shuttle route across Iraq and India. And Hurricanes, Spitfires and P-40's, as well as bombers, should be in action from Burma and China before this article is printed, with bombers ferried from the United States.

I'm giving away no military or naval secrets when I ask you to place a piece of blank paper over the 7,090 Philippine islands and then ask you to find a suitable base for air attack against the vulnerable Japanese naval and air operation stations.

You reply, "Sure, what about China?" Perhaps you forget that air bases for operating successfully against this enemy today must be both land and water bases. You also may overlook the necessity for extensive repair facilities and for something in the way of technical equipment, gasoline, bombs, and maintenance crews beyond the fair-sized landing strips.

Japan's Pacific Air Bases

Japan's two most vulnerable air positions and therefore Emperor Hirohito's most important blitz bases in the Pacific at this time are two islands called Formosa and Hainan. The Japanese have put extensive equipment and large numbers of bombers and fighter aircraft on these two islands off the China coast. They're Japan's Hawaii. They're Japan's island aircraft carriers. It was from Hainan that Japan flew its bombers to blast at Hong Kong. It is Formosa's bombers and carrier-borne airplanes based at Formosa that have been hammering at military objectives here in the Philippines. Formosa's only 600 air miles north of Manila. Landing parties managed, early in the invasion, successes along the north and west coasts of Luzon—at spots where small airfields are capable of holding Japanese pursuit planes, as at Aparri and Vigan. Their purpose here was to enlarge the smaller fields to bomber size, and use these bases as locations from which Japanese pursuit planes could join long-range bombers out of Formosa each day and escort them to objectives on the Philippines.

If you look at what the Japanese were attempting to accomplish on the ground you see the Japanese plan unfold, particularly in the furious assault at Davao, on the island of Mindanao, south and down the east coast of Luzon at Vigan toward the Lingayen Gulf, into which action they threw an initial vanguard of over eighty troop transports with an accompanying naval escort. Imagine being in a lone patrol pursuit plane and popping down through the clouds at dawn on a muggy morning to see an armada like that spread out on a calm sea beneath you. You do a little quick figuring. You remember official tabulations give an average of 700 troops for each Japanese transport. You dive through a hail of aak-aak and you drop bombs on the landing barges. You strafe the decks of ten or twelve transports then pull back into the protection of the clouds and hightail it back to your base with vital information.

Yes, you've guessed it—it was Wagner.

The Davao action combined with the landings on North Borneo seeks to build an air wall across the south of the Philippines from the once Japanese-mandated islands of Palau, onto French Indo-China on the Asiatic mainland. This line would try to block aid from Australia and the Netherlands East Indies air and sea bases.

The Vigan and Lingayen Gulf action, being as close to Manila as it is (only about 125 air miles), has an obvious objective. With the China coast under air control and supported from the sea, Japan's air and sea route toward Malaya and the top of the Netherlands East Indies is direct and unmolested. Japan seeks by air and sea to isolate the troublesome Philippines and polish us off by an air barrage, followed by large-scale troop invasion.

We know Japan has about 6,000 aircraft, including some American Brewster Buffaloes and some Curtiss pursuits, given them by the Germans—planes the Nazis captured in Norway and Belgium. Of these 6,000 planes, about 4,500 are available for some kind of military and naval activity. Military and naval experts throughout the Far East tell you knowingly that Japan will keep at least 2,000 of these planes at hand to protect the wide-open Japanese cities from enemy bombing.

One reason the authorities give you for no widespread, indiscriminate bombings against civilian populations is the Japanese fear of retaliation on their own civilian population. The second reason is that in Japan and at the Hainan and Formosa bases the Japanese realize their supplies of bombs and planes, gasoline, oil and aircraft construction material is limited.

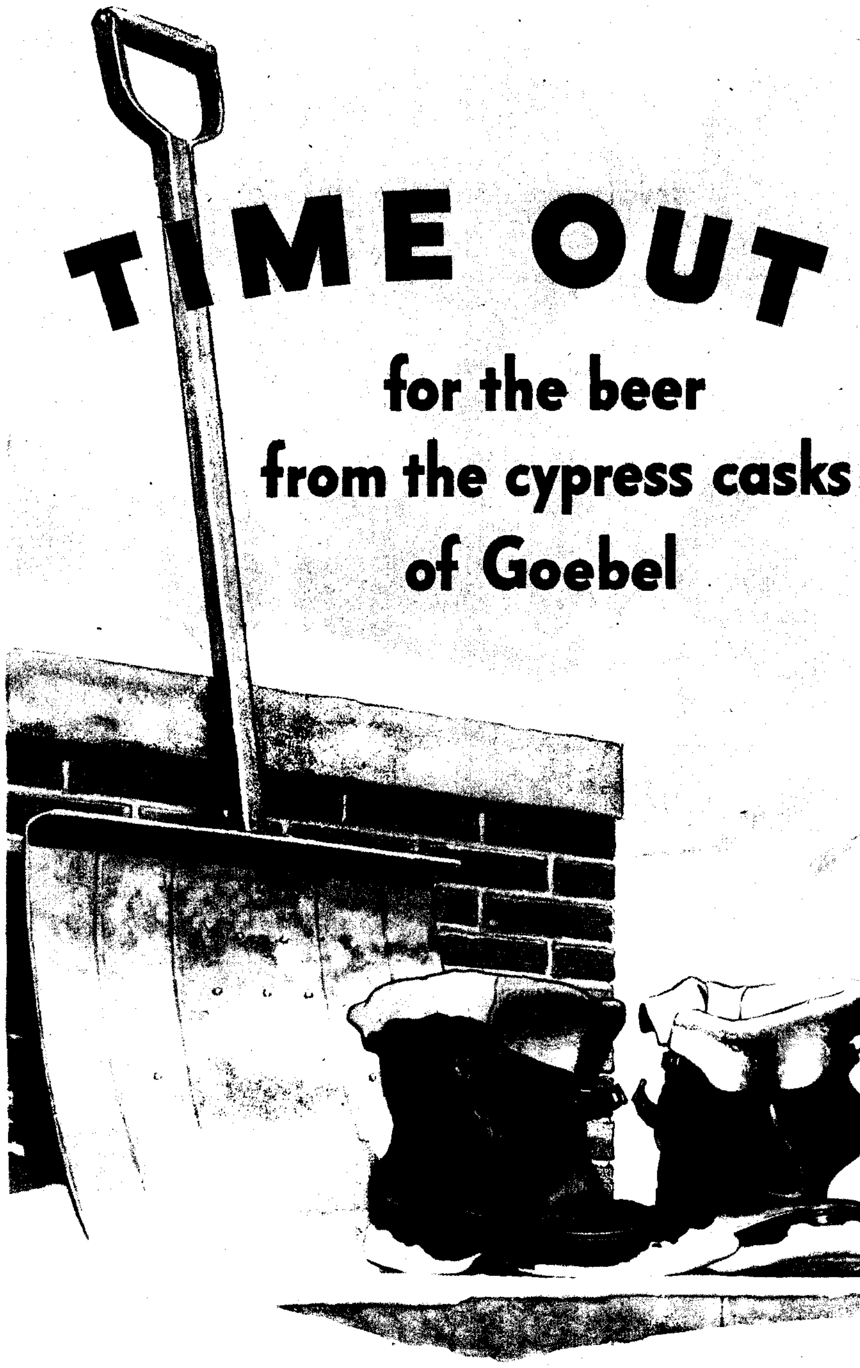
About this bomb-dropping business: I've seen my share of Jap bombs dropped in China and now here in the Philippines. Here, Japanese twin-motored bomber squadrons come in first and second teams. All of the first team, the boys who first struck lightning blows at the Philippines, didn't have slant eyes. When the air experts of the U.S. Army forces of the Far East say that as far as they have been able to determine there have been no German-made planes used against us or the British, they're doubtlessly well within bounds. But I ascertained from accurate sources before the war broke that German technicians were making Messerschmitts with German machine tools in Japan. I've seen some of the famous "belly tanks" dropped from Japanese fighter planes. These are 100-gallon tanks carried to give the fighters increased flying autonomy. This is an important clue to the possibility that the Japanese are flying their fighters from distant bases to their bases on the Philippines proper.

Meet the Enemy Pilot

Pilots with whom I've talked, who've fought the Japanese in the air, have respect for the firing power of a Japanese plane, but not for the flying skill of Japanese pilots.

"Sometimes you run into a fellow who's so good he's outstanding," they say. "He's not usually at the head of a squadron." Some of the crews of downed Jap planes saved themselves. They've been put in detention camps. I saw four of these dejected-looking Japanese fliers the other day. Sullen and young, they all had close-cropped hair. One wore jodhpurs, another gray shorts and a tan short-sleeved shirt. None had any military buttons nor insignia. None spoke English.

Naval fliers haven't come in for much mention in this battle of the Far East. But they've done some sensational things. One pilot, in a PBY, fought off Japanese pursuit ships but eventually



GOEBEL BEER

FOR generations Goebel Beer has been a favorite in Michigan. And today Goebel is meeting amazing acceptance in other sections of the country.

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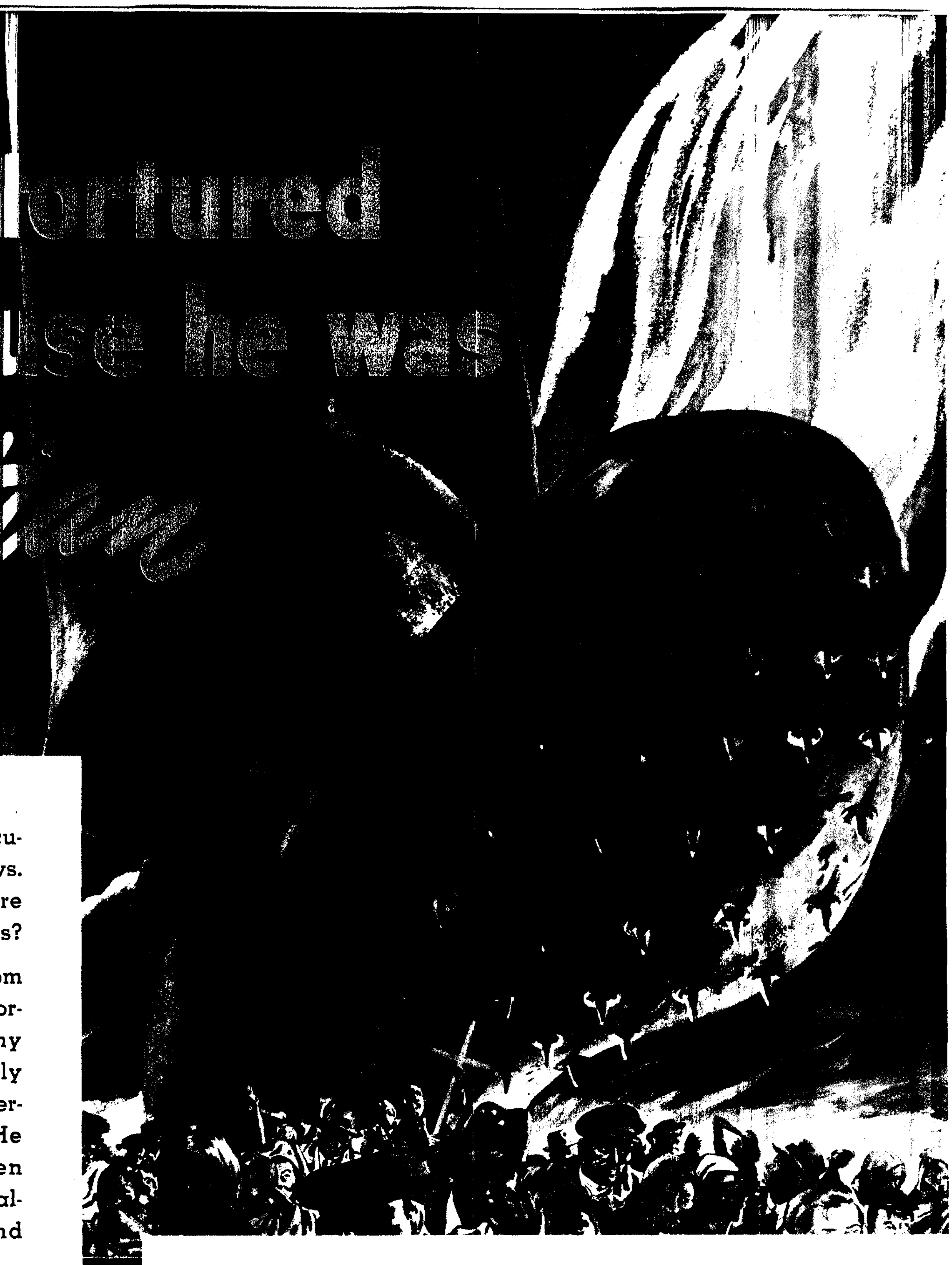
HITLER tortured him because he was a Christian



The Nazis boast of their persecutions of Poles, Communists, Jews. But how do German Christians fare—100% "Aryans," fervent patriots?

From Hitler's cruelest prisons, from torture under lash and knife, a former officer of the German army brings to Americans the ghastly record of the persecution of German Christians under Hitler. He tells of religious societies driven underground, of the savage brutalities wreaked on innocent and guilty, layman and priest...

Here is a story to stir the soul of every American—Protestant, Catholic or Jew. It will cause a tremendous sensation when it is published in book form later this year. But you can read it now, in the big February American Magazine, on sale at your newsstand today—

"FOUR YEARS OF NAZI TORTURE"

by

Ernst Winkler

—an enduring testament of faith by a heroic 20th Century Soldier of the Cross.

2 COMPLETE BOOKS

The February American Magazine brings you two complete books, each a good two-dollar value at your bookstore later this year. The first is Ernst Winkler's "Four Years of Nazi Torture," the other—

DEATH AT COCKCROW, Frederick C. Davis' gripping new mystery novel of the Pennsylvania Dutch country.

HOW WILL YOUR CHILDREN behave under fire? Read Hugh O'Connor's stirring story of the school kids of England's "Hell's Corner," learning their lessons while bombs fall.

HOW IS OUR PRESIDENT STANDING THE STRAIN OF WAR? Meyer Berger looked the "Boss" over, talked to his physician, his secretaries. Here's his revealing report.

SEVEN other important articles, 10 really fine short stories, more than 30 other fascinating features in the big February American Magazine. Buy a copy at your newsstand today—only 25 cents.

American
HITLER TORTURED ME BECAUSE I WAS A CHRISTIAN

was forced to land on the China Sea. He taxied his ship several miles through the whitecaps to the Philippine coast, where he and his crew made repairs and took off again the following morning and returned to their base. Another pilot had both motors shot to bits at considerable altitude. He faked a falling dive and then straightened out for a long glide, taking advantage of rising air currents to get him nearly back to his base, which saved the plane.

If people are asking where our much-touted naval aircraft carriers are in this war, there's but one answer at present. The Navy has these ships, a type of ship that in Mediterranean fighting proved especially vulnerable to air and submarine attack, in the most strategic position possible. We can't say more about this now. But our strategy appears to be to make the Jap take all the risks.

The defense against the combined Jap naval and military air-force blitz at the Philippines has been almost entirely carried by American Army pursuit planes and bombers. The same holds for Malaya, where the defense has been largely borne by the army air wing of the R.A.F. Only in the Indies have Dutch seaplanes given the Japanese any trouble. The Australian flying boats have given the Japanese islands something to worry about. They would. I flew with some of those Aussies and they were just itching for such a show.

The Pacific Far East war has been so far an attempt by the Japanese and German high commands to repeat the sweeping victories in Europe by immobilizing the American, British and Chinese planes on the ground, and by using planes as an air barrage under which to land strong forces. The next phase will be retaliation by Allied planes on the already landed invading forces in the Philippines, in Malaya and Borneo.

The transition to this phase will be gradual, now. Colonel Clare Chennault's International Squadron in China has already begun its task of moving an air front close to Hanoi, Canton and finally the Hong Kong coast itself.

The surprise phase of this war is nearly over for the enemy—or so say the military, air and naval brains here. Next phase is the counterblitz by the Allies.

I haven't mentioned Soviet Siberia, but its geographic position, on a line connecting up with the Philippines via intermediate air bases in China, has its future significance. With a map before you, you can see an extension of this air route from Alaska to Siberia, China and the Philippines via Japan, Formosa, and Hainan.

Such a route is not any more unfeasible than the Australia-Philippine route before spring.

But the bomber squadrons will not be waiting for spring or for Soviet Russia. They aren't even waiting for the Japs. Already they are hopping from one secret field to another secret hideout to keep the Japs from catching them on the ground.

Of course, they weren't hiding all the time. Take Major Emmett O'Donnell. He sighted what he thought was either a battle cruiser or an aircraft carrier off the north coast of Luzon. I'll let him tell his own story:

"When we started our run to make a pass at her she was zigzagging violently. We were alone in heavy fire. We got over the ship and let one go. The other bombs froze in their racks—too much dust and dirt in the mechanism. We'd spent too many nights out on dusty fields dodging the Japs. I tried to shake them loose. Antiaircraft was bursting close now. One cluster hit in front of me. That was too close, so we went up into a cloud. But the release mechanism still didn't function. After a few hours of cloud-hopping I got it working and we hit the Jap invasion troops at Aparri pretty hard.

"On the way home we could see between thirty and forty Japanese pursuits whipping back from an attack. That makes me think the ship we struck at was a carrier, one of their smaller ones. The Jap pursuits didn't see us, thank God."

The Japanese came out of the air that December dawn fired with the enthusiasm for an early victory. They came with power and they must be fought out of the air before the Pacific sector of the World War is under control.

To save the Philippines would be the first miracle of 1942. And salvation must come by air. This is the time for a frank statement with regard to the unpreparedness of the Philippines and the rest of our Far East forces. It's not the time to hide this under censorship from the American public at home. The Japs know this already or they would not be doing so well.

The West Coast Goes to It

Continued from page 11

phone. The questions pelted in: Where do we go in a raid to be safe? Are there any gas masks? Where are the shelters? What do we do—what do we do? . . . The Pacific Coast had been predicting war with Japan for twenty years—and here it was and very little done about it!

Well, it'd have to be done now, under fire. It was going to be tough, but the boys and girls would do it—the tough, calm Scandinavians up north, the Latins in the south, the people from Iowa and Indiana and Wisconsin and the prairies, who loved the Coast and would fight for it inch by inch. The boys up in Portland are doing a good job of precautions—"Let's do it better," said the Angelenos.

The Los Angeles fire department reported 10,000 calls during the first blackout. Most of them were rather foolish questions.

Blackout Blues

Los Angeles invaded the shops in huge numbers buying blue cellophane for the headlights of their cars. The fire department told them that thus to muffle their lights was illegal. The Army had no advice to contribute—hadn't got around to that yet. The Cedars of Lebanon Hospital reported a successful appendectomy during the blackout. The Georgia Street Receiving Hospital was humming with industry. It treated sixty-six ambulance cases, six times as many as usual. Fifty of them were traffic accidents. But no one was killed. Hollywood's famous Santa Claus Parade went off on time—seven-thirty. Hundreds of people lined the Boulevard. The blackout hit it midway. But everybody was happy enough. Pedestrians smoked themselves into the wheezes, cigarettes warning motorists to keep off. In England they fine you heavily for lighting a cigarette in the streets during a blackout.

Long Beach was completely blacked out except for the huge sign on one of the hills back of the town. It reads: Welcome to Long Beach. Nobody seemed to mind. Maybe the Japs wouldn't pay any attention anyway. The great Lockheed airplane plant at Burbank was guarded by the company's apprentices. They stood four and five to a block on watch lest a light be flashed. Instead of traffic stop and go lights, the kids would yell "Stop! Red light." Then "Green light. Go." The cars would wheel forward. In the dark it was like being in a room full of bats.

On Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard, the night before the blackout, a man was picked up swinging a red lantern. He was crying "Blackout. Douse your lights. Blackout." They called the wagon for him. The doctors found that he'd escaped from the Patton Insane Asylum.

On the whole, the populace in general seemed to be less excitable and better disciplined than some officials. The motorists, not the officials, discovered that flashing their car lights off and on as warnings of their coming bewildered pedestrians, sometimes making the latter bolt into the cars. Many apartment-house managers refused to heed the All Clear signals—said they expected calls from the police about turning on the lights.

Rumors were the worst things to combat. Planes over San Francisco; submarines under the Gate bridge ready to blow it up; submarines in the strait of Juan de Fuca, Pacific gateway to Puget Sound. A line of flaming arrows pointing across the Olympic Peninsula to the Boeing Plant at Seattle. (That one turned out to be a series of brush fires set along a highway by a road crew.) After the plane report in San Francisco one enraged citizen called Army headquarters and asked why nobody had taken a shot at them. "It's legal now," he explained, "in case you boys don't know it."

Things were made no easier by a radio commentator who got on the air in New York and yelled about preparations for evacuating the whole Pacific Coast right away. The Coast's general nonchalance about anything coming out of the East prevented a panic.

The Pacific danger area includes the Coast states of California, Oregon and Washington, the province of British Columbia and the territory of Alaska. Along the Pacific there is a narrow strip of coast, slanting sharply up to the coastal range and in most places only a few miles wide. Along this narrow strip, but not actually fronting the open ocean, lie, north to south, Sitka, Juneau, Ketchikan, in Alaska; Vancouver, Victoria, in British Columbia; Bellingham, Everett, Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, in Washington; Portland in Oregon; San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego in California. Behind the range lie valleys and travel between the coastal strip and the valleys is through mountain passes or the Columbia River, between Oregon and Washington, and the Fraser in British Columbia—the only major streams to pierce the range.

Evacuation Bottlenecks

Evacuating the Coast would be no simple job. From Vancouver to San Diego there are perhaps a score of passes over the range. Some of these passes have railroads, some highways, some both. But they would be bottlenecks, with troops and guns flowing westward and refugees fighting their way east. But the coastal strip still has thousands of secluded valleys, hamlets tucked away in folds on the hills, belts of virgin timber that would afford safe havens for millions, away from the vulnerable plane, power and Army and Navy plants along tidewater.

At first, the blackouts became a sort of high jinks for high-school kids, who thought it all a lark—so much so that radio stations announced solemnly that "the assistance of high-school students is not required during blackouts," and told the kids to stay home. Older people got a thrill by pasting blue, green, red or any-color cellophane over car lights—which was worse than useless. It made driving under ordinary conditions unsafe and wasn't effective during blackout periods. The official dimmer, after a few days, became a complete hooding of the lights, with only a dark blue opening, three quarters of an inch wide and three inches long—and no taillights. Despite all the lack of light, there were few accidents, due to a 20-mile-an-hour speed limit in most places.

Coast blackouts were pretty spotty at first. During an early one in San Francisco a huge sign blazed out the words "SAFE" from a building top. Zoos crated up their poisonous snakes in separate boxes and put extra bars around lions', bears' and tigers' dens. In Seattle one warden went around his beat telling everyone to douse lights. Then he went home to read a paper and was interrupted by a knock on the door. The visitor growled: "Put out y'r lights, will ya?"

On ferries, riflemen stood on the bow, potshotting into the water ahead "to detonate mines." No hits. Lloyds' of London would bet you 100 to one you wouldn't be bombed—but it had been a thousand to one before the shooting started. Folks couldn't pay their Jap gardeners and servants—it being forbidden to give any money to Japanese. In Portland one old Jap stood outside a bank from which he'd tried to draw some savings—just stood there feeding nickels into a Salvation Army pot, just to show he was on the right side. People started figuring out how to get into highway and railroad tunnels, in case. Obscure Filipino stores suddenly started to do boom business; Japanese stores lost customers.

One outfit ready for war was the telephone concern. At the first shot hello girls started streaming to their stations, in slacks, party frocks, ski suits and any old way; other employees got on the job according to a well-thought-out plan and the terrific rush of business was smoothly handled. In addition to local "Isn't it dreadful?" calls, there were thousands of long-distance messages from all over: "Are you all right, Maggie?"

There was a rush to enlist in Army and Navy both. Registered men in deferred classes and those who had claimed exemption flocked to draft-board offices and asked to be moved up, or to have the exemptions forgotten entirely.

All over the place people dragged out rifles, shotguns and revolvers; hardware stores were sold out of ammunition. Volunteers went out, without being told, to guard bridges, power plants and waterworks against saboteurs. One enthusiast in California turned out with a carving knife and a bow and arrows; another packed along three loaded rifles. Cops took the weapons away and chased the embattled citizens homeward. Scores of artists, some from federal art projects, went to work camouflaging plane plants. Housewives scurried around buying

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CARLSBAD CAVERNS is the world's greatest subterranean wonderland . . . and you can easily include it in your trip to or from California by travelling on the Santa Fe *Scout*.

Through tourist-Pullmans on the *Scout* leave Chicago and Los Angeles every night . . . arrive the second morning at Carlsbad, New Mexico, *located only 27 miles from the Caverns* . . . and depart for Los Angeles and Chicago the same evening.

Side Trip Only $9.75*

This unhurried all-expense side trip via the *Scout* includes round trip rail fare between Clovis and Carlsbad, N. M. (there's a small charge for tourist-Pullman berth), motor service between train and Caverns; breakfast and dinner in Carlsbad; entrance fee, guide service, and luncheon in the Caverns ● Mail coupon now.

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Send *Carlsbad Caverns*; *Scout* booklets.

Name..............................

Address..............................

staples—peas, potatoes, lentils, flour, sugar—and any sort of food that could be stored. They cleaned out stocks of candles, flashlights and batteries; oilcloth and black sateen and wallboard for covering windows. They dashed in and out of stores for colored cellophane for headlights. Black paint was in demand.

The first reaction to the Pearl Harbor story was "More Orson Welles stuff!" But in a few hours, walking around the streets, even sitting at home, people glanced around and suddenly remarked what a lot of glass there is in the world —and you must keep away from glass. Well, try to get more than ten or fifteen feet from a pane of glass. Cities and homes seem made almost altogether of the stuff.

After all the what-to-do advice handed out by experts and amateurs—mainly the latter—people still hardly knew what to do. There was no general rush into hideaways in the hills; trains and planes ran more or less normally; so did busses. Hotel guests asked for lower-floor rooms and some apartment dwellers phoned down to find out if there was anything available on the second floor.

It became apparent after the first shock that the best thing to do was stay put and keep cool, if you could. Running out on the streets to peer up for planes, or hanging out of windows, wasn't exactly prudent. It was hard to sit at home, waiting for something—waiting for the wail of a siren, the drumming roar of motors overhead, the sharp crash and smack of bombs—but that was what you were supposed to do. So most folks did it.

It was hard to remember not to switch on lights early in the morning. And to wake up in the middle of the night needing a smoke—and wonder if you dared strike a match.

Perplexity but No Panic

If the Coast's civilians were amateurs at warfare, it must be remembered that so were most of its soldiers. Just as Pearl Harbor was caught off guard, so was the Coast—but while the Harbor was, at least, defended by trained, expert fighters, the Coast had to rely mainly on its native intelligence and common sense, figure out what to do and get organized to do it. As a matter of simple fact, it *did* organize itself within a week.

There was bungling and confusion. There was divided authority. There was some small panic here and there. But under the threat of death from the sky ten million people, in uniform and out, *did* put their American genius for organization and co-operation to work swiftly and effectively.

There wasn't, for instance, a single air-raid siren anywhere; not a bombproof shelter; nor a gas mask. But signals were improvised; instructions for keeping alive, if possible, were broadcast; plans for home shelters were available to any one who hankered for them. For about $200 you could build an air-raid shelter—if you could get the material and the workmen. Some citizens started digging their own, back into hillsides.

In every city along the Coast people got into their cars and drove up to hilltops to see what could be seen—which was usually nothing.

Some cities found that a so-called Major Disaster Plan thought up—especially in California—to deal with a severe earthquake, came in handy. It helped to simplify the problem of getting together nurses, doctors, transportation, rescue squads. Los Angeles, for example, had had such a plan for ten years; it now is a part of the Civilian Defense organization.

Vox Pop popped in the newspapers. General idea of the writers seemed to be that maybe this would teach us to keep our guard up after this. Some conservatives in the Oregon country said the blackout was a good thing and allowed that if neon signs, night clubs and late hours for young and old were kept abolished even after the war that would be quite an improvement.

There was the usual grave discussion as to whether sauerkraut should again become Liberty Cabbage and what to do about sukiyaki and other Jap dishes. Incidentally, it became all right to call Japs Japs, instead of the politer "Japanese" in use before. Contrariwise, the Chinks became the Chinese and the Flips were dignified as Filipinos.

Ears and Eyes Seaward

Army and civilians worked together to man listening posts and to send patrol planes crisscrossing the Pacific in search of hostile carriers. There are hundreds of these mechanical ears up and down the Coast—ninety in Los Angeles County alone. Backing these are the Interceptor Commands, with patrol bases strategically placed and planes winging in constant vigil far out to sea. This system started to function minutes after the first bomb dropped on Hawaii and people have learned to trust it. When the Interceptor Command says radios may broadcast or that a blackout won't be necessary tonight, everyone feels better and catches up on their lost sleep.

People were warned, in case of bombings, not to flee to the Middle West. Anywhere out in the country, a few miles from cities, they would be comparatively safe. In the valleys back from the coast the farmers and loggers and fruitgrowers and vineyardists carried on as usual, often ignoring blackout orders. The jittery cities seemed far away and "What t'ell would they drop bombs on a prune ranch for, anyway?"

One example of how rumors grow in wartime: In one Coast city a naval officer called a relative and said it might be a good idea for Mother to go visit some friends in Montana "so I won't be worrying about her while I'm at sea." This passed from lip to lip, swiftly. By afternoon half the city was whispering: "The Navy says to get out—the Navy says to get out!"

Despite this sort of thing, there was no rush to get away. Trains and busses did less business than usual. In an emergency there were two Canadian and six or eight American railroads operating between the Coast and the Middle West and huge numbers of people could be moved away in short order. Private cars and busses could handle other thousands across the passes, even in winter. North-and-south rail facilities were not so good, but there were half a dozen highways and this traffic wouldn't be congested.

One thing that grew and grew with the blackouts was neighborliness. A common danger made a common friendship. You got lost in the blackness and asked: "Where am I, please?" and a hundred voices told you. People passed around cigarettes to soothe ragged nerves. Neighbor called on neighbor: "Need anything? All right?" Careless persons who left lights on became public enemies instantly. Most cities saw mild mob action to douse store-window lights and there was considerable glass crashing here and there. But the crowds mainly were laughing and good-natured.

High on a hilltop above a Coast city a boy and girl sat, arms around each other, looking down over the moonlit, silent town far below. The girl sighed: "It's such a lovely moonlit night . . ."

"Yes," said the boy, "Dammit!"

Don't Believe a Word of It!

Continued from page 19

distress, jealous or bitter men and women.

"In the United States," the committee reports, ". . . agents maintain contact with Americans of German origin and establish relations with native Americans of German sympathies and with those whose unwitting aid to the Nazi cause can be exploited. Carefully chosen and specially trained for their jobs, members of this group form the personnel of Germany's psychological intelligence service. . . . The primary objective of psychological campaigns is to influence and confuse public opinion . . . through ordinary and extraordinary media of communication by rumors, illusions, suggestion, agitation, deliberate lies, and by the exploitation of national animosities and prejudices."

The F.B.I. knows the identity of many of these agents, but it is saying little about it. Intelligence officers in the Army have tracked down others and the FCC, through its listening posts, has tipped off the authorities to still more. They are found in surprising places. One was the housemother in a girls' dormitory in an Eastern college. She had been listening to the Berlin short wave for hours daily and was spreading its poison among the girls. Another agent was arrested in Illinois.

Under a ruling by the Attorney General a year ago it became illegal for propaganda mail to be received, *in bulk*, by persons who were not registered as foreign agents. In the following six months post-office agents seized 150,000 pounds of such mail from Germany, Italy, Russia and Japan. The people to whom it was addressed, and who obviously intended to distribute it in America, were naturally objects of interest to the Department of Justice.

It is a safe assumption that most of the agents are still busily at work, however. Let's look at the way they operate. It has long since been drilled into them that their master in Berlin wishes the people of America to believe certain things. He wants them to believe that the English are degenerate and defeated, that it is too late to help England. He wants them to think that the Jews started the war, that our production effort has failed, that the men of the selective-service armies are badly treated and are disgruntled, that England is profiteering through the food shipments sent under Lend-Lease, that America hovers on the brink of financial ruin—and so on *ad nauseam*. It is the job of Hitler's agents in this country to see that Americans actually do believe these things.

All of us are potential dupes. This writer heard a story some weeks ago and is ashamed to say that he has repeated it. The story concerned a crippled airplane trying to make the British coast. Included among the passengers were a Dutchman, a Frenchman, an Englishman and a Greek. It was a bitterly cold, foggy night. The pilot came into the cabin to report that ice was forming on the wings and that all would be lost unless one passenger lightened the ship by jumping overboard. The Dutchman volunteered.

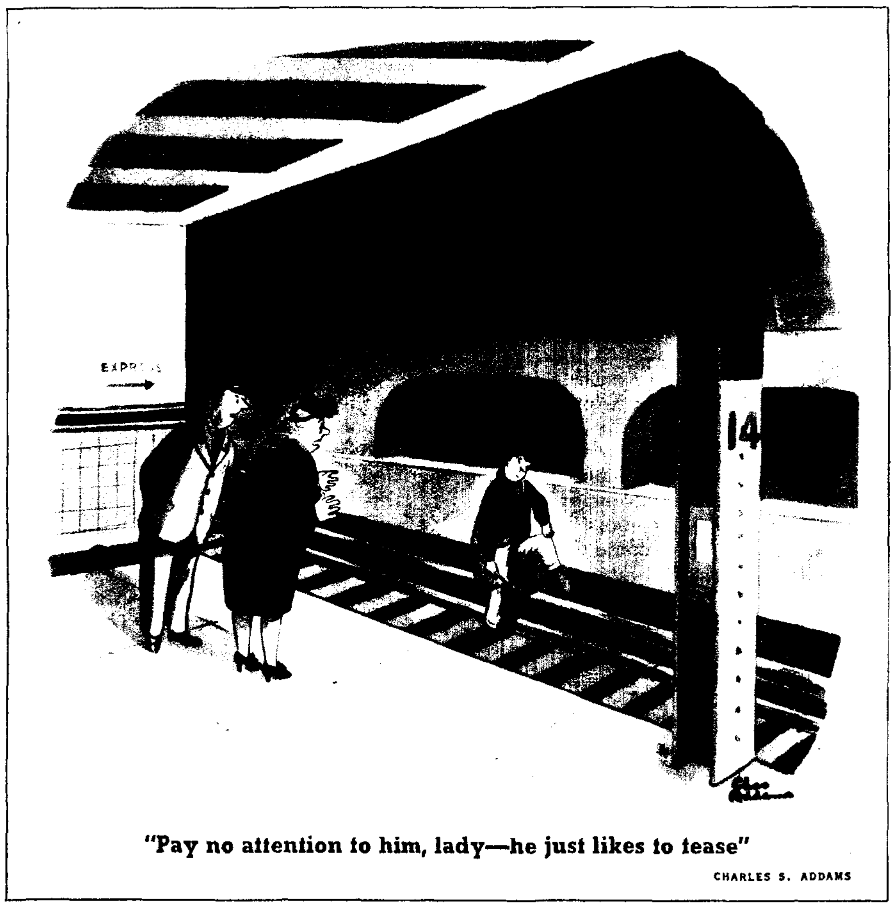
"For my country!" he said, and hurled himself into the sea.

The ship struggled on. The pilot said that another passenger must die if the others were to survive, so the Frenchman jumped. But even this was not enough. The plane, its wings heavy with ice, was still losing altitude. A third passenger would have to go. So the Englishman arose.

"For England!" he said—and pushed the Greek overboard.

That story was first told by Lord Haw Haw, the renegade Englishman, during a short-wave broadcast from Berlin to London. It quickly reached the United States. There was just the faintest touch of truth in it—because of the conquest of Greece. And it was innocently repeated by people in this country who really were pro-English. Thereby Hitler was served. England was, in fact, degenerate. England had sacrificed brave Greece to her own selfish ends.

So humor is one basis of Nazi propaganda here. Der Fuehrer would doubt-



"Pay no attention to him, lady—he just likes to tease"

CHARLES S. ADDAMS

TO MEET EACH DAY WITH RADIANT
Morning Freshness

Try this at bedtime tonight

IF THE swift pace of these strenuous war-time days is wearing you out—if you're losing your freshness and sparkle—waken tired and nervous, feel exhausted at night—you should know this.

Today, modern science is reporting startling discoveries *about food*. About new-found, almost-magic food elements—with power to *revitalize* millions of the tired, the nervous or under-par, and build them up for clear-eyed morning freshness and vigorous, buoyant days.

As you may have read in recent magazines, these new-found food elements are so important that governments throughout the world are changing national diets to include *more* of them. Warring nations feed them to their armies, to build up physical stamina and sound nerves. Deny them to their captive peoples, to sap physical resistance and undermine morale.

Already here in America our own government is seeking ways to supply more of these elements in food form. For government studies show that 2 out of every 3 Americans in all walks of life *aren't* sure of getting enough of these vital food-factors to be at their best.

What To Do

In light of these new discoveries, thousands are taking a cup of *new, improved* Ovaltine each night and morning. For Ovaltine is a scientific food-concentrate designed to do two important things.

First: Taken warm at bedtime, Ovaltine fosters sound sleep—*without drugs.*

Second: To build vitality while you sleep, Ovaltine supplies a wider variety and wealth of valuable food elements than any single natural food. *More* than merely a "vitamin carrier," it provides not just two—or four—or six—but *eleven* important food elements, *including* vitamins and minerals frequently deficient in ordinary foods. Significant amounts of Vitamins A, B_1, D and G—protecting minerals—complete proteins—all in easily-digested food form. It also contains the new-found vitamins pantothenic acid and pyridoxin.

So—if you've been waking tired and listless, turn to Ovaltine—begin tonight. See if you don't soon feel—*and look*—far fresher mornings—with far more "life" and sparkle to carry you through the day. Get a tin of Ovaltine, today.

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Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and interesting new booklet about certain miracle elements in food and the promise they hold. One sample offer to a person.

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Ovaltine
THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

less be delighted if he could circulate more such stories. Meanwhile, his agents need be in no doubt on the ramifications of the Nazi propaganda line. The Nazi government in Germany knows that very few Americans listen to short-wave broadcasts; if as many as 500,000 tune in with any regularity it would surprise the experts of the FCC in Washington. But the agents, paid and unpaid, listen. They know that when a rumor, a story or an attack is broadcast from Berlin or Rome it is intended for circulation here. They know that material in the pro-Axis press of the United States is also to be spread far and wide. These two major channels tip them off. There is nothing new in all this. Germany developed the system to break down France, and there was aided by fifth-column agents. It was perfected in the Scandinavian and Low Countries. It is being used in England, as well as in the United States today.

Out and out falsehoods, the Nazis know, are not as effective as distorted truths. A milk train is late, let us assume, in some English city in the Midlands. A small paragraph noting this appears in the local paper. This is cabled to Berlin from Dublin on the same day and that night in Edinburgh and Glasgow the short wave proclaims that train service throughout all the south of England is disrupted.

An identical setup operates in the United States. A wholly reputable newspaper might, for example, print an objective account of an impending oil shortage. The German agent sends this to Berlin. In Berlin some member of the propaganda service puts the appropriate touch on the news item—the distortion which will serve Hitler's purpose. In due course the distortion will come back on short wave. Other agents, listening, will soon be spreading rumors that the nation's supply of gasoline or oil can last, at best, a few months.

Efforts thus to spread dismay will be pressed forward with vicious vigor as the United States fights actively in the war against dictatorships. Mothers will hear by telephone that their sons have been killed in action. False warnings will be given of the approach of hostile aircraft. There will be whisperings of disasters at sea and in the air.

The Nazi propaganda line stands out with vivid clarity in the pro-Axis press, still freely published and circulated in the United States because, ironically enough, it is protected by our Bill of Rights. This is one job of the Special Defense Unit of the Department of Justice. All foreign-language newspapers are read and translated. Editorials and news articles which can be made the basis of rumors and lies are catalogued and filed.

How Rumors Are Born

Typical was a news item last June in The Free American, published in New York City and the principal organ of the Eastern Bund. "British Undermining American Industry" was the headline. It quoted a statement by Representative Paul W. Schafer of Michigan that England was dumping goods in this country and cited a sale of English china, at prices far below American china, in Washington, D.C.

The same pro-Hitler newspaper told last September how food prices were soaring in the United States because of shipments to England. Not only that, said The Free American, but "local fishermen declare that cargo ships, bound for England overloaded with food supplies, have anchored off the coast while the sailors dumped innumerable crates overboard into the Atlantic."

Colossal nonsense? A preposterous falsehood? Of course, but of such lies are rumors born. At about the same time Der Abendpost of Chicago, a German-language newspaper, said that the passage of the Lend-Lease bill was proof that Roosevelt had become a dictator. La Stella di Pittsburgh, an Italian newspaper in Pittsburgh, attempted to sow religious discord by saying that Protestant organizations favored the Administration's foreign policy while Catholics opposed it.

That a new A.E.F. was being secretly prepared was a repeated assertion by the pro-Nazi newspapers; their purpose, of course, was to spread alarm and resentment among the nation's soldiers and their parents. Thus El Traduccion-Prensa, a Spanish journal of Tampa, Florida, said that American armies would soon embark for Greece. The ubiquitous Free American, possibly Hitler's most potent journal in the United States, declared that Washington had promised to send sixty divisions to Prime Minister Churchill and that most of these would see service in Africa.

They've Got the Answers

In November the Washington (D.C.) Journal, another German-language newspaper, published an account of outrages allegedly committed by British soldiers in Iceland. The story told of the arrival of "three Icelandic refugees" in Norway who said they had killed two British soldiers because they had raped a fisherman's daughter in Iceland. These lies and slanders, like the ones which spew from the Axis radio stations, are expanded, twisted and circulated.

The Axis penetrates every corner of the nation. No group of federal agents is in closer touch with rural America than the 12,000 field workers of the Soil Conservation Service of the Department of Agriculture. Last spring they began to appeal to Washington for data whereby to answer the rumors which they heard. So a handbook on defense was prepared for their use and supplements issued from time to time as the field workers sent in questions. One of these was whether cheese sent to England under the Lend-Lease law was being sold at one dollar a pound in London. The answer showed how this could not be true and gave the exact prices at which the cheese was selling.

Other rumors, also denied by the Soil Conservation field workers, hinted that England was exporting vast quantities of aluminum during the drive for pots and pans in the United States, that the scrap metal collected was of no value for airplanes and that it had all been a swindle perpetrated upon an innocent public.

A main objective has been to destroy the morale of the new American Army and the faith of the public in it. General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, has stressed the gravity of this drive which, he has said, "for a long time" has been "directed against the development of our entire defense program."

"A portion of my daily mail," said General Marshall, "is more or less a direct repercussion of such German scheming. The letters come from families who are worrying about their boys in the Army . . . They come from members of Congress who have been similarly misled. This process of misrepresentation and distortion has been carried on with persistence and skill. Sometimes the results have been seriously disturbing."

This is how it works in the armed forces. About a year ago anonymous post cards began to arrive at Fort Dix in New Jersey. "Your wife was seen parked in a country lane in an automobile—A Friend" was one of them. "You'll want to hear that your girl isn't faithful to you; she's playing around with another man," was another. The recipients saw red, of course, and some of them went A.W.O.L. pronto. It was weeks before the morale officers convinced the men that this gag had been pulled by the Nazis among the officers and men of the French army not long before the fall of France.

In a mammoth Eastern receiving camp through which thousands of new drafted men pass to permanent assignments, another scheme was used. The newly arrived soldiers were, in the main, surprised and pleased over their treatment, quarters and food. They were led to expect equally good treatment at the camps to which they would be transferred. After they had been at the receiving camp for ten days or so a fellow-soldier would drift over.

"We're lucky to be here," he would say. "Grub okay. And the officers aren't bad."

The draftee would nod. "Boy!" the first man would then say, "we're lucky not to be down at Camp X in Georgia. It's full of influenza. The food stinks. The officers kick you around."

Within a day or so the draftee would find himself transferred to Camp X in Georgia, or wherever the noxious post was located, and would arrive a disgruntled, suspicious soldier. This happened repeatedly. Were Nazi agents, wearing the American uniform, actually in the Army? There is reason to believe that this was the case.

During last summer's maneuvers a rumor was circulated among National Guard regiments that in a single Regular Army division over 1,000 men had deserted. The implication, of course, was that the National Guard could not be expected to remain on the job if the regulars were running away. The actual truth, as finally brought out by G-2, was that one, lone, solitary soldier had deserted from the division mentioned.

Post-card Blitzkrieg

A similarly intensive campaign has been conducted to convince the public as a whole and mothers and fathers of soldiers, in particular, that conditions in the Army are frightful. Officers in the War Department were puzzled last fall to have forwarded to them hundreds of post cards, written in pencil, from a Middle Western cantonment. All of them complained of conditions in the camp and spoke of forthcoming mass desertions. An investigation resulted in the arrest of a private at the camp and his subsequent court-martial. He confessed that he had received the post cards, in bulk, from his mother in Chicago. She was of German birth and belonged to a pro-Nazi organization.

Citizens of a Southern state through which troops marched for the recent sham war between the Red and Blue armies picked up on the highways notes describing Army life in profane and indecent terms. They were signed "Private Smith," "Sergeant Flaherty" and with other names. It looked as though they had been dropped from Army trucks by the troops. Investigation showed that all of the names were faked. No arrests have been made, as yet, but it is fairly clear that the notes were written by Nazi agents.

Have you heard, by the way, the one about the rattlesnakes in Mississippi and Louisiana last summer? This spread like terror in a herd of stampeding cattle. It seems that the troops were sent on forced marches through remote, unsettled areas of those states. The sections were infested with rattlesnakes and other venomous reptiles. Hundreds of men had been bitten and many had died. The Army had suppressed all the facts, though.

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Stand By for Torpedo!

Continued from page 12

It's obvious my number isn't up yet. Just as I reach the flag deck again I see a splash three miles distant off the port beam and a roar goes up: "We got him!"

Smoke is still coming up from the catapult deck and strenuous efforts are under way to control the fire. Four stokers come up to the flag deck to get first aid. They're blackened and scorched, and their clothes are water-soaked.

They are very calm but wild-eyed and stunned, and their hands are shaking. It isn't a pleasant sight, and someone says, "Make way for these men. They need first aid."

A stoker says, "Water. I want some water." A glass is placed to his lips.

It's 11:40. The Prince of Wales seems to be hit. She's reduced her speed and signals, "We've a man overboard." A destroyer pushes up to her side. Standing less than 100 feet away, it's as incongruous as a baby running to protect its mamma. The flag-deck lieutenant says: "Those Japs were good, weren't they?"

I say, "Too good to suit me. How badly is the Wales hit?" The lieutenant says, "I don't know. They haven't told us yet."

We are all lighting cigarettes, sucking deeply, and our exhalations are more like sighs. The pause is too brief. At 11:45 distant specks appear. Now they are identifiable. They are nine torpedo-carrying bombers, circling a mile away at one thousand feet. They are now like moths around our flaming guns.

They swoop lower. A bugle blows to stand by. The communications pipes roar to stand by for a barrage, and instantly every gun aboard the Repulse is stuttering and roaring and the whole ship vibrates and the pom-poms are tossing empties furiously. But their clatter is unheard in the bigger roar of the guns. A voice beside me says, "Look at those yellow ——— come!" The Repulse is twisting and snaking violently to avoid torpedoes. My only weapon is a fountain pen and a notebook, so I sidle beside a multiple Vickers gun spewing 2,000 half-inch bullets every minute.

The Youngsters Are Eager

A few feet to my right an eight-barreled pom-pom is spitting, and half a dozen feet away a four-inch high-altitude ack-ack is crashing, its barrel nearly horizontal instead of skyward, to meet the onrushing torpedo bombers, which are coming down gracefully 100 yards above the water.

A cooling liquid is gushing over the guns and the paint blisters on them are as big as tennis balls. Gunners are moving like a movie running too fast. Some are very young and eager and breathless with excitement; their faces streaked with sweat. The white cloth antiflash helmets covering their heads, cheeks and shoulders are now soaked and discolored. Some are wearing life belts and Mae Wests.

A whole pom-pom swings this way and that, with its seated trigger man, feet braced, riding with it. That is a dizzy job.

I've already seen three torpedoes drop. One plane just dropped a torpedo 300 yards distant. The whole side of the plane is exposed. Shells and tracers are ripping into it. It's fascinating to watch.

The tracers are cross-stitching the sky, at eye level, with long, thin white lines, slightly curved. For me this whole picture—orange flame belching from the four-inchers, white tracers from pom-poms and Vickers guns, and gray airplanes so close I can see the pilots' profiles; astonishingly close, like butterflies pinned on blue cardboard—is a confusing, macabre kind of fun.

But this, I realize, is deadly business too. Three gunners ten feet from me slump over with Japanese machine-gun bullets in them. It's difficult to comprehend sudden death. But they aren't the only casualties in this terrible moment. A torpedo bomber has just dropped a tin fish and banked without gaining altitude. It glides beautifully, parallel with the Repulse at a ten-degree angle and still tracers are plowing into it. It doesn't seem to me the plane is going to crash until an instant later I see that it isn't going to pull out and is still gliding toward the sea. It strikes the water and immediately bursts into flame.

The First Attack Fails

I run to the starboard side of the flag deck, where another torpedo bomber is coming in. It is difficult to judge distance but I guess it's no more than 200 yards away when it swerves. I don't see the torpedo. And with good reason. There's a huge hole in the side of the plane. It's aflame, and instantly it seems to buckle. As though it's got a cramp it dives, shapeless, flaming, seaward. It's just a pillar of fire until it hits the water and spreads out into nothingness.

There are nine bombers in that attack which ends at 11:51.

A flag-deck sailor runs past to transmit a message to the bridge deck directly above: "Prince of Wales, steering gear is gone." The decks of the Repulse are littered with empty shell cases. Upon the faces of the sailors there's a mixture of incredulity and a sort of sensuous pleasure, but I don't detect fear. There's an ecstatic happiness, but strangely, I don't see anything approaching hate for the attackers. For the British this is a contest. This facial expression is interpreted by an officer who turns to me and says: "Plucky blokes, those Japs. That was as beautiful an attack as ever I expect to see." He'll never see another action. He's at the bottom of the South China Sea.

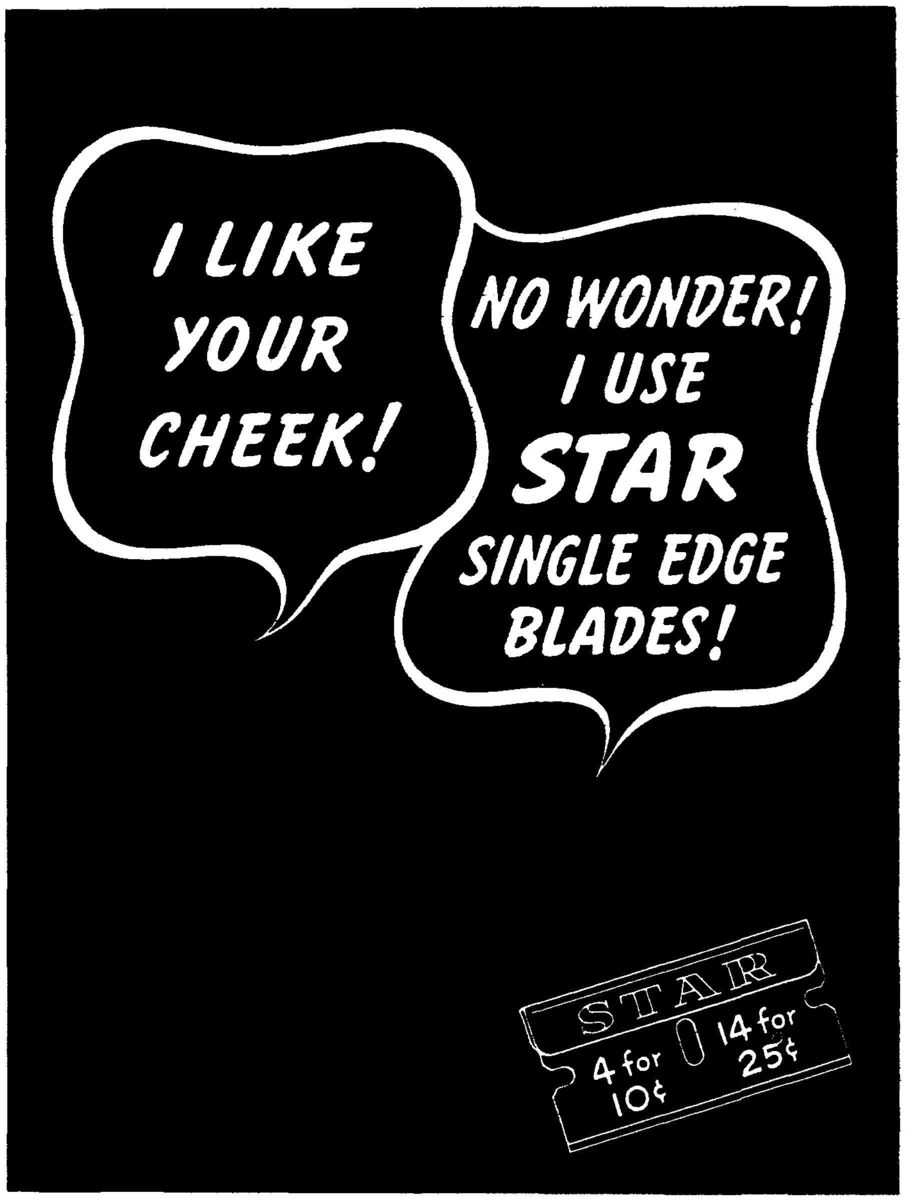
Our great concern is that the Japs are going to crash-dive the ship. I know enough about naval warfare to know that the flag deck is a good spot on which to crash-dive. Suddenly it occurs to me how wonderful it would be to be back in Ohio. A voice says: "Here they come again."

At 12:01 ten torpedo bombers launch an attack at all angles. One even launches a torpedo directly astern, which seems silly since we are twisting rapidly. Planes coming from port and starboard are headed directly at the bow. I see the Prince of Wales being subjected to an attack also and a bomber is coming toward us from a thousand yards, directly ahead.

I think, "Here comes a crash-dive." No, this certainly isn't fun. The smell of cordite is suffocating. My eyes ache with the blows of shell blasts.

It's the same as before—amazingly daring torpedo bombers are targets for mere moments and are seemingly unaffected by the almost solid wall of shells and bullets. The water is streaked with the tracks of torpedoes. A sudden roar goes up on one side of the ship. It's another bomber down, but I didn't see it.

If it wasn't so awe-inspiring it would be routine; the way planes rush in, drop a tin fish, machine-gun the decks of the Repulse and roar away. Now they're all gone. Those who are able to light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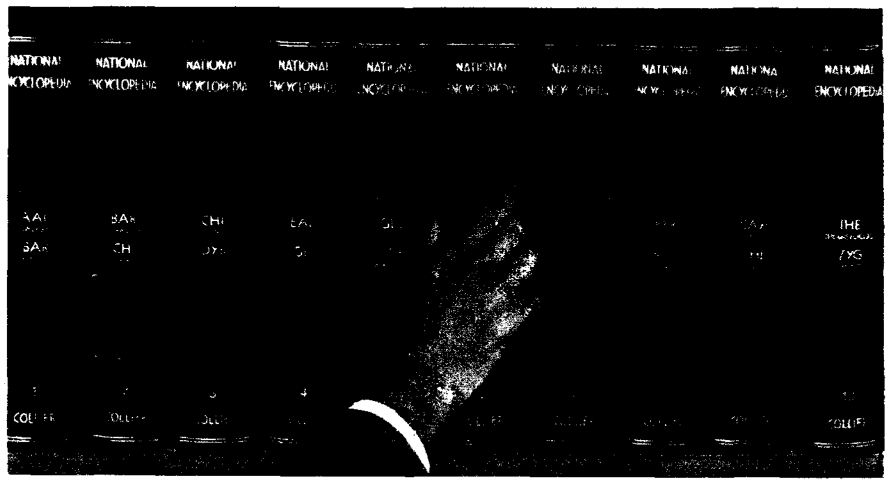

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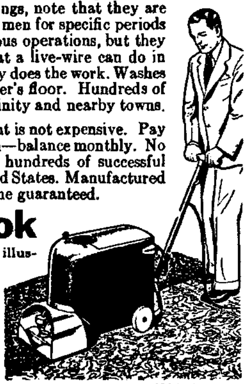
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⟶ **ZEMO**

cigarettes do so, and I take off my steel helmet and notice the sailors blowing up their life belts.

At 12:20 I see ten bombers approaching. It's impossible to tell whether this will be a high-level or a torpedo attack. They come closer, lower, and it's definitely a torpedo attack. The communications pipes again, "Stand by for barrage," and hell breaks loose. A plane is diving straight for the middle of the ship off the port side, 500 yards away, and tracers are rushing to meet it, but it comes on and now seems suspended in the air 100 yards above the water and the torpedo drops.

It is streaking for us. There is a deadly fascination in watching it. The watcher shouts, "Stand by for a torpedo." The torpedo strikes the ship about twenty yards astern of my position. It feels as though the ship has crashed a dock. I am thrown four feet across the deck but I keep my feet. Almost immediately, it seems, the ship lists and the communications pipes bellow: "Blow up your life belts." I take down mine from the shelf and start putting it on, having blown two or three puffs into the tube when communications says: "All possible men to starboard."

"Abandon Ship"

But a Japanese plane invalidated that command. Instantly there's another crash to starboard. Incredibly quickly, the Repulse is listing to port, and I haven't finished blowing up my life belt. Captain William Tennant's cool voice is piped over the communications system: "All hands on deck. Abandon ship. God be with you!"

Those last words came out of the ship's loud-speakers. We all start streaming down the ladders to reach the quarter-deck. The coolness of everyone is incredible. There is no pushing, but no pausing either. One youngster seems in a great hurry and an officer quietly says to him: "Now, now, we are all going along that way, too."

Beside a pom-pom two men are dead. I see four sailors, two of them midshipmen, just eighteen, carry a comrade with a machine-gunned leg to the edge of the ship and throw him seaward to give him a chance to be rescued. I see a lifeboat jammed with ratings (British for seamen) and a half a dozen officers.

I climb a cable hand over hand and finally I swing myself into a tiny, precarious corner. Someone shouts, "This boat will never get off."

As a matter of fact, no boats of the Repulse take away. We all pile out. I drop ten feet to the slippery, slanting deck and crash into a bulkhead. I'm dizzy when I pick myself up and scramble away on my hands and knees, grabbing cables and deck protuberances to reach the edge of the ship. The ship is almost on her side and in a swell position to capsize and there are at least 500 heads bobbing in the water.

The tide is sweeping them swiftly astern. From masts fore and aft men jump 70, 80, 90 feet into the sea. One doesn't jump far enough and hits the slanting hull and crumples and flops into the water like a sack of wet cement. Another misses his direction and dives straight down a funnel, but most appear to leap clear. Standing on the edge of the ship, which is now like the ridge of an Army tent, I hate to leave the Repulse.

The whole thing has become suddenly unbelievable, and now I see the Prince of Wales sinking, shrouded in smoke. Men beside me are sliding down the side of the ship, bouncing their rumps over rivets, hitting bulges and shooting off into space. An officer who last evening said to me, "I find Alice in Wonderland the best book to read during wartime," stands up and dives. He dives back inside the ship, into the torpedo hole under the water line.

Sailors are throwing into the sea anything floatable. I turn back. On deck there's a padre, who is administering to a dying gunner. Men are running along the hull of the ship to dive from a point nearer the water. As though a hammer had crashed down on my head, it suddenly came to me. "Cecil, old boy, you aren't going to get out of this."

You do queer things at such moments. I take off my shoes and carefully lay them down together as I would at the foot of a bed. I see the admiralty photographer engaged in similar idiocy. He opens a lifeboat locker and places his expensive camera inside and carefully closes the lid.

I am most unwilling to leave behind my new portable typewriter, which is in my cabin and now under water. I slide down four feet along the side of the ship and brace my feet in a porthole and remove my steel helmet and lay it inside the port. Ten feet away the whole hull is torn as wide and jagged as a slashed tin can.

I still hate to leave the crazy-angled ship and my false security for that oily mess below. A sailor at my side stands up and dives with outstretched arms. Beautiful. That decides me.

I jump twenty feet. My ignorance of shipwreck technique is profound. It doesn't occur to me to swim away from the ship to avoid the suction until I see others striking out vigorously. It doesn't occur to me that the ship might explode or the oil catch fire.

But now I'm swimming away and I grab a small piece of wood, and when I'm 50 feet from the Repulse I slide under water. The stern is vertical and almost immediately I feel the powerful suction, and oil sweeps over my head and I swallow much of that unpleasant stuff. The wood I'd grabbed was a small bench and I hang onto it and manage to lie atop it and take off my socks.

But the effort required is excessive and I drink oil again, and someone calls across the water, "You all right, old boy?" I say, "Yes," and gulp more oil.

I'm not giving up, but I have suddenly a pessimistic view of my chances of floating a half mile to the destroyers. The tide and oil make swimming difficult. Every face in the water around me is black with oil.

One ten yards distant yells, "I've a cramp," and disappears. I see four or five others just give up and slide under water without a sound. One officer is blowing up the life belts of half a dozen seamen in the water. The stronger are constantly swimming to the side of men who are getting glassy-eyed, some supporting others and hanging onto planks.

Many faces are blood-streaked and oil-soaked. After 55 minutes in the water I manage to reach a Carley float which is jam-packed. A Royal marine pulls me up and supports me to keep me from falling off. Jap planes are still overhead. Someone says, "Watch out for those yellow ———, they're going to machine-gun us," and another says, "Best thing to do is dive under water." A marine rasps out, "Shut up with that guff!" I thought, "After all this we gotta get machine-gunned."

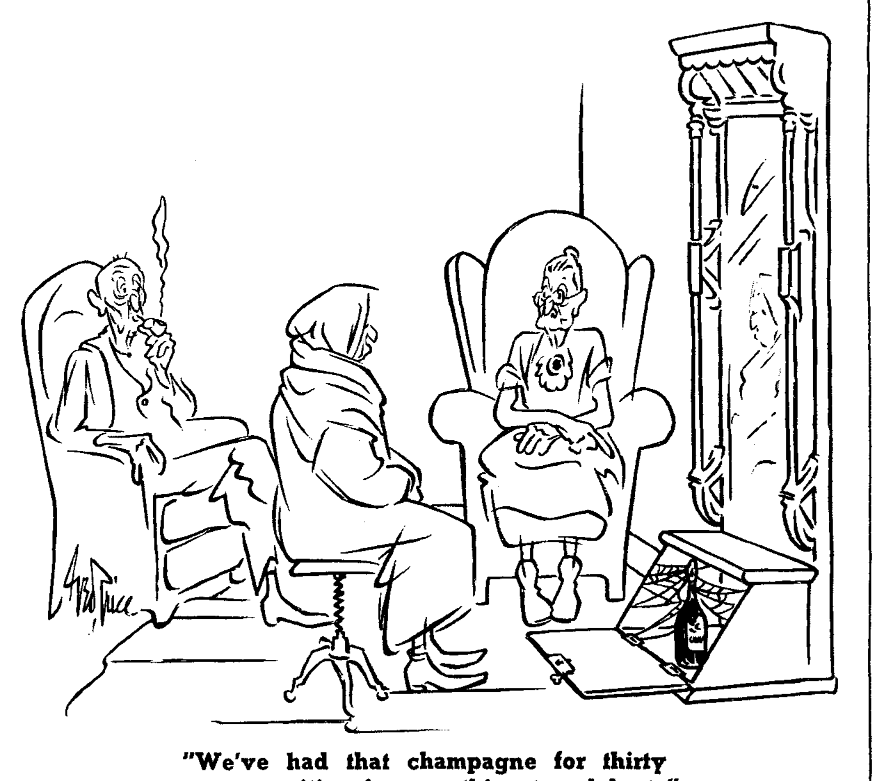
Heroic Side Lights

I knew that if I dived under water I'd never come up. But the Japs don't molest us, although if one bomb drops anywhere near, it will kill us all with its concussion. After an hour and a half the raft gains a destroyer, and a line is tossed to us. The marine loops it around me and yells, "Heave up," and I'm dragged through foot-thick oil and hauled on deck. Admiral Phillips and Captain Leach have gone down with the Prince of Wales, and Captain Tennant of the Repulse is saved. I am suddenly very tired, but I am not too tired to inquire about the officer I'd seen pumping life belts for the glassy-eyed sailors.

It seems that while in the water he took off his belt and gave it to a sailor who was unable to swim. The officer isn't among the survivors.

Some of those men running alongside ship to dive jumped off the stern and, since the screws were still turning, they were caught in the blades. At least twelve marines died thus. Highest dive made was by a midshipman. He leaped from atop the mainmast, the highest point on the ship. He dived 170 feet and was saved.

On the Carley float I managed to reach, one sailor lay back and died from exhaustion and from swallowing oil. We were forced to push him off to make room for others still in the water and hanging precariously onto the float. I'm glad I knew how to swim.



"We've had that champagne for thirty years waiting for something to celebrate"

GEORGE PRICE

Alder Gulch

Continued from page 20

and Ollie move on toward the end of the parlor. She had been surprised at this, she didn't understand it; and she didn't want to be thus left alone with Pierce. Pierce said: "If you'll turn back—"

She wheeled on him, her glance direct and cold. It was the same way she had looked at him the night before when, down in the dust of Wallace, he had heard her strange, poured-out bitterness. She hated him. Then he thought of their long trip together across the Bitterroots to this camp, and of the one evening when she stood before him with tears in her eyes, so full of compassion for him. The memory made an ache in his bones.

"SOMEWHERE along the line," he said, putting one distinct word after another, "I must have hurt you." He watched her quite closely, his face showing the puzzle she made for him. "I remember how your smile was. I have not seen it lately. That is, you have not used it on me."

"You're the man," she told him, "that never asks for anything. Are you asking for sympathy now?"

He flushed, by which she knew his extremely strict sense of pride had been touched. "No," he said, "I'm not. I had my chance once—"

"Don't remind me of it," she said, as proud and as severe as he was. "Maybe it was just my way of trying to be nice to you for your trouble in helping me out of Portland. I like to pay my debts."

He went on as though he had not heard her: "I have been thinking about it lately. A woman who has been friendly to a man, and then turns against him—" He shrugged his shoulders, he shook his head. "The man's done something to make the change."

"I suppose," she countered, "you would know."

"I'd know. Hate is something I know a lot about. I've seen enough of it to recognize it anywhere. I regret seeing it in you."

"It is a little late to talk of that, isn't it?"

He closed his mouth, he set his jaw against her constant tone of disbelief and chill anger. He bowed his head, taking a steady control of himself. It was one thing he had in greater quality than most men—that power of self-discipline. Looking at him over the wide gulf which separated them, she admitted his possession of the quality, and could admire it; but as she admired it she could at the same time understand how terribly it had come between them. It was his strength to stand fast. It was his weakness as well.

"You don't understand," he said. "I am not trying to bring up old ghosts."

"Then why should we talk about it?"

"Diana," he said, "be quiet. I came here tonight to say this, and I will say it if I've got to tear this building down. If I have hurt you or destroyed any good thought you may have had about this world, I deeply regret it. That is all I came to say."

"Did you ever stop to think how it was destroyed?"

"Yes," he said, "I have. But nobody can go back over the trail and make things different. For that matter, I wouldn't want to. Maybe I'd correct one mistake, and make another that was worse."

He turned on his heels, going back to the lunchroom.

Meanwhile, Scoggins and Rounds tarried at the far end of the parlor, discreetly observing the scene. "Both look sore to me," said Rounds. "He's picking a fight, or she is. Why did you drag me away?"

"They wanted to talk."

"How did you know that?"

"Well," admitted Scoggins, "I didn't. But it seems likely, doesn't it? Why else would he want to come here tonight, with a pound of hide out of his ribs? He comes in and looks at her and she stops smiling like she's been hit in the face. It occurred to me right at that moment they had something to talk about."

Ollie Rounds considered Scoggins, and murmured, "I see."

"What do you see?" demanded Scoggins.

"You're thinking it will get worse between them, or it will get better. You'd like to know. You've got your own interests in the matter."

"Yes," said Scoggins, "I have."

Ollie shook his head. "I like you three people as well as I like anybody alive. I wish you all luck."

"The luck has got to go bad for Jeff, or for me. We can't both win."

Ollie smiled in a manner that had its shadow of regret. "That's the hell of living."

Scoggins now showed a degree of anxiety. "I would hate to lose his friendship, Ollie. But I have got to make my own try. You think I'm the kind of a man she'd like?"

Rounds shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?"

"Ah," said Scoggins, "you don't want to say. I'd really like to know."

"Look at her," said Ollie. "She's trying to hurt him clean down to the marrow. There's your answer, Ben."

"Too bad she's turned against him. Makes me feel sorry for him."

"That," said Ollie, "is the wrong answer. A woman wouldn't go to that trouble with a man unless she had some other feeling about him."

Suddenly Scoggins laid a hand on Ollie's shoulder and spoke with a tremendous gravity. "Ollie," he said, "this camp's no good for you. Why don't you leave?"

Rounds stared at him, his eyes completely alert. "Why?"

"Don't ask me that question."

"In the middle of winter?" said Rounds. "It would be too much of a trip."

"I can think of a trip that might be worse."

"What do you mean?" asked Rounds, more and more intent.

"Things are happening, Ollie. I am your friend. The time may come when I won't be." Rounds had taken a backward step, so that Scoggins' arm fell from his shoulder. His face was dark and sharp as he tried to read Ben Scoggins' expression. Scoggins met his steady stare and added, "I'd hate to think of a time—"

NOW Diana moved over to the two men. The fire and fury of her talk with Pierce still remained; she was actually still facing Pierce, and seeing him. Both Scoggins and Rounds waited for it to pass and it was Scoggins who said, easy and humorous: "We're two different fellows, Diana."

Ollie Rounds excused himself, walking toward the lunchroom. As soon as he had gone Diana gave Scoggins a smileless glance. "Why did you leave me with him?"

"Was it that clear?" complained Scoggins. "I thought I was being sly about it." He dropped his head, long studying the floor; he was at the moment a big and blond-headed boy caught in his musings and so transparent in what he thought that he furnished her with an answer before he spoke. He said: "I wanted to know something."

"Did you find out?"

"I thought I did, but Ollie said I guessed wrong." He looked at her with deep care, and anxiously added, "Maybe he's right. Ollie's a pretty smart fellow."

He wanted her to answer that. She saw that he waited on edge; to him it was a moment full of importance. But she didn't answer. She took his arm and walked with him to the main room. As they came to it she looked toward the door and saw Pierce and Rounds leaving, and some of the old stormy expression came back to her. She said: "Ben, it wasn't one of the gang that shot him last night. I want you to tell him. Tell him I saw Sitgreaves in town today. He'll know."

"I guess he already knows. He said he knew it wasn't one of Ives' crowd."

As they swung into the dance she said one thing more in a deeply troubled voice: "This is different. I wish I knew—"

Scoggins put his question suddenly at her: "Diana, you still like that fellow?"

"I'm sorry for him, Ben. His world is falling down. He just reached up and pulled it down on himself."

PIERCE and Rounds moved to the Senate's bar and waited for the bottle and glasses to come. Pierce poured the glasses brimful and lifted his own glass and made his salute: "A warm cabin and a full meal, Ollie."

"I'm warm," said Ollie, "and I always eat well."

Pierce downed his drink and stood with one arm thrown on the bar, watching Rounds and remembering that Rounds was one of the few friends left him. Archie Caples and Barney Morris were both dead. Diana was a woman who watched him out of strange eyes. Scoggins too had changed, in the way any man must change who turns to a woman. Scoggins wanted Diana. Ollie was the only one left who was as he had always been.

"Ollie," he said, "stay as you are. Don't change."

"What would I change for?" questioned Ollie. He grinned at Pierce. "You're an odd fellow."

"Let's have another drink on that," said Pierce. "Everybody's odd."

"Like the Quaker who said to his wife, 'Everybody's queer but thee and me, Deborah, and sometimes I have my doubts of thee.' The dingbat birds have got you, Jeff. I know. I see 'em flying around once in a while."

"We'll drink 'em out of the place," said Pierce.

"I've tried it," said Rounds. "When you're drunk you don't hear 'em yell quite so much but their eyes just get bigger and bigger. What makes you think I'd change?"

"Everybody does."

Ollie considered his companion at long length. Pierce filled the glasses again. The saloon grew warmer and noisier and miners crowded to the bar. "You know, Jeff, the fellow who travels alone always travels the fastest. But it's no good. Better to be sold out by a friend than to have no friends. A preacher once left me an idea I never forgot. Man, he said, had to have the touch of other men all the way down the trail. Now look at this saloon. We'd

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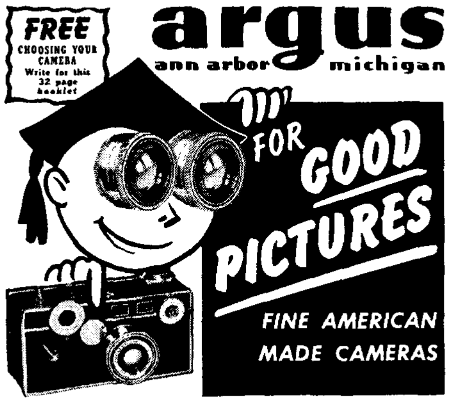

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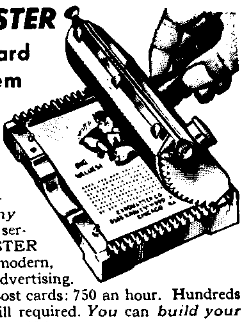


See WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

be more comfortable at home but we wouldn't like it. Got to come here and listen to other men howl. If we propose to get drunk we're wasting time."

"Never change, Ollie," repeated Pierce, and filled the glasses again.

Jim Williams entered the Senate, looked around until he saw Pierce and made a clean track through the crowd. "Bill Palmer," he said, "just drove into town with Nick Tibault lyin' on the wagon bed. Nick's got a bullet right through the middle of his head. Turner found him in the brush. Been there a few days."

"Nick," said Pierce and put his glass down. "Young Nick?"

"Palmer went over to that shack Charley Hildebrand and Long John Franck live in and asked them to help him load Nick into the wagon. They told him to go to hell. Palmer said Long John looked mighty funny about it."

"Now," said Pierce, "somebody's got to write Anna." He turned around, a half-sick expression on his face. "That's too much, Jim. This miserable human race—" He shook his head. "You're going down there to see Long John?"

"Yes."

Pierce walked toward the door with Jim Williams. Near it he stopped to look back at Ollie Rounds. "Coming?"

"No," said Jim Williams in a flat tone, "he's not coming."

Rounds shook his head.

Pierce shrugged his shoulders and left the saloon with Williams, turning to Kasebeer's stables where Parris Pfouts and Neil Howie and John Lott, and eight or nine others were waiting. The group left the stable at once. At the top of Daylight Grade the bitter wind cried against them and all before them, along the winding Gulch, cabin lights sparkled with a frosty brilliance. Williams had taken the head, and now said: "We'll move right along. Say nothing to anybody you pass on the road."

ROUNDS stood a full half-hour longer at the Senate bar, steadily drinking; and then left the place and went into Tanner's. He made his way to Will Temperton's table and bent over to speak into the gambler's ear: "Lend me a hundred, Will."

Temperton lifted five gold coins from his stack and passed them back to Rounds. He stared at Rounds a moment, then said, "So long," and returned his attention to the game.

It wasn't until Ollie reached the door that Temperton's remark struck him as being odd and so he turned. Temperton was watching him and Temperton made a short gesture that might have meant goodby. That too was odd. Rounds, now feeling a small chill, moved down Wallace to the Planter's and up to his room. He stood in the room a considerable while, reviewing what he knew. Scoggins had dropped a warning and so had Temperton. These men seemed both to be trying to tell him something, and now a posse moved down the Gulch on the heels of Tibault's murderer and from it the long-whispered break might come. He thought of finding Ives to tell him about it, but then remembered that Pierce was in the posse, and when he came to think of Pierce he buttoned his coat around him and left the room, taking nothing with him.

He went directly to the stable and got his horse and rode around before the Virginia Hotel a moment to listen to the music. The door was closed and the bitter cold had frosted the windowpanes. A smell of coffee came out of the Virginia. He heard a woman laugh and he heard the steady shuffle and stamp of feet, and this man who loved to laugh and to be warm listened to that music with a sudden, forlorn remembrance of all the soft and kind voices of the past, with a memory of all the other places from which in haste or in shame he had fled. He wished to say goodby to Ben and to Diana, but he knew there was nothing he might say to either of them that would help. This was an old ending for him, a swift and furtive departure. Jack Gallegher passed by, hailing him. Ollie moved on without answering.

THE posse skirted Daly's and came upon Wisconsin Creek beyond two o'clock of a bitter night. Dismounting to cross over the ice sheeting of the creek afoot, the party took a wetting to the knees. George Baume began to swear and was immediately stopped by Jim Williams: "Cut that out, George. No racket."

"Got to yell or freeze to death."

"Freeze to death but don't yell," said Williams laconically.

This was the other side of gentle Jim Williams, the iron-tempered side. He turned up the Stinkingwater and as he rode he talked quietly with Pierce: "I guess the time's coming for us now. Everybody liked Nick."

At three-thirty he halted the party in a black world. "Cabin's up there ahead. I'm going to scout around." He left his horse and moved forward afoot, soon disappearing. The rest of the group dismounted and stood miserably shifting in a wind that whipped over the open land and turned their wet feet and clothes frost-hard. George Baume softly groaned, "Anybody got a drink?" Burtchy turned his horse over to Pierce and tramped a steady circle to keep warm. It was a half-hour later, with some gray beginning to dilute the sky, when Williams came back.

"We've stumbled onto something," he said. "There's eight or nine men sleeping outside the cabin in the snow. That means another four or five inside the cabin—it is too small to hold more than that. So there's maybe fourteen men up there."

"Hell of a cold night to be camping out," said Burtchy.

"They wouldn't be there unless something is in the wind. Somebody called a meeting. My guess is we'll find they're all Innocents from the Gulch."

"Well," groaned George Baume, "we'll find out what brought 'em here. Let's get going. I am about to the end of my rope."

But Williams waited for the light to increase. He stood by Pierce, watching the outline of the cabin rise in vague shape through the sullen, wind-ripped night. He was patient in the way a man will be who has frozen his mind beyond change; and yet even then he had his sad reflections. "You would think," he murmured, "those fellows would be content with the gold they could get out of the Gulch. Sometimes I do not understand men. When I think I do understand them, I'm ashamed."

"Let's go," insisted George Baume.

"All right," agreed Williams. "We'll close in. You fellows circle the crowd on the ground. Watch sharp. Pierce and I will go to the cabin. Franck will be inside the cabin, since it belongs to him. Henry, you stay back with the horses."

THE group moved forward, their feet making some sound in the brittle snow. The cabin was a growing shape ahead of them and as Pierce stepped on with Williams he made out horses on picket near by and the shapes of men sleeping tight-rolled in their blankets. The posse spread out, circling the sleepers. Pierce followed Williams to the cabin's door and stopped while Williams lifted his gun, quietly opened the door, and called in:

"Franck—Long John Franck."

The figures on the ground began to stir; and one man sat bolt upright. Pierce swung his revolver on that man, softly saying: "Sit still." The man's face turned to him, blurred by the heavy shadows. Meanwhile there was some commotion inside the cabin and when Williams again called Franck's name a voice growled sleepily back:

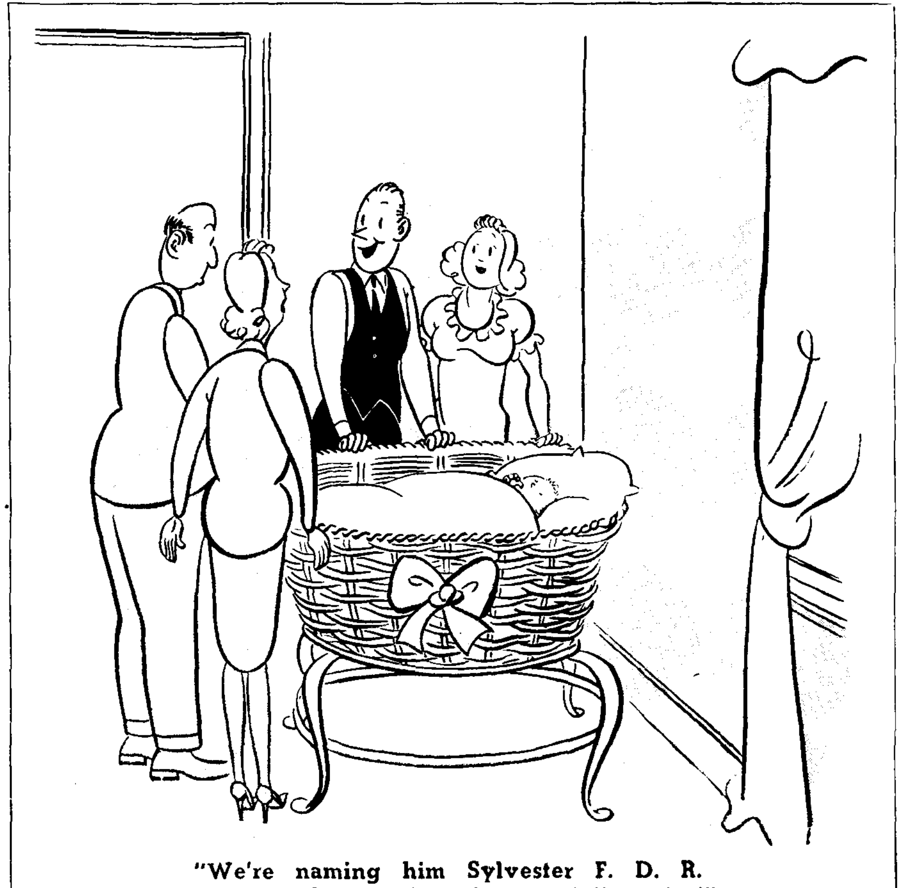
"Whut the hell's up?"

"Come out here."

"Wait'll I git my hat."

"Never mind your hat. Come out."

All of the men lying on the earth now were rising and the posse closed in and made a tight ring around them.



"We're naming him Sylvester F. D. R. Brown—the F. D. R. is for five-dollar raise!" ADOLPH SCHUS

"What goes on here?" asked somebody.

A figure showed at the cabin's doorway, ducked and came out. The relentless wind drove an indistinct daylight over the barren flats and Williams stepped forward, staring at the tall shape before him until he recognized Long John. "You come with us," he said, and afterward called at the posse. "Pierce—Biedler, walk with me. Rest of you hold these lads right where they are."

He led Long John Franck a hundred feet from the cabin, Pierce and X. Biedler following. Long John Franck, all this while, was asking his steady question: "What's the matter—what you here for, Jim?"

Williams finally paused and turned. "Bill Palmer asked you to help him to get Nick Tibault in the wagon. You refused."

"Know nothin' about it," said Franck.

Pierce, meanwhile, saw a shape move up from the night and he kept his eyes carefully on it while Williams talked:

"Tibault lay out here dead for a matter of days. You knew that, yet you said nothing about it. What were you afraid of?"

"I didn't kill him," said Franck in a rapid, rushing way.

The shape on which Pierce had pinned his glance now drifted into fairly distinct view, and turned out to be a straying mule. Pierce said: "Whose mule's that?"

Franck looked around, still involved in his fears. He said indifferently, "Tibault's."

"So?" softly murmured Williams.

Franck suddenly realized what he had said, and knew he had betrayed himself. His voice lifted to a half cry: "I didn't have anything to do with it!"

"What'd you keep still about it for?" pressed Williams.

"I was afraid," said Long John, and looked at Williams and at Pierce in a close black way. The gravity of his situation had penetrated his slow mind and at last broke his taciturnity. "I won't take the blame to save anybody's neck—not me. The fellow that killed him is sleepin' back there on the ground. George Ives did it. I saw it. Tibault had two hundred dollars. He came down here to get a couple mules he had sold to Burtchy and Clark. Ives got wind of the money. Ives shot him. Didn't immediately kill him, but dragged him through the brush on a rope till Tibault died."

"What's Ives doing here? What's the crowd here for?"

"I don't know. They just drifted in last night."

WILLIAMS motioned for Franck to turn and move, and the four stepped back to the cabin. It was now half daylight and one of the campers had gotten a fire started in the cabin, the smoke of which fled with the wind in thin streaks. Ives was at the door, closely watching Williams and Pierce. He was a careless, quick-witted man; and showed no concern at all. Williams said:

"What are you doing around here? What's this crowd here for?"

Ives smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "No particular reason."

"Just like to sleep out in the snow on a windy night, I suppose," suggested Burtchy with some sarcasm.

"That's as good an answer as any," replied Ives coolly. "And while we're asking questions, what are you doing here?"

"We want you, George," said Williams.

"Why?"

"For killing Tibault."

"A fine pipe dream, Jim," said Ives, betraying no concern. "Go ahead and try to prove it."

"Which we'll do," said X. Biedler. "The sooner the better. Let's hold court right here, Jim."

But Williams, who had so nourished his burning sense of retribution that he would have tracked Ives across a thousand miles, still had an impartial mind. Whatever was to be done would be properly done. "No," he said, "there will be no short shrift in this. Ives and Franck will go back to Nevada City and they will stand trial in the usual manner. It will never be said that we hung a man for fun."

"Hang?" asked Ives, and let out a short, ringing laugh. "You're away ahead of yourself, Jim." Then he turned his glance on Pierce and the false laughter ceased and Pierce felt the full and terrible force of the man's in-burning rage. "You won't be so brave in another day or two," he promised Pierce.

THAT afternoon the group reached Nevada City with Ives, Long John Franck, and with George Hildebrand who, suspected as an accomplice, was picked up along the road. The three were put under guard. Pierce afterward continued on to Virginia, to find that the story of the capture had preceded him. It was then near suppertime and instead of going on to his cabin he took a meal at the Virginia Hotel. Scoggins came in to join him and presently Williams showed up for a moment.

He said, "The toughs have already got all the lawyers in the Gulch retained to defend Ives. But Wilbur Sanders is still here. He had planned to take the stage back to Bannack. He will prosecute for us. Don Byam, at Nevada City, will be the judge. Tomorrow we'll settle the question of a jury." He sat by, closely thinking it out, and added, "I should not be surprised if the toughs try to take control, as they did with Stinson and Lyons." He slapped his palm on the table. "They shall not do it," he stated, and looked at Pierce. "The right time has come."

"Maybe," said Pierce.

"No," insisted Williams, "it has finally come. We shall smash them once and for all."

"Who," said Pierce in his indifferent voice, "will write to Anna?"

"I know. Those things happen. But we'll smash them and drive them out of this country forever. We start it properly by sending George Ives to the rope."

"Jim," said Pierce, "why didn't you want Ollie along?"

Williams rose from his chair. "I have got to be going back to Nevada. We're going to watch Ives. There will be no foolishness this time." He tarried, he gave Pierce a straight glance. "I didn't want him, Jeff," he said, and left the Virginia Hotel.

Pierce grumbled. "What's the matter with Williams?"

Scoggins sat loose-sprawled at the table, using his thumbnail to make idle tracks across it, writing in heavy letters, "Ollie." Pierce watched this blond man's hand slowly inscribe that name over and over again; and then he saw Ben betray his change of thought, for Ben's thumbnail printed, "Diana," and stopped. Suddenly he looked up and laid his hand over the name. He wasn't smiling and he wasn't at ease any more.

"I'll walk up the Gulch with you," he offered.

"Think I'll stay here tonight."

"Good idea," approved Scoggins. "The four walls of a cabin get tiresome when a man's alone." He changed the subject: "Diana wanted me to tell you she saw Sitgreaves in town. Who's he?"

"Retribution," said Pierce.

Scoggins shrugged his shoulders. He gave Pierce a smile that showed none of the old spirit. These two had lost the one fine thing which had brought and held them together. They were,

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Pierce realized, just two men sitting on opposite sides of the table, not the company for each other they had once been. Ben wanted Diana and felt the constraint of it; they never could climb over that barrier. Scoggins got up, said, "See you later," and moved out of the dining room.

Pierce signed for a room and went up to it, and stood at the window to watch men move along Wallace Street, trafficking in and out of The Senate, the California Exchange, The Pony, the other saloons and shops. It was a little early yet for the hurdy-gurdys to go into full swing. The Pantheon showed only a few lights. Scoggins was then entering Diana's bakery. A little later he came out with Diana and Lily Beth, the three bucking the wind toward Diana's cabin. Lily Beth held Scoggins' hand, and dark as it was Pierce saw Diana turn and laugh at Scoggins. Pierce swung away from the window. He sat on the edge of the bed with his arms over his knees, a black expression crawling across his face. He got up and moved to the door. The single chair of the room was in his road; he lifted it and threw it aside and went out.

He crossed to The Senate, now in search of Ollie Rounds. The Senate, unlike Tanner's, had some pretensions of elegance and drew the genteel trade. Parris Pfouts stood at the bar with a group of Virginia City's merchants, and Parris at once drew Pierce into the circle. "The toughs will want an open jury—the whole Gulch doing the voting on Ives. That will give them a chance to swing sentiment, as they did with Stinson and Lyons. We must stick to a small jury."

Henry Touche, who ran a supply store, expressed doubt of Ives' guilt: "Ives always impressed me as a decent fellow. I think you fellows have got the wrong man."

Pfouts said, "You'll see some names brought into this you never dreamed of."

George Burtchy said: "One thing's certain: We must convict Ives, else every man who has any part with the right side of this trial will be shot down. Convict or die—that is the literal truth. Otherwise you'll see a reign of terror that will knock your eyes out."

W. B. Dance murmured: "Will the miners stand tight this time?"

X. Biedler now put in his thought: "I dug two graves to take care of Stinson and Lyons. I had my labor for nothing. This time," and he patted the shotgun he always carried, "there will be no tears to wash justice down the creek."

"It depends on the miners," repeated Dance.

PIERCE saw nothing of Ollie Rounds. He tried The California Exchange, and he tried The Pony. At both places the talk of Ives' capture displaced all other talk. The general anger had grown a good deal stronger against the toughs, and men were bolder than they had been in denouncing mass lawlessness; and yet there were other men equally bold in defending Ives. Leaving The Pony, he noted that Jack Gallegher came from Tanner's with Marshland and Bob Zachary, and with them also was George Brown, who ordinarily tended bar at Dempsey's, eighteen miles down the Gulch. Brown was a long way from home. Pierce stepped back into the dark wall and watched these men move toward Henley's stable on Jackson, and go into it. A little later Tanner left his saloon, following; and a few moments afterward Clubfoot George Lane appeared from the lower quarter of town and went into the stable. These men were closeted in Henley's for a good quarter hour; then Clubfoot rode from the stable and galloped toward Daylight, disappearing.

Pierce entered Tanner's and stopped at Will Temperton's table. "Seen Ollie?"

"No," said Temperton. "And you shouldn't be coming here, Jeff."

Gallegher, Pierce discovered, now was at the doorway watching him. Gallegher immediately moved aside, placing his back to the wall. Tanner came in and moved to the other side of the doorway. Tanner said angrily: "I don't want you in my place."

It was Gallegher that Pierce watched. This deputy was a sly man, a man who had dissembled and smiled and carried his tricky intentions close to his heart. But Pierce had handled him before and knew the limits of Gallegher's courage. He said now, "Move over, Jack. Move over toward Tanner."

"What are you worried about?" asked Gallegher.

"A bullet in the back."

"Pierce," cried out Gallegher, "I never was afraid of you!"

"Move over," said Pierce. He stepped on, straight at Gallegher. Long ago he had learned that this was the kind of pressure Gallegher could not stand; the man's nerve had its breaking point, and as he closed in he saw the desire in Gallegher's eyes grow cold. Gallegher's face screwed up and his lips pulled back from his teeth and closed again as he stepped over against Tanner. Pierce laughed at him and went through the doorway. He wheeled against the wall and waited but Gallegher didn't follow, and afterward Pierce circled town and returned to his room in the Virginia Hotel and went to bed.

BY MIDMORNING the upper part of the Gulch was half emptied, the miners moving down to Nevada for the trial. Pierce spent the day on his claim, returning to Virginia for supper in the hotel. The tide had turned back from Nevada and Jim Williams came in for his meal to give out the day's proceedings as he ate: "We had a hell of a wrangle over the jury but we got it the way we wanted. We found another lawyer to help Sanders, a fellow by the name of Bagg. Sanders started his case this morning. He'll nail Ives to the cross." Then he added, "Unless the toughs stampede the crowd. They're drifting through the Gulch, talking about fair play. They're using a lot of threats on the jury."

"Maybe the crowd will stand fast. Maybe it won't."

WILLIAMS finished his meal. "We have got to make it stick this time, Jeff. Crowd or no crowd." He gave Pierce a searching look. "Forty or fifty toughs have been running this gulch. Forty or fifty men on the other side of the fence can do likewise. How do you feel about that?"

"Yes," said Pierce. "You can do it. And I'm in on it."

Williams said, "You've changed. Was a time when you played it strictly alone."

"Still do," said Pierce. "The crowd can do its crying—I don't care. But I have been thinking of Barney and Archie Caples a lot, and I've been thinking of Nick Tibault."

Williams rose. "Come with me," he said, and left the hotel. The two walked down Wallace. Parris Pfouts came along, not saying anything, and fell in step. The three turned into Kinna and Nye's store and moved on to a back room. Sanders was there with Biedler and Lott and John Nye, and Alvin Brockie and Nick Wall. Nye got up and shut the door behind the new entrants. Jim Williams said:

"We've talked this over today. We're going to organize. It is the only way we can fight the toughs. San Francisco was cleaned out by a few vigilantes who didn't worry about the consequences. That is the way it has got to be with us."

Parris Pfouts said, "Wait," and looked at Pierce. "If you do not agree to the idea it would be better if you left now. This has to be quickly done, and without anything being let out."

ROBINSON MCKEE

"Yes," said Pierce, "it's all right."

Sanders said, "The trial will take all of tomorrow and part of the next day. The danger point is when the jury turns in the verdict. If they convict Ives the toughs will make a play. We must be prepared for that."

Pfouts said, "Some of the boys at Nevada City are holding such a meeting as this. We must get together as soon as possible and complete the organization. Each of you gentlemen consider an honest and thoroughly dependable man. Bring him to the next meeting."

The group broke up, Williams and Pfouts and Pierce walking together as far as The Senate. Here Williams stopped. "I have got to see Neil Howie. We must throw a ring of guns around Ives to see he's not taken and set free by the toughs."

"Maybe," said Pierce, "the jury will set him free for you."

"No," said Williams. "It is in the book. He's guilty and they'll send him to the rope. I want you down there. Day after tomorrow."

Pierce moved away, bound up the Gulch. He paused in front of Scoggins' store, oppressed by a loneliness which grew like a disease. But there was no longer the old ties between himself and Scoggins; that easy friendship had gone and so he turned on his heels and moved into Wallace again and stood in front of The Senate, growing slowly irritated at his own indecision, and then went along Wallace Street, passing Diana's bakeshop. The smell of bread came strongly out and light sparkled on the window's frost. Afterward he walked home against the rough wind.

PEABODY and Caldwell's coach came in from Bannack the following night at suppertime and deposited its passengers before the Virginia Hotel—a miner, two women destined for The Pantheon, a Bannack merchant and a fashionably dressed lady with a round face and a grave mouth and a pair of blue, half-sad eyes. A roustabout came from the hotel to take her luggage and showed her into the lobby. She signed the register and stood by, watching the clerk as he reversed the book and looked at the name; and said: "Where would I find Mr. Temperton?"

"In Tanner's, I'd guess."

"That would be a saloon, and I presume Mr. Temperton is running a table there?"

"Yes. Should I send a runner for him?"

"No," she said. "Where is his daughter?"

"Expect you'd find her in Diana Castle's bakery. That's on Wallace—straight ahead, middle of the block, left-hand side."

She was, thought the clerk, a handsome woman on the cool and deliberate side, with considerable grit in her. She said to the handy man, "Take the luggage to my room, if you please," and moved from the hotel.

She crossed the frozen mud, reached the walk and moved down Wallace. Wind shouted around the building corners and slammed against her and bits of hard dirt lifted and stung her face. She walked steadily, undisturbed by all this, fixed and resolute, and paused at the bakery's door, drawing a deep breath as she touched the knob. At that moment her resolution seemed to waver but she gathered herself, opened the door and stepped in to face Diana.

"You're Diana Castle?" she said in a voice soft and immensely determined.

"Yes," said Diana.

The woman held her gloved hands before her, the tips touching. Wind had brought color to her cheeks but it had not loosened the frozen gravity. Her eyes were dark blue, like the cold blue of high-mountain lake water. She held her lips together, placing upon Diana the steadfast and rather cruel glance of a woman reading another woman's character, and said, "I'm Lily Beth's mother."

"I GUESSED that," replied Diana calmly. "Lily Beth looks much like you."

"Where is she now?"

"In my cabin. In bed, reading. She likes to read."

"Is the cabin warm?" asked Mrs. Temperton. "You leave her alone with a lamp on the table that might upset? With all these men, drunk and greedy, roaming the town?"

"You don't know a great deal about the men in a camp, do you?" said Diana gently.

"My knowledge of men," said Mrs. Temperton, "comes largely from one man." She was, in her smooth and soft way, incredibly hard. All her warmth and sympathy, all her feelings seemed frozen, or emptied out of her, or destroyed. Clearly, she hated Temperton. But there was no heat in the hatred; it was a passion turned bloodless by long torment.

"Shall I get Lily Beth for you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Temperton. "When does the next stage leave Virginia?"

"In the morning."

"I wish it were sooner," said Mrs. Temperton. Then she shook her head. "No, not yet. Would you have somebody call Mr. Temperton here?"

"Yes," said Diana, and turned to the back room. But again Mrs. Temperton changed her mind: "Not for a moment, please. How is it she is in your care? Are you—?"

"No," said Diana. "I have my own cabin. Mr. Temperton lives at The Virginia. He asked me if I would take care of her. I have done so."

Mrs. Temperton grew visibly harder at the thought, murmuring: "How many strange hands she has passed through." She gave Diana that same prolonged inspection again and her voice grew faintly hurried: "Are you in love with him?"

"No," said Diana.

Mrs. Temperton searched Diana's face, weighing the answer and at last seeming to accept it. She dropped her eyes. "Tell me, truthfully, has he made her forget me?"

"No," said Diana. "Was that what he wished to do?"

"He took her away to break my heart."

"Then," said Diana, "he has broken his own. He has really tried to have Lily Beth love him. But she does not."

"I HOPE," said Mrs. Temperton, "he may suffer for it every day of his life." She tried to put live anger into her talk; she tried to put into those words the venom and fresh heat of her loss, her long torture, her blind search, but she could not. The words remained cold and therefore more terrible than fresh anger could ever make them.

"He will," said Diana. "You see, Mrs. Temperton, he loves her as much as he loves his life. But he has failed, and he knows it. You could do nothing more to hurt him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Temperton. "I can do one thing more. I can face him and tell him he has lost. That will hurt worse than you think. Please call him."

Diana moved to the inside room and spoke to her baker, and returned. She put on her coat. "I'll bring Lily Beth."

Mrs. Temperton's face showed its first uncertainty, its first fear. "Don't say I'm here," she said. "Just bring her. Let her see me first."

"Why should you be worried?"

"It has been a year," said Mrs. Temperton. "A year is one tenth of her life."

(To be continued next week)

"The next guy who calls me 'The Comptometer Kid' gets a poke in the nose, free!"

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Collier's

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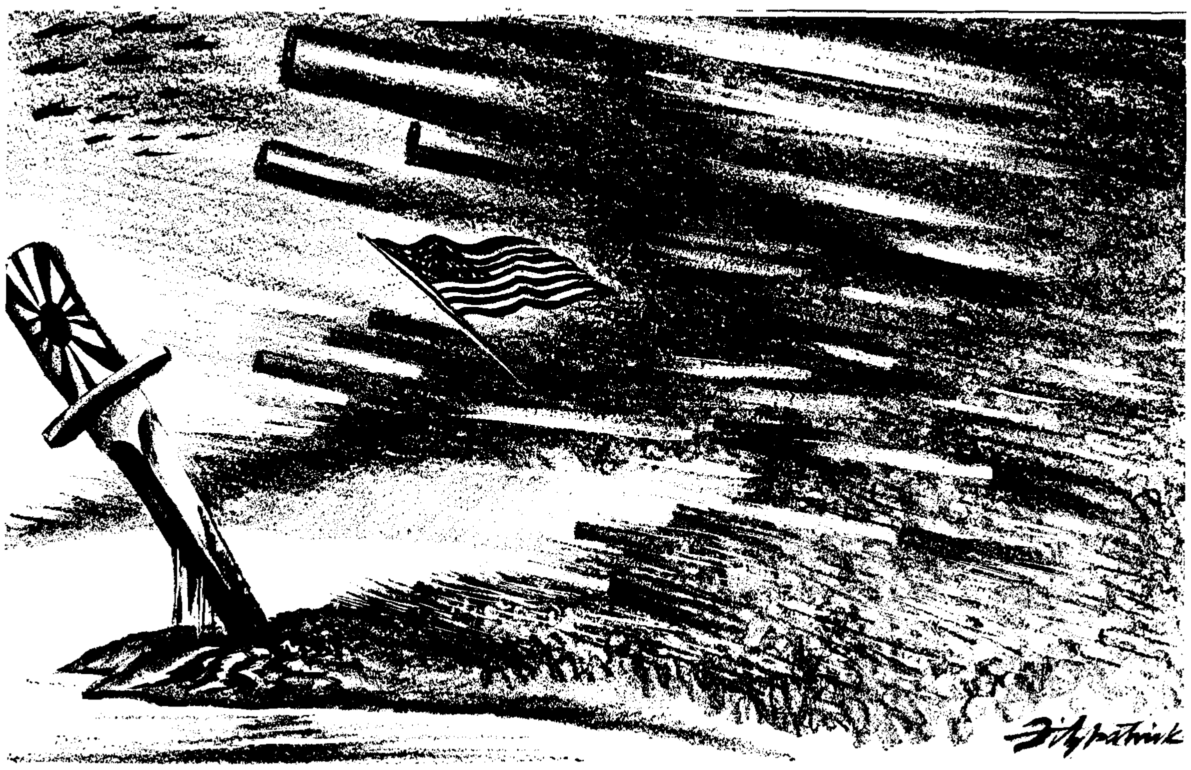
A UNITED PEOPLE



JAPAN, in attacking the United States' Pacific outposts, did plenty to us at the outset, but she did a great deal more for us. She made us a united people within, for a conservative estimate, 15 minutes after the news got around.

The isolationists clicked into line with demands for an immediate declaration of war. Interventionists gave up their wilder shriekings and got down to the grim business of preparing for action. Strikers went back to work, incipient strikes dried up and blew away, applications for enlistment in the armed forces shot up overnight. The first thing that went by the board was the totalitarian writers' long insistence that the United States was such a congeries of racial strains, creeds and opinions that it could never solidify to face a common enemy.

A lot of us, too, gave up a lot of illusions, and came instantly to see this war for what it is—a war to the death or the ultimate triumph of the idea of human liberty and the right of nations to choose their own forms of government.

We think we detect nowadays, too, in the people with whom we come in contact, a new and more realistic state of mind. It is a kind of fatalism, inspired by a cold and enduring rage over the historic treachery committed by the Japanese government against the people of the United States.

There may be air raids on any of our coastal cities, east or west; may have been some before this reaches print. Very well, says this new philosophy of Americans; let them come, if they can break through our interceptors. When your number is up, it's up; until then, it isn't up. So don't worry. Just be helpful in any way you can in the pressing of our united war effort. Just keep always in mind that it is better to be bombed into the next world than to live in this one as a slave to anybody or any foreign system. It is that attitude which, we believe, must eventually win this war.

Up to this writing, too, there has been no hooliganism with regard to Axis nationals in this country. Americans are still aware that their real enemies are not the peoples of the Axis nations, but the gangsters who have chiseled their way into control over these peoples. We must keep that fact firmly in mind if we are to win the peace as well as the war.

It promises to be a long, hard and grievous war. But by the way in which she started it, Japan gave us a national solidarity and a relentless resolve to win, from the very beginning. She could not have done us a better turn if she had tried.

Toward the Middle Way

THE SPAB has announced, wisely, we think, that henceforth it will make no distinction as regards allocating materials between new private power projects and new public power projects.

At this time, the main thing is to expand power production. The main thing is distinctly not to favor public power projects because a lot of Washington big shots happen to be Socialists, or to favor private power projects because a lot of others think capitalism still has life in it.

The SPAB decision reminds us of a recent biographical sketch, in The American Magazine, of Milo Perkins, inventor and administrator of the federal food-stamp plan.

It seems that Perkins has the notion that if there exists a capitalistic mechanism through which some needed Socialistic or semi-Socialistic reform can be channeled, then it is wiser to use the existing capitalistic mechanism than to set up a new government mechanism in competition. This is what he did with the food stamps. He canalized them through existing retail grocery stores, and there has yet to be a substantial complaint about the arrangement, so far as we know.

Let's have more thinking and acting along these lines. For years before the war, the Swedes, with their "Middle Way," applied this principle with great success. They used Socialistic devices to keep capitalism from excesses; they also kept Socialism from going hog-wild in Sweden by keeping many a capitalist enterprise protected and intact.

Thus, the Swedes kept extreme, doctrinaire Socialists, Communists *and* rugged individualists all over the world in a state of perpetual rage against Sweden. But thus also they made life in Sweden more livable than in Communist Russia, and fully as comfortable as in some of the more prosperous parts of the United States and Great Britain.

Nonsense, Gene

GENE TUNNEY is a fine fellow and a public-spirited one, and of late has been rendering admirable service as director of naval physical training and athletics.

Gene now, however, has seen fit to deliver himself of a fiery magazine article denouncing tobacco and its users, with special reference to cigarettes.

This evidently has been a long-standing pet peeve of Mr. Tunney's. One of the first things a professional writer learns, if you'll pardon our talking shop for a moment, is that it is always risky to parade one's own pet peeves, hobbies and fixed ideas in print.

The alleged statistics cited by Mr. Tunney are the old familiar stock-in-trade of all the antitobacco fanatics. Believe them, and you must perforce believe that everybody who uses tobacco liberally is dead but doesn't know it—which is manifestly absurd.

The fact is that tobacco, like liquor, coffee or any other mild stimulant, affects different people differently, so that no general rule for its use or nonuse can be laid down for everybody. That's the long and the short of it, as proved by the experience of the human race through centuries of using tobacco and enjoying it.

We hope this is Mr. Tunney's first and last appearance in print as an antitobacco whirling dervish. Gene can go on being a fine, constructive, valuable citizen; or he can degenerate into the type of physical culturist who tries to scold everybody into becoming an athlete and only succeeds in making himself unpopular. Which is it going to be, Gene?

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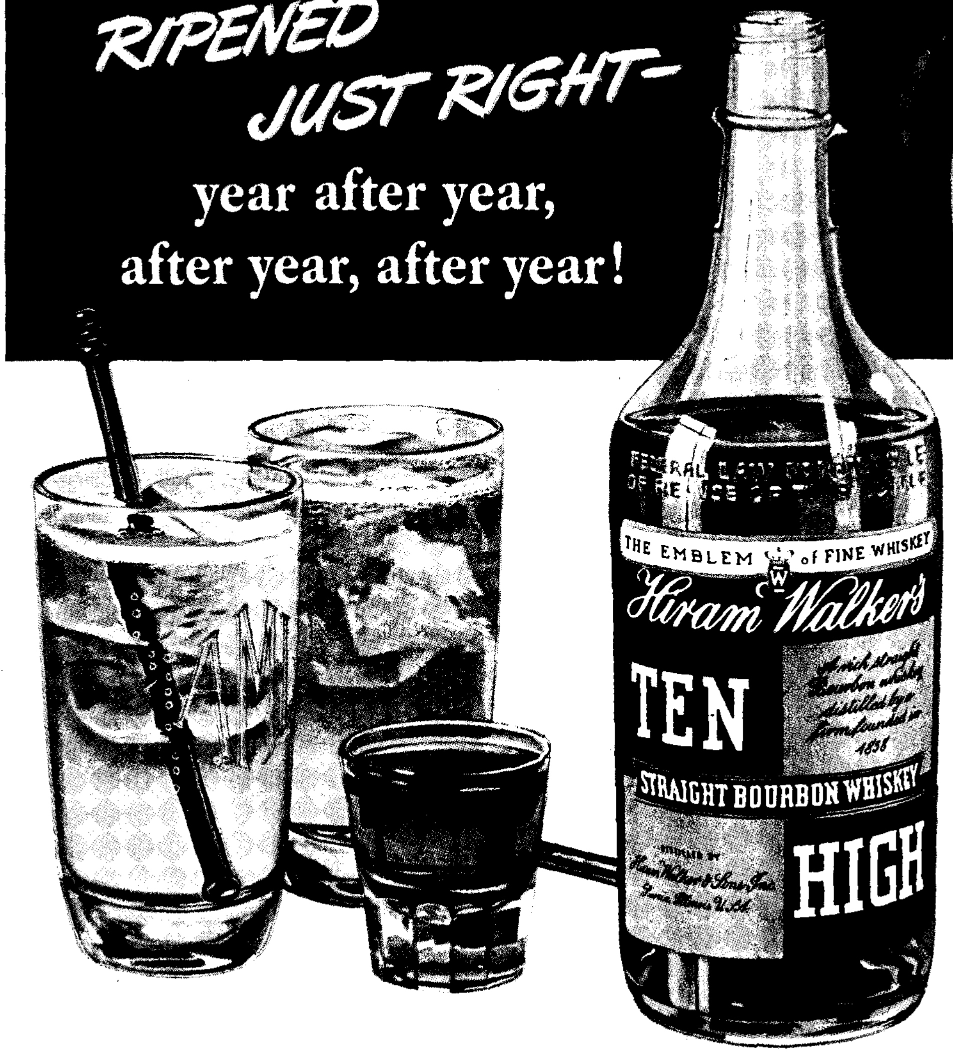
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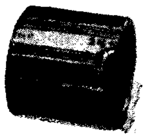

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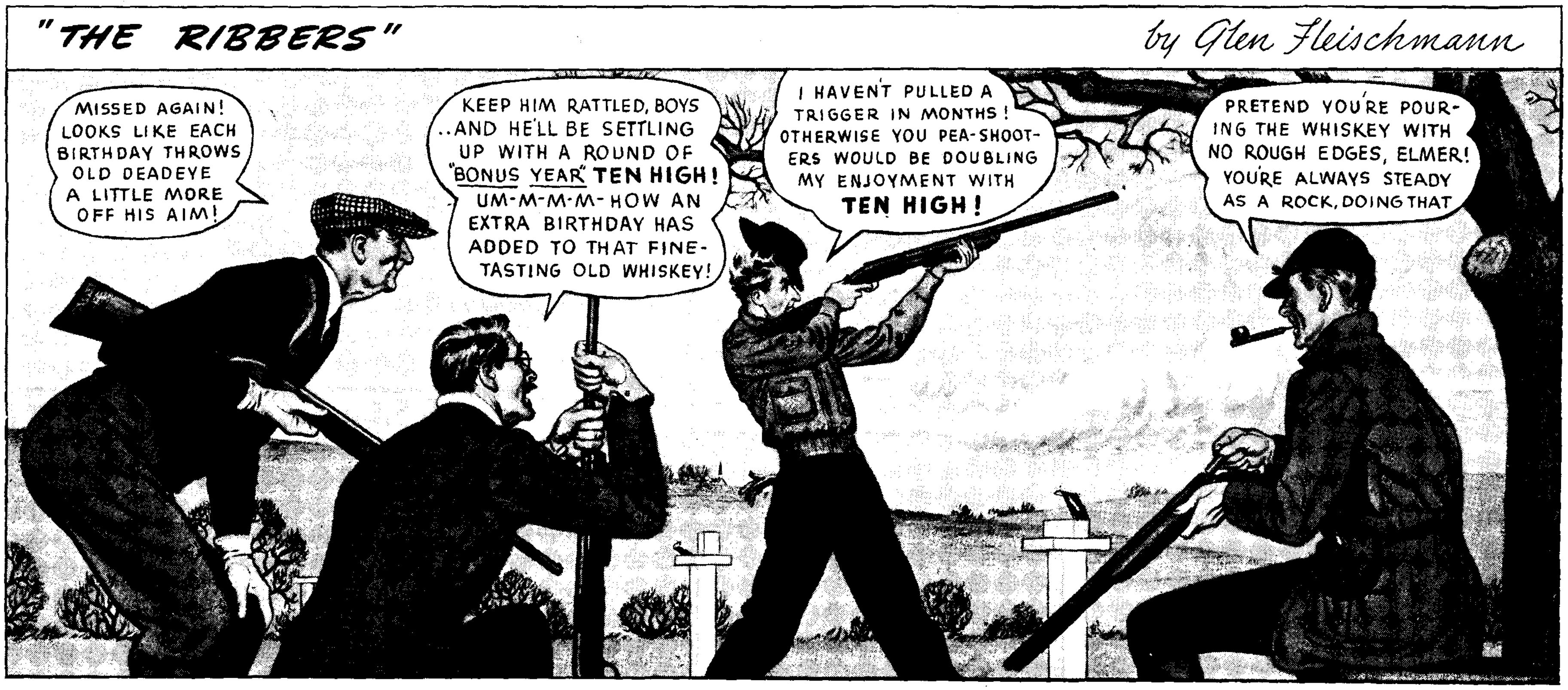
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by Glen Fleischmann
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KEEP HIM RATTLED, BOYS ..AND HE'LL BE SETTLING UP WITH A ROUND OF "BONUS YEAR" TEN HIGH! UM-M-M-M-HOW AN EXTRA BIRTHDAY HAS ADDED TO THAT FINE-TASTING OLD WHISKEY!
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